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SCRAMBLES AMONGST THE ALPS IN THE YEARS 1860-'69.

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BEACHY HEAD.

CHAPTER I.

ON the 23d of July, 1860, I started for my first tour in the Alps. As we steamed out into the Channel, Beachy Head came into view, and recalled a scramble of many years ago. With the impudence of ignorance, my brother and I, schoolboys both, had tried to scale that great chalk cliff. Not the head itself—where sea-birds circle, and where the flints are ranged so or-

derly in parallel lines—but at a place more to the east, where the pinnacle called the Devil's Chimney had fallen down. Since that time we have been often in dangers of different kinds, but never have we more nearly broken our necks than upon that occasion.

In Paris I made two ascents. The first to the seventh floor of a house in the Quartier Latin—to an artist friend, who was engaged, at the moment of my

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entry, in combat with a little Jew. He hurled him with great good-will and with considerable force into some of his crockery, and then recommended me to go up the towers of Notre Dame. Half an hour later I stood on the parapet of the great west front, by the side of the leering fiend which for centuries has looked down upon the great



city. It looked over the Hôtel Dieu to a small and commonplace building, around which there was always a moving crowd. To that building I descended. It was filled with chattering women and eager children, who were struggling to get a good sight of three corpses which were exposed to view. It was the Morgue. I quitted the place disgusted, and overheard two women discussing the spectacle. One of them concluded with, "But that it is droll;" the other answered approvingly, "But that it is droll;" and the Devil of Notre Dame, looking down upon them, seemed to say, "Yes, your climax, the cancan—your end, not uncommonly, that building: it is droll, but that it is droll."

I passed on to Switzerland; saw the sunlight lingering on the giants of the Oberland; heard the echoes from the cow-horns in the Lauterbrunnen valley and the avalanches rattling off the Jungfrau; and then crossed the Gemmi into the Valais, resting for a time by the beautiful Oeschinen See, and getting a forcible illustration of glacier-motion in a neighboring valley—the Gasteren Thal. The upper end of this valley is crowned by the Tschingel glacier, which,

as it descends, passes over an abrupt cliff that is in the centre of its course. On each side the continuity of the glacier is maintained, but in the centre it is cleft in twain by the cliff. Lower down it is consolidated again. I scrambled on to this lower portion, advanced toward the cliff, and then stopped to admire the contrast of the brilliant pinacles of ice with the blue sky. Without a warning, a huge slice of the glacier broke away and fell over the cliff on to the lower portion with a thundering crash. Fragments rolled beyond me, although, fortunately, not in my direction. I fled, and did not stop until off the glacier, but before it was quitted learned another lesson in glacial matters: the terminal moraine, which seemed to be a solid mound, broke away underneath me, and showed that it was only a superficial covering resting on a slope of glassy ice.

On the steep path over the Gemmi there were opportunities for observing the manners and customs of the Swiss mule. It is not perhaps in revenge for



generations of ill-treatment that the mule grinds one's legs against fences and stone walls, and pretends to stumble in awkward places, particularly

when coming round corners and on the brinks of precipices; but their evil habit of walking on the outside edges of paths (even in the most unguarded positions) is one that is distinctly the result of association with man. The transport of wood from the mountains into the valleys occupies most of the mules during a considerable portion of the year: the fagots into which the wood is made up project some distance on each side, and it is said that they walk intuitively to the outside of paths having rocks on the other side to avoid the collisions which would otherwise occur. When they carry tourists they behave in a similar manner; and no doubt when the good time for mules arrives, and they no longer carry burdens, they will still continue, by natural selection, to do the same. This habit frequently gives rise to scenes: two mules meet—each wishes to pass on the outside, and neither will give way. It requires considerable persuasion, through the medium of the tail, before such difficulties are arranged.

I visited the baths of Leuk, and saw the queer assemblage of men, women and children, attired in bathing-gowns, chatting, drinking and playing at chess in the water. The company did not seem to be perfectly sure whether it was decorous in such a situation and in such attire for elderly men to chase young females from one corner to another, but it was unanimous in howling at the advent of a stranger who remained covered, and literally yelled when I departed without exhibiting my sketch.

I trudged up the Rhone valley, and turned aside at Visp to go up the Visp Thal, where one would expect to see greater traces of glacial action, if a glacier formerly filled it, as one is said to have done.

I was bound for the valley of Saas, and my work took me high up the Alps on either side, far beyond the limit of trees and the tracks of tourists. The view from the slopes of the Wiessmies, on the eastern side of the valley, five or six thousand feet above the village of Saas, is perhaps the finest of its kind

in the Alps. The full height of the three-peaked Mischabel (the highest mountain in Switzerland) is seen at one glance—eleven thousand feet of dense forests, green alps, pinnacles of rock and glittering glaciers. The peaks seemed to me then to be hopelessly inaccessible from this direction.

I descended the valley to the village of Stalden, and then went up the Visp Thal to Zermatt, and stopped there several days. Numerous traces of the formidable earthquake-shocks of five years before still remained, particularly at St. Nicholas, where the inhabitants had been terrified beyond measure at the destruction of their churches and houses. At this place, as well as at Visp, a large part of the population was obliged to live under canvas for several months. It is remarkable that there was hardly a life lost on this occasion, although there were about fifty shocks, some of which were very severe.

At Zermatt I wandered in many directions, but the weather was bad and my work was much retarded. One day, after spending a long time in attempts to sketch near the Hörnli, and in futile endeavors to seize the forms of the peaks as they for a few seconds peered out from above the dense banks of woolly clouds, I determined not to return to Zermatt by the usual path, but to cross the Görnér glacier to the Riffel hotel. After a rapid scramble over the polished rocks and snow-beds which skirt the base of the Theodule glacier, and wading through some of the streams which flow from it, at that time much swollen by the late rains, the first difficulty was arrived at, in the shape of a precipice about three hundred feet high. It seemed that there would be no difficulty in crossing the glacier if the cliff could be descended, but higher up and lower down the ice appeared, to my inexperienced eyes, to be impassable for a single person. The general contour of the cliff was nearly perpendicular, but it was a good deal broken up, and there was little difficulty in descending by zigzagging from one mass to another. At length there was a long slab, nearly

smooth, fixed at an angle of about forty degrees between two wall-sided pieces of rock: nothing, except the glacier, could be seen below. It was a very awkward place, but being doubtful if return were possible, as I had been dropping from one ledge to another, I passed at length by lying across the slab, putting the shoulder stiffly against one side and the feet against the other, and gradually wriggling down, by first moving the legs and then the back. When the bottom of the slab was gained a friendly crack was seen, into which the point of the bâton could be stuck, and I dropped down to the next piece. It took a long time coming down that little bit of cliff, and for a few seconds it was satisfactory to see the ice close at hand. In another moment a second difficulty presented itself. The glacier swept round an angle of the cliff, and as the ice was not of the nature of treacle or thin putty, it kept away from the little bay on the edge of which I stood. We were not widely separated, but the edge of the ice was higher than the opposite edge of rock; and worse, the rock was covered with loose earth and stones which had fallen from above. All along the side of the cliff, as far as could be seen in both directions, the ice did not touch it, but there was this marginal crevasse, seven feet wide and of unknown depth.

All this was seen at a glance, and almost at once I concluded that I could not jump the crevasse, and began to try along the cliff lower down, but without success, for the ice rose higher and higher, until at last farther progress was stopped by the cliffs becoming perfectly smooth. With an axe it would have been possible to cut up the side of the ice—without one, I saw there was no alternative but to return and face the jump.

It was getting toward evening, and the solemn stillness of the High Alps was broken only by the sound of rushing water or of falling rocks. If the jump should be successful, well: if not, I fell into that horrible chasm, to be frozen in, or drowned in that gurgling, rushing water. Everything depended on that jump. Again I asked myself,

"Can it be done?" It *must* be. So, finding my stick was useless, I threw it and the sketch-book to the ice, and first retreating as far as possible, ran forward with all my might, took the leap, barely reached the other side, and fell awkwardly on my knees. Almost at the same moment a shower of stones fell on the spot from which I had jumped.

The glacier was crossed without further trouble, but the Riffel, which was then a very small building, was crammed with tourists, and could not take me in. As the way down was unknown to me, some of the people obligingly suggested getting a man at the chalets, otherwise the path would be certainly lost in the forest. On arriving at the chalets no man could be found, and the lights of Zermatt, shining through the trees, seemed to say, "Never mind a guide, but come along down: we'll show you the way;" so off I went through the forest, going straight toward them. The path was lost in a moment, and was never recovered: I was tripped up by pine roots, I tumbled over rhododendron bushes, I fell over rocks. The night was pitch-dark, and after a time the lights of Zermatt became obscure or went out altogether. By a series of slides or falls, or evolutions more or less disagreeable, the descent through the forest was at length accomplished, but torrents of a formidable character had still to be passed before one could arrive at Zermatt. I felt my way about for hours, almost hopelessly, by an exhaustive process at last discovering a bridge, and about midnight, covered with dirt and scratches, re-entered the inn which I had quitted in the morning.

Others besides tourists got into difficulties. A day or two afterward, when on the way to my old station near the Hörnli, I met a stout curé who had essayed to cross the Theodule pass. His strength or his wind had failed, and he was being carried down, a helpless bundle and a ridiculous spectacle, on the back of a lanky guide, while the peasants stood by with folded hands, their reverence for the Church almost overcome by their sense of the ludicrous.

I descended the valley, diverging from the path at Randa to mount the slopes



of the Dom (the highest of the Mischa-belhörner), in order to see the Weiss-horn face to face. The latter mountain is the noblest in Switzerland, and from this direction it looks especially magnificent. On its north there is a large snowy plateau that feeds the glacier of which a portion is seen from Randa, and which on more than one occasion has destroyed that village. From the direction of the Dom—that is, immediately opposite—this Bies glacier seems to descend nearly vertically: it does not do so, although it is very steep. Its size is much less than formerly, and the lower portion, now divided into three tails, clings in a strange, weird-like manner to the cliffs, to which it seems scarcely possible that it can remain attached.

Unwillingly I parted from the sight of this glorious mountain, and went down to Visp. A party of English tourists had passed up the valley a short time before with a mule. The party numbered nine—eight women and a governess. The mule carried their luggage, and was ridden by each in turn. The peasants—themselves not unaccustomed to overload their beasts—were struck with astonishment at the unwonted sight, and made comments, more free than welcome to English ears, on the nonchalance with which young miss sat, calm and collected, on the

miserable beast, while it was struggling under her weight combined with that of the luggage. The story was often repeated; and it tends to sustain some of the hard things which have been said of late about young ladies from the ages of twelve or fourteen to eighteen.

Arriving once more in the Rhone valley, I proceeded to Viesch, and from thence ascended the Æggischhorn, on which unpleasant eminence I lost my way in a fog, and my temper shortly afterward. Then, after crossing the Grimsel in a severe thunderstorm, I passed on to Brienz, Interlachen and Berne, and thence to Fribourg and Morat, Neuchâtel, Martigny and the St. Bernard. The massive walls of the convent were a welcome sight as I



waded through the snow-beds near the summit of the pass, and pleasant also was the courteous salutation of the

brother who bade me enter. He wondered at the weight of my knapsack, and I at the hardness of their bread. The saying that the monks make the toast in the winter that they give to tourists in the following season is not founded on truth: the winter is their most busy time of the year. But it *is* true they have exercised so much hospitality that at times they have not possessed the means to furnish the fuel for heating their chapel in the winter.

Instead of descending to Aosta, I turned aside into the Val Pelline, in order to obtain views of the Dent d'Erin. The night had come on before Biona was gained, and I had to knock long and loud upon the door of the curé's house before it was opened. An old woman with querulous voice and with a large goitre answered the summons, and demanded rather sharply what was wanted, but became pacific, almost good-natured, when a five-franc piece was held in her face and she heard that lodging and supper were requested in exchange.

My directions asserted that a passage existed from Prerayen, at the head of this valley, to Breuil, in the Val Tournanche, and the old woman, now convinced of my respectability, busied herself to find a guide. Presently she introduced a native picturesquely attired in high-peaked hat, braided jacket, scarlet waistcoat and indigo pantaloons, who agreed to take me to the village of Val Tournanche. We set off early on the next morning, and got to the summit of the pass without difficulty. It gave me my first experience of considerable slopes of hard, steep snow, and, like all beginners, I endeavored to prop myself up with my stick, and kept it *outside*, instead of holding it between myself and the slope, and leaning upon it, as should have been done. The man enlightened me, but he had, properly, a very small opinion of his employer, and it is probably on that account that, a few minutes after we had passed the summit, he said he would not go any farther and would return to Biona. All argument was useless: he stood still, and to every-

thing that was said answered nothing but that he would go back. Being rather nervous about descending some long snow-slopes which still intervened between us and the head of the valley, I offered more pay, and he went on a little way. Presently there were some cliffs, down which we had to scramble. He called to me to stop, then shouted that he would go back, and beckoned to me to come up. On the contrary, I waited for him to come down, but instead of doing so, in a second or two he turned round, clambered deliberately up the cliff and vanished. I supposed it was only a ruse to extort offers of more money, and waited for half an hour, but he did not appear again. This was rather embarrassing, for he carried off my knapsack. The choice of action lay between chasing him and going on to Breuil, risking the loss of my knapsack. I chose the latter course, and got to Breuil the same evening. The landlord of the inn, suspicious of a person entirely innocent of luggage, was doubtful if he could admit me, and eventually thrust me into a kind of loft, which was already occupied by guides and by hay. In later years we became good friends, and he did not hesitate to give credit and even to advance considerable sums.

My sketches from Breuil were made under difficulties: my materials had been carried off, nothing better than fine sugar-paper could be obtained, and the pencils seemed to contain more silica than plumbago. However, they *were* made, and the pass was again crossed, this time alone. By the following evening the old woman of Biona again produced the faithless guide. The knapsack was recovered after the lapse of several hours, and then I poured forth all the terms of abuse and reproach of which I was master. The man smiled when called a liar, and shrugged his shoulders when referred to as a thief, but drew his knife when spoken of as a pig.

The following night was spent at Cormayeur, and the day after I crossed the Col Ferrex to Orsières, and on the next

the Tête Noir to Chamounix. The Emperor Napoleon arrived the same day, and access to the Mer de Glace was refused to tourists; but, by scrambling along the Plan des Aiguilles, I managed to outwit the guards, and to arrive at the Montanvert as the imperial party was leaving, failing to get to the Jardin the same afternoon, but very nearly succeeding in breaking a leg by dislodging great rocks on the moraine of the glacier.

From Chamounix I went to Geneva, and thence by the Mont Cenis to Turin and to the Vaudois valleys. A long

and weary day had ended when Paesana was reached. The inn was full, and I was tired and about to go to bed when some village stragglers entered and began to sing. They sang to Garibaldi! The tenor, a ragged fellow, whose clothes were not worth a shilling, took the lead with wonderful expression and feeling. The others kept their places and sang in admirable time. For hours I sat enchanted, and long after I retired the sound of their melody could be heard, relieved at times by the treble of the girl who belonged to the inn.



GARIBALDI!

The next morning I passed the little lakes which are the sources of the Po, on my way into France. The weather was stormy, and misinterpreting the patois of some natives—who in reality pointed out the right way—I missed the track, and found myself under the cliffs of Monte Viso. A gap that was occasionally seen in the ridge connecting it with the mountains to the east tempted me up, and after a battle with a snow-slope of excessive steepness, I reached the summit. The scene was extraordinary, and, in my experience, unique. To the north there was not a particle of mist, and the violent wind coming from that direction blew one back staggering. But on the side of Italy the valleys were completely filled with dense masses of cloud to a certain level; and there—where they felt the influence of the wind—they were cut off as level as the top of a table, the ridges appearing above them.

I raced down to Abries, and went

on through the gorge of the Guil to Mont Dauphin. The next day found me at La Bessée, at the junction of the Val Louise with the valley of the Durance, in full view of Mont Pelvoux; and by chance I walked into a cabaret where a Frenchman was breakfasting who a few days before had made an unsuccessful attempt to ascend that mountain with three Englishmen and the guide Michel Croz of Chamounix—a right good fellow, by name Jean Reynaud.

The same night I slept at Briançon, intending to take the courier on the following day to Grenoble, but all places had been secured several days beforehand, so I set out at two P. M. on the next day for a seventy-mile walk. The weather was again bad, and on the summit of the Col de Lautaret I was forced to seek shelter in the wretched little hospice. It was filled with workmen who were employed on the road, and with noxious vapors which proceeded from them. The inclemency of the

weather was preferable to the inhospitality of the interior. Outside, it was disagreeable, but grand—inside, it was disagreeable and mean. The walk was continued under a deluge of rain, and I felt the way down, so intense was the darkness, to the village of La Grave, where the people of the inn detained me forcibly. It was perhaps fortunate that they did so, for during that night blocks of rock fell at several places from the cliffs on to the road with such force that they made large holes in the macadam, which looked as if there had

been explosions of gunpowder. I resumed the walk at half-past five next morning, and proceeded, under steady rain, through Bourg d'Oysans to Grenoble, arriving at the latter place soon after seven P. M., having accomplished the entire distance from Briançon in about eighteen hours of actual walking.

This was the end of the Alpine portion of my tour of 1860, on which I was introduced to the great peaks, and acquired the passion for mountain-scrambling the development of which is described in the following chapters.



BRIANÇON.

CHAPTER II.

THE ASCENT OF MONT PELVOUX.

THE district of which Mont Pelvoux and the neighboring summits are the culminating points is, both historically and topographically, one of the most interesting in the Alps. As the nursery and the home of the Vaudois, it has claims to permanent attention: the names of Waldo and of Neff will be remembered when men more famous

in their time are forgotten, and the memory of the heroic courage and the simple piety of their disciples will endure as long as history lasts.

This district contains the highest summits in France, and some of its finest scenery. It has not perhaps the beauties of Switzerland, but has charms of its own: its cliffs, its torrents and its gorges are unsurpassed, its deep and savage valleys present pictures of gran-

deur, and even sublimity, and it is second to none in the boldness of its mountain forms.

The district includes a mass of valleys which vie with each other in singularity of character and dissimilarity of climate. Some the rays of the sun can never reach, they are so deep and narrow. In others the very antipodes may be found, the temperature more like that of the plains of Italy than of alpine France. This great range of climate has a marked effect on the flora of these valleys: sterility reigns in some, stones take the place of trees, débris and mud replace plants and flowers: in others, in the space of a few miles, one passes vines, apple, pear and cherry trees, the birch, alder, walnut, ash, larch and pine alternating with fields of rye, barley, oats, beans and potatoes.

The valleys are for the most part short and erratic. They are not, apparently, arranged on any definite plan: they are not disposed, as is frequently the case elsewhere, either at right angles to, or parallel with, the highest summits, but they wander hither and thither, taking one direction for a few miles, then doubling back, and then perhaps resuming their original course. Thus long perspectives are rarely to be seen, and it is difficult to form a general idea of the disposition of the peaks.

The highest summits are arranged almost in a horse-shoe form. The highest of all, which occupies a central position, is the Pointe des Écrins; the second in height, the Meije, is on the north; and the Mont Pelvoux, which gives its name to the entire block, stands almost detached by itself on the outside.

At the beginning of July, 1861, I despatched to Reynaud from Havre blankets (which were taxed as "prohibited fabrics"), rope, and other things desirable for the excursion, and set out on the tour of France, but four weeks later, at Nîmes, found myself completely collapsed by the heat, then 94° Fahr. in the shade, so I took a night train at once to Grenoble.

I lost my way in the streets of this picturesque but noisome town, and hav-

ing but a half hour left in which to get a dinner and take a place in the diligence, was not well pleased to hear that an Englishman wished to see me. It turned out to be my friend Macdonald, who confided to me that he was going to try to ascend a mountain called Pelvoux in the course of ten days, but on hearing of my intentions agreed to join us at La Bessée on the 3d of August. In a few moments more I was perched in the *banquette en route* for Bourg d'Oysans, in a miserable vehicle which took nearly eight hours to accomplish less than thirty miles.

At five on a lovely morning I shouldered my knapsack and started for Briançon. Gauzy mists clung to the mountains, but melted away when touched by the sun, and disappeared by jerks (in the manner of views when focused in a magic lantern), revealing the wonderfully bent and folded strata in the limestone cliffs behind the town. Then I entered the Combe de Malval, and heard the Romanche eating its way through that wonderful gorge, and passed on to Le Dauphin, where the first glacier came into view, tailing over the mountain-side on the right. From this place until the summit of the Col de Lautaret was passed, every gap in the mountains showed a glittering glacier or a soaring peak: the finest view was at La Grave, where the Meije rises by a series of tremendous precipices eight thousand feet above the road. The finest distant view of the pass is seen after crossing the col, near Monêtier. A mountain, commonly supposed to be Monte Viso, appears at the end of the vista, shooting into the sky: in the middle distance, but still ten miles off, is Briançon with its interminable forts, and in the foreground, leading down to the Guisane and rising high up the neighboring slopes, are fertile fields, studded with villages and church-spires. The next day I walked over from Briançon to La Bessée, to my worthy friend Jean Reynaud, the surveyor of roads of his district.

All the peaks of Mont Pelvoux are well seen from La Bessée—the highest

point as well as that upon which the French engineers erected their cairn in 1828. Neither Reynaud nor any one else knew this. The natives knew only that the engineers had ascended one peak, and had seen from that a still higher point, which they called the *Pointe des Arcines* or *des Écrins*. They could not say whether this latter could be seen from *La Bessée*, nor could they tell the peak upon which the cairn had been erected. We were under the impression that the highest point was concealed by the peaks we saw, and would be gained by passing over them. They knew nothing of the ascent of Monsieur

Puiseux, and they confidently asserted that the highest point of *Mont Pelvoux* had not been attained by any one: it was this point we wished to reach.

Nothing prevented our starting at once but the absence of *Macdonald* and the want of a *bâton*. Reynaud suggested a visit to the postmaster, who possessed a *bâton* of local celebrity. Down we went to the bureau, but it was closed: we hallooed through the slits, but no answer. At last the postmaster was discovered endeavoring (with very fair success) to make himself intoxicated. He was just able to ejaculate, "*France! 'tis the first nation in the*



MONT PELVOUX FROM ABOVE LA BESSÉE.

world!"—a phrase used by a Frenchman when in the state in which a Briton begins to shout, "We won't go home till morning," national glory being uppermost in the thoughts of one, and home in those of the other. The *bâton* was produced: it was a branch of a young oak, about five feet long, gnarled and twisted in several directions. "Sir," said the postmaster, as he presented it, "*France! 'tis the first—the first nation in the world, by its—*" He stuck. "*Bâtons,*" I suggested. "Yes, yes, sir: by its *bâtons*, by its—its—" and here

he could not get on at all. As I looked at this young limb, I thought of my own; but Reynaud, who knew everything about everybody in the village, said there was not a better one; so off we went with it, leaving the official staggering in the road, and muttering, "*France! 'tis the first nation in the world!*"

The 3d of August came, but *Macdonald* did not appear, so we started for the *Val Louise*, our party consisting of Reynaud, myself and a porter, *Jean Casimir Giraud*, nicknamed "*Little*

Nails," the shoemaker of the place. An hour and a half's smart walking took us to La Ville de Val Louise; our hearts gladdened by the glorious peaks of Pelvoux shining out without a cloud around them. I renewed acquaintance with the mayor of La Ville. His aspect was original and his manners were gracious, but the odor which proceeded from him was dreadful. The same may be said of most of the inhabitants of these valleys.

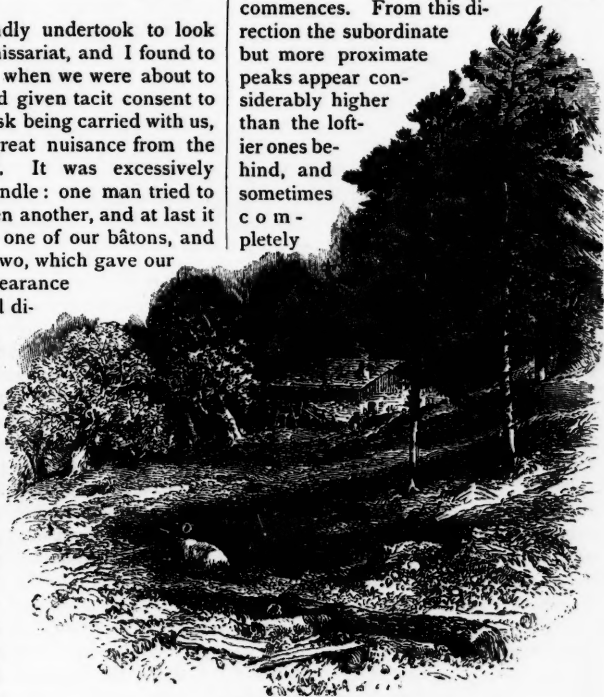
Reynaud kindly undertook to look after the commissariat, and I found to my annoyance, when we were about to leave, that I had given tacit consent to a small wine-cask being carried with us, which was a great nuisance from the commencement. It was excessively awkward to handle: one man tried to carry it, and then another, and at last it was slung from one of our bâtons, and was carried by two, which gave our party the appearance of a mechanical diagram to illustrate the uses of levers.

At La Ville the Val Louise splits into two branches—the Val d'Entraigues on the left, and the Vallon d'Alefred (or Ailefroide) on the right: our route was up the latter, and we moved steadily forward to the village of La Pisse, where Pierre Sémond lived, who was reputed to know more about the Pelvoux than any other man. He looked an honest fellow, but unfortunately he was ill and could not come. He recommended his brother, an aged creature, whose furrowed and wrinkled face hardly seemed to announce the man we wanted; but, having no choice, we engaged him and again set forth.

Walnut and a great variety of other

trees gave shadow to our path and fresh vigor to our limbs, while below, in a sublime gorge, thundered the torrent, whose waters took their rise from the snows we hoped to tread on the morrow.

The mountain could not be seen at La Ville, owing to a high intervening ridge: we were now moving along the foot of this to get to the chalets of Alefred—or, as they are sometimes called, Alefroide—where the mountain actually commences. From this direction the subordinate but more proximate peaks appear considerably higher than the loftier ones behind, and sometimes completely



IN THE VAL D'ALEFRED.

conceal them. But the whole height of the peak, which in these valleys goes under the name of the "Grand Pelvoux," is seen at one place from its summit to its base—six or seven thousand feet of nearly perpendicular cliffs.

The chalets of Alefred are a cluster of miserable wooden huts at the foot of the Grand Pelvoux, and are close to the junction of the streams which descend from the glacier de Sapienière (or du

Selé) on the left, and the glaciers Blanc and Noir on the right. We rested a minute to purchase some butter and milk, and Sémond picked up a disreputable-looking lad to assist in carry-

ing, pushing and otherwise moving the wine-cask.

Our route now turned sharply to the left, and all were glad that the day was drawing to a close, so that we had the



THE GRAND PELVOUX DE VAL LOUISE.

shadows from the mountains. A more frightful and desolate valley it is scarcely possible to imagine: it contains miles of boulders, débris, stones, sand and mud—few trees, and they placed so high as to be almost out of sight. Not a soul inhabits it: no birds are in the air, no fish in the waters: the mountain is too steep for the chamois, its slopes too inhospitable for the marmot, the whole too repulsive for the eagle. Not a living thing did we see in this sterile and savage valley during four days, except some few poor goats which had been driven there against their will.

We rested a little at a small spring, and then hastened onward till we nearly arrived at the foot of the Sapenière glacier, when Sémond said we must turn to the right, up the slopes. This we did, and clambered for half an hour through scattered pines and fallen boulders. Then evening began to close in rapidly, and it was time to look for a resting-place. There was no difficulty in getting one, for all around it was a chaotic assemblage of rocks. We selected the under side of one, which was more than fifty feet long by twenty high, cleared it of rubbish, and then collected wood for a fire.

That camp-fire is a pleasant reminiscence. The wine-cask had got through all its troubles: it was tapped, and the Frenchmen seemed to derive some consolation from its execrable contents. Reynaud chanted scraps of French songs, and each contributed his share of joke, story or verse. The weather was perfect, and our prospects for the morrow were good. My companions' joy culminated when a packet of red fire was thrown into the flames. It hissed and bubbled for a moment or two, and then broke out into a grand flare. The effect of the momentary light was magnificent: all around the mountains were illuminated for a second, and then relapsed into their solemn gloom. One by one our party dropped off to sleep, and at last I got into my blanket-bag. It was hardly necessary, for although we were at a height of at least seven thousand feet, the minimum temperature was above 40° Fahrenheit.

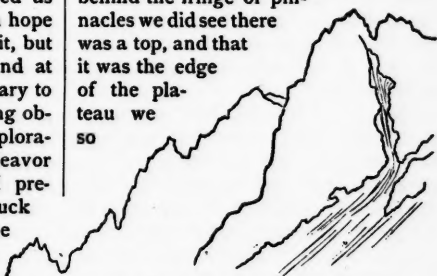
We roused at three, but did not start till half-past four. Giraud had been engaged as far as this rock only, but as he wished to go on, we allowed him to accompany us. We mounted the slopes, and quickly got above the trees, then had a couple of hours' clambering over

bits of precipitous rock and banks of débris, and at a quarter to seven got to a narrow glacier—Clos de l'Homme—which streamed out of the plateau on the summit, and nearly reached the glacier de Sapenière. We worked as much as possible to the right, in hope that we should not have to cross it, but were continually driven back, and at last we found that it was necessary to do so. Old Sémond had a strong objection to the ice, and made explorations on his own account to endeavor to avoid it; but Reynaud and I preferred to cross it, and Giraud stuck to us. It was narrow—in fact, one could throw a stone across it—and was easily mounted on the side, but in the centre swelled into a steep dome, up which we were obliged to cut. Giraud stepped forward and said he should like to try his hand, and having got hold of the axe, would not give it up; and here, as well as afterward when it was necessary to cross the gullies filled with hard snow which abound on the higher part of the mountain, he did all the work, and did it admirably.

Old Sémond of course came after us when we got across. We then zigzagged up some snow-slopes, and shortly afterward commenced to ascend the interminable array of buttresses which are the great peculiarity of the Pelvoux. They were very steep in many places, but on the whole afforded a good hold, and no climbing should be called difficult which does that. Gullies abounded among them, sometimes of great length and depth. They were frequently rotten, and would have been difficult for a single man to pass. The uppermost men were continually abused for dislodging rocks and for harpooning those below with their bâtons. However, without these incidents the climbing would have been dull: they helped to break the monotony.

We went up chimneys and gullies by the hour together, and always seemed to be coming to something, although we never got to it. The outline sketch will help to explain the situation. We stood

at the foot of a great buttress—perhaps about two hundred feet high—and looked up. It did not go to a point as in the diagram, because we could not see the top, although we felt convinced that behind the fringe of pinnacles we did see there was a top, and that it was the edge of the plateau we so



BUTTRESSES OF MONT PELVOUX.

much desired to attain. Up we mounted, and reached the pinnacles; but, lo! another set was seen, and another, and yet more, till we reached the top, and found it was only a buttress, and that we had to descend forty or fifty feet before we could commence to mount again. When this operation had been performed a few dozen times it began to be wearisome, especially as we were in the dark as to our whereabouts. Sémond, however, encouraged us, and said he knew we were on the right route; so away we went once more.

It was now nearly mid-day, and we seemed no nearer the summit of the Pelvoux than when we started. At last we all joined together and held a council. "Sémond, old friend, do you know where we are now?" "Oh yes, perfectly, to a yard and a half." "Well, then, how much are we below this plateau?" He affirmed we were not half an hour from the edge of the snow. "Very good: let us proceed." Half an hour passed, and then another, but we were still in the same state: pinnacles, buttresses and gullies were in profusion, but the plateau was not in sight. So we called him again—for he had been staring about latterly as if in doubt—and repeated the question, "How far below are we now?" Well, he thought it might be half an hour more. "But you said that just now: are you sure

we are going right?" Yes, he believed we were. Believed!—that would not do. "Are you sure we are going right for the Pic des Arcines?" "Pic des Arcines!" he ejaculated in astonishment, as if he had heard the words for the first time—"Pic des Arcines! No, but for the pyramid, the celebrated pyramid he had helped the great Capitaine Durand," etc.

Here was a fix. We had been talking about it to him for a whole day, and now he confessed he knew nothing about it. I turned to Reynaud, who seemed thunderstruck: "What do you suggest?" He shrugged his shoulders. "Well," we said, after explaining our minds pretty freely to Sémiond, "the sooner we turn back the better, for we have no wish to see your pyramid."

We halted for an hour, and then commenced the descent. It took us nearly seven hours to come down to our rock, but I paid no heed to the distance, and do not remember anything about it. When we got down we made a discovery which affected us as much as the footprint in the sand did Robinson Crusoe: a blue silk veil lay by our fire-side. There was but one solution—Macdonald had arrived, but where was he? We soon packed our baggage, and tramped in the dusk, through the stony desert, to Alefred, where we arrived about half-past nine. "Where is the Englishman?" was the first question. He was gone to sleep at La Ville.

We passed that night in a hay-loft, and in the morning, after settling with Sémiond, we posted down to catch Macdonald. We had already determined on the plan of operation, which was to get him to join us, return, and be independent of all guides, simply taking the best man we could get as a porter. I set my heart on Giraud—a good fellow, with no pretence, although in every respect up to the work. But we were disappointed: he was obliged to go to Briançon.

The walk soon became exciting. The natives inquired the result of our expedition, and common civility obliged us to stop. But I was afraid of losing my

man, for it was said he would wait only till ten o'clock, and that time was near at hand. At last I dashed over the bridge—time from Alefred an hour and a quarter—but a cantonnier stopped me, saying that the Englishman had just started for La Bessée. I rushed after him, turned angle after angle of the road, but could not see him: at last, as I came round a corner, he was also just turning another, going very fast. I shouted, and luckily he heard me. We returned, reprovisioned ourselves at La Ville, and the same evening saw us passing our first rock, *en route* for another. I have said we determined to take no guide, but on passing La Pisse old Sémiond turned out and offered his services. He went well, in spite of his years and disregard of truth. "Why not take him?" said my friend. So we offered him a fifth of his previous pay, and in a few seconds he closed with the offer, but this time came in an inferior position—we were to lead, he to follow. Our second follower was a youth of twenty-seven years, who was not all that could be desired. He drank Reynaud's wine, smoked our cigars, and quietly secreted the provisions when we were nearly starving. Discovery of his proceedings did not at all disconcert him, and he finished up by getting several items added to our bill at La Ville, which, not a little to his disgust, we disallowed.

This night we fixed our camp high above the tree-line, and indulged ourselves in the healthy employment of carrying our fuel up to it. The present rock was not so comfortable as the first, and before we could settle down we were obliged to turn out a large mass which was in the way. It was very obstinate, but moved at length—slowly and gently at first, then faster and faster, at last taking great jumps in the air, striking a stream of fire at every touch, which shone out brightly as it entered the gloomy valley below; and long after it was out of sight we heard it bounding downward, and then settle with a subdued crash on the glacier beneath. As we turned back from this curious sight,

Reynaud asked if we had ever seen a torrent on fire, and told us that in the spring the Durance, swollen by the melting of the snow, sometimes brings down so many rocks that where it passes through a narrow gorge at La Bessée no water whatever is seen, but only boulders rolling over and over, grinding each other into powder, and striking so many sparks that the stream looks as if it were on fire.

We had another merry evening, with nothing to mar it: the weather was perfect, and we lay backward in luxurious repose, looking at the sky spangled with its ten thousand brilliant lights.

"The ranges stood
Transfigured in the silver flood.
Their snows were flashing cold and keen,
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine
Took shadow, or the sombre green
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black,
Against the whiteness at their back."*

Macdonald related his experiences over the *café noir*. He had traveled



R. J. S. MACDONALD.

day and night for several days in order to join us, but had failed to find our first bivouac, and had encamped a few hundred yards from us under another rock, higher up the mountain. The next morning he discerned us going along a ridge at a great height above him, and as it was useless to endeavor to overtake us, he lay down and watched with a heavy heart until we had turned the corner of a buttress and vanished out of sight.

Nothing but the heavy breathing of our already sound-asleep comrades

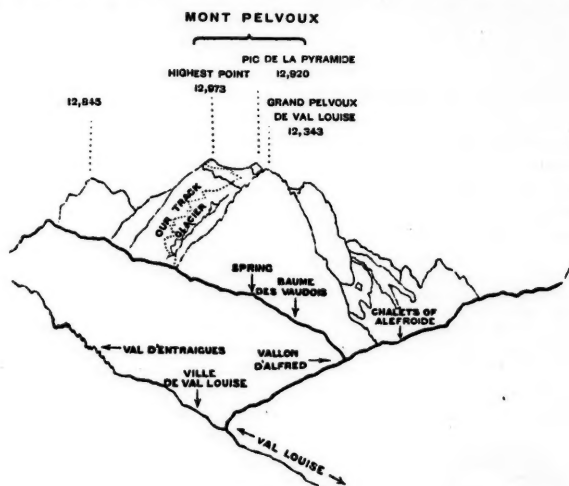
* J. G. Whittier: *Snow-Bound*.

broke the solemn stillness of the night. It was a silence to be felt. Nothing! Hark! what is that dull booming sound above us? Is that nothing? There it is again, plainer: on it comes, nearer, clearer: 'tis a crag escaped from the heights above. What a fearful crash! We jump to our feet. Down it comes with awful fury: what power can withstand its violence? Dancing leaping, flying, dashing against others, roaring as it descends. Ah, it has passed! No: there it is again, and we hold our breath as, with resistless force and explosions like artillery, it darts past, with an avalanche of shattered fragments trailing in its rear. 'Tis gone, and we breathe more freely as we hear the finale on the glacier below.

We retired at last, but I was too excited to sleep. At a quarter-past four every man once more shouldered his pack and started. This time we agreed to keep more to the right, to see if it were not possible to get to the plateau without losing any time by crossing the glacier. To describe our route would be to repeat what has been said before. We mounted steadily for an hour and a half, sometimes walking, but more frequently climbing, and then found, after all, that it was necessary to cross the glacier. The part on which we struck came down a very steep slope, and was much crevassed. The word crevassed hardly expresses its appearance: it was a mass of formidable séracs. We found, however, more difficulty in getting on than across it, but, thanks to the rope, it was passed somehow: then the interminable buttresses began again. Hour after hour we proceeded upward, frequently at fault and obliged to descend. The ridge behind us had sunk long ago, and we looked over it and all others till our eyes rested on the majestic Viso. Hour after hour passed, and monotony was the order of the day: when twelve o'clock came we lunched, and contemplated the scene with satisfaction: all the summits in sight, with the single exception of the Viso, had given in, and we looked over an immense expanse—a perfect sea of

peaks and snow-fields. Still the pinacles rose above us, and opinions were freely uttered that we should see no summit of Pelvoux that day. Old Sémiond had become a perfect bore to

all: whenever one rested for a moment to look about, he would say, with a complacent chuckle, "Don't be afraid—follow me." We came at last to a very bad piece, rotten and steep, and no



hold. Here Reynaud and Macdonald confessed to being tired, and talked of going to sleep. A way was discovered out of the difficulty: then some one called out, "Look at the Viso!" and we saw that we almost looked over it. We worked away with redoubled energy, and at length caught sight of the head of the glacier as it streamed out of the plateau. This gave us fresh hopes: we were not deceived, and with a simultaneous shout we greeted the appearance of our long wished-for snows. A large crevasse separated us from them, but a bridge was found: we tied ourselves in line and moved safely over it. Directly we got across there arose before us a fine snow-capped peak. Old Sémiond cried, "The pyramid! I see the pyramid!" "Where, Sémiond, where?" "There, on the top of that peak."

There, sure enough, was the cairn he had helped to erect more than thirty years before. But where was the Pic des Arcines which we were to see? It was nowhere visible, but only a great expanse of snow, bordered by three lower

peaks. Somewhat sadly we moved toward the pyramid, sighing that there was no other to conquer, but hardly had we gone two hundred paces before there rose a superb white cone on the left, which had been hidden before by a slope of snow. We shouted, "The Pic des Arcines!" and inquired of Sémiond if he knew whether that peak had been ascended. As for him, he knew nothing except that the peak before us was called the Pyramid, from the cairn he had, etc., etc., and that it had been ascended since. "All right, then: face about;" and we immediately turned at right angles for the cone, the porter making faint struggles for his beloved pyramid. Our progress was stopped in the sixth of a mile by the edge of the ridge connecting the two peaks, and we perceived that it curled over in a lovely volute. We involuntarily retreated. Sémiond, who was last in the line, took the opportunity to untie himself, and refused to come on, said we were running dangerous risks, and talked vaguely of crevasses. We tied him up again

and proceeded. The snow was very soft: we were always knee-deep, and sometimes floundered in up to the waist, but a simultaneous jerk before and behind always released one. By this time we had arrived at the foot of the final peak. The left-hand ridge seemed easier than that upon which we stood, so we curved round to get to it. Some rocks peeped out one hundred and fifty feet below the summit, and up these we crawled, leaving our porter behind, as he said he was afraid. I could not resist the temptation, as we went off, to turn round and beckon him onward, saying, "Don't be afraid—follow me," but he did not answer to the appeal, and never went to the top. The rocks led to a short ridge of ice—our plateau on one side, and a nearly vertical precipice on the other. Macdonald cut up it, and at a quarter to two we stood shaking hands on the loftiest summit of the conquered Pelvoux!

The day still continued everything that could be desired, and far and near countless peaks burst into sight, without a cloud to hide them. The mighty Mont Blanc, full seventy miles away, first caught our eyes, and then, still farther off, the Monte Rosa group; while, rolling away to the east, one unknown range after another succeeded in unveiled splendor, fainter and fainter in tone, but still perfectly defined, till at last the eye was unable to distinguish sky from mountain, and they died away in the far-off horizon. Monte Viso rose up grandly, but it was less than forty miles away, and we looked over it to a hazy mass we knew must be the plains of Piedmont. Southward, a blue mist seemed to indicate the existence of the distant Mediterranean: to the west we looked over to the mountains of Auvergne. Such was the panorama, a view extending in nearly every direction for more than a hundred miles. It was with some difficulty we wrenched our eyes from the more distant objects to contemplate the nearer ones. Mont Dauphin was very conspicuous, but La Bessée was not readily perceived. Besides these, not a human habitation

could be seen: all was rock, snow or ice; and large as we knew were the snow-fields of Dauphiné, we were surprised to find that they very far surpassed our most ardent imagination. Nearly in a line between us and the Viso, immediately to the south of Château Queyras, was a splendid group of mountains of great height. More to the south an unknown peak seemed still higher, while close to us we were astonished to discover that there was a mountain which appeared even higher than that on which we stood. At least this was my opinion: Macdonald thought it not so high, and Reynaud insisted that its height was much about the same as our own.

This mountain was distant a couple of miles or so, and was separated from us by a tremendous abyss, the bottom of which we could not see. On the other side rose this mighty wall-sided peak, too steep for snow, black as night, with sharp ridges and pointed summit. We were in complete ignorance of its whereabouts, for none of us had been on the other side: we imagined that La Bérarde was in the abyss at our feet, but it was in reality beyond the other mountain.

We left the summit at last, and descended to the rocks and to our porter, where I boiled some water, obtained by melting snow. After we had fed and smoked our cigars (lighted without difficulty from a common match), we found it was ten minutes past three, and high time to be off. We dashed, waded and tumbled for twenty-five minutes through the snow, and then began the long descent of the rocks. It was nearly four o'clock, and as it would be dark at eight, it was evident that there was no time to be lost, and we pushed on to the utmost. Nothing remarkable occurred going down. We kept rather closer to the glacier, and crossed at the same point as in the morning. Getting *off* it was like getting *on* it—rather awkward. Old Sémiond had got over, so had Reynaud: Macdonald came next, but as he made a long stretch to get on to a higher mass, he slipped, and would have been

in the bowels of a crevasse in a moment had he not been tied.

It was nearly dark by the time we had crossed, but still I hoped that we should be able to pass the night at our rock. Macdonald was not so sanguine, and he was right; for at last we found ourselves quite at fault, and wandered helplessly up and down for an hour, while Reynaud and the porter indulged in a little mutual abuse. The dreary fact that, as we could not get down, we must stay where we were, was now quite apparent.

We were at least ten thousand five hundred feet high, and if it commenced to rain or snow, as the gathering clouds and rising wind seemed to threaten, we might be in a sore plight. We were hungry, having eaten little since three A. M., and a torrent we heard close at hand, but could not discover, aggravated our thirst. Sémioud endeavored to get some water from it, but although he succeeded in doing so, he was wholly unable to return, and we had to solace him by shouting at intervals through the night.

A more detestable locality for a night out of doors it is difficult to imagine. There was no shelter of any kind, it was perfectly exposed to the chilly wind which began to rise, and it was too steep to promenade. Loose, rubbly stones covered the ground, and had to be removed before we could sit with any comfort. This was an advantage, although we hardly thought so at the time, as it gave us some employment, and after an hour's active exercise of that interesting kind I obtained a small strip, about nine feet long, on which it was possible to walk. Reynaud was furious at first, and soundly abused the porter, whose opinion as to the route down had been followed, rather than that of our friend, and at last settled down to a deep dramatic despair, and wrung his hands with frantic gesture, as he exclaimed, "Oh, malheur, malheur! Oh misérables!"

Thunder commenced to growl and lightning to play among the peaks above, and the wind, which had brought

the temperature down to nearly freezing-point, began to chill us to the bones. We examined our resources. They were six and half cigars, two boxes of vesuvians, one-third of a pint of brandy-and-water, and half a pint of spirits of wine—rather scant fare for three fellows who had to get through seven hours before daylight. The spirit-lamp was lighted, and the remaining spirits of wine, the brandy and some snow were heated by it. It made a strong liquor, but we only wished for more of it. When that was over, Macdonald endeavored to dry his socks by the lamp, and then the three lay down under my plaid to pretend to sleep. Reynaud's woes were aggravated by toothache: Macdonald somehow managed to close his eyes.

The longest night must end, and ours did at last. We got down to our rock in an hour and a quarter, and found the lad not a little surprised at our absence. He said he had made a gigantic fire to light us down, and shouted with all his might: we neither saw the fire nor heard his shouts. He said we looked a ghastly crew, and no wonder: it was our fourth night out.

We feasted at our cave, and performed some very necessary ablutions. The persons of the natives are infested by certain agile creatures, whose rapidity of motion is only equaled by their numbers and voracity. It is dangerous to approach too near them, and one has to study the wind, so as to get on their weather side: in spite of all such precautions my unfortunate companion and myself were now being rapidly devoured alive. We only expected a temporary lull of our tortures, for the interiors of the inns are like the exteriors of the natives, swarming with this species of animated creation.

It is said that once, when these tormentors were filled with an unanimous desire, an unsuspecting traveler was dragged bodily from his bed! This needs confirmation. One word more, and I have done with this vile subject. We returned from our ablutions, and found the Frenchmen engaged in conversation. "Ah!" said old Sémioud,

"as to fleas, I don't pretend to be different to any one else—I *have them*." This time he certainly spoke the truth.

We got down to La Ville in good time, and luxuriated there for several days: we played many games of bowls with the natives, and were invariably beaten by them. At last it was necessary to part: I walked southward to the Viso, and Macdonald went to Briançon.

After parting from my agreeable companions, I walked by the gorge of the Guil to Abries, and made the acquaintance at that place of an ex-harbormaster of Marseilles—a genial man, who spoke English well. Besides the ex-harbormaster and some fine trout in the neighboring streams, there was little to invite a stay at Abries. The inn—L'Étoile, chez Richard—is a place to be avoided. Richard, it may be observed, possessed the instincts of a robber. At a later date, when forced to

seek shelter in his house, he desired to see my passport, and catching sight of the words John Russell, he entered that name instead of my own in a report to the gendarmerie, uttering an exclamation of joyful surprise at the same time. I foolishly allowed the mistake to pass, and had to pay dearly for it, for he made out a lordly bill, against which all protest was unavailing.

I quitted the abominations of Abries to seek a quiet bundle of hay at Le Chalp, a village some miles nearer to the Viso. On approaching the place the odor of sanctity became distinctly perceptible; and on turning a corner the cause was manifested: there was the priest of the place, surrounded by some of his flock. I advanced humbly, hat in hand, but almost before a word could be said, he broke out with, "Who are you? What are you? What do you want?" I endeavored to explain.



THE BLANKET-BAG.

"You are a deserter—I know you are a deserter: go away, you can't stay here: go to Le Monta, down there—I won't have you here;" and he literally drove me away. The explanation of his strange behavior was that Piedmontese soldiers who were tired of the service had not unfrequently crossed the Col de la Traversette into the valley, and trouble had arisen from harboring them.

However, I did not know this at the time, and was not a little indignant that I, who was marching to the attack, should be taken for a deserter.

So I walked away, and shortly afterward, as it was getting dark, encamped in a lovely hole—a cavity or kind of basin in the earth, with a stream on one side, a rock to windward and some broken pine branches close at hand.

Nothing could be more perfect—rock, hole, wood and water. After making a roaring fire, I nestled in my blanket-bag (an ordinary blanket sewn up, double round the legs, with a piece of elastic ribbon round the open end) and slept, but not for long. I was troubled with dreams of the Inquisition: the tortures were being applied, priests were forcing fleas down my nostrils and into my eyes, and with red-hot pincers were taking out bits of flesh, and then cutting off my ears and tickling the soles of my feet. This was too much: I yelled a great yell, and awoke to find myself covered with innumerable crawling bodies: they were ants. I had camped by an ant-hill, and, after making its inhabitants mad with the fire, had coolly lain down in their midst.

The night was fine, and as I settled down in more comfortable quarters, a brilliant meteor sailed across full 60° of the cloudless sky, leaving a trail of light behind which lasted for several seconds. It was the herald of a splendid spectacle. Stars fell by hundreds, and, not dimmed by intervening vapors, they sparkled with greater brightness than Sirius in our damp climate.

The next morning, after walking up the valley to examine the Viso, I returned to Abries, and engaged a man from a neighboring hamlet for whom the ex-harbormaster had sent—an inveterate smoker, and thirsty in proportion, whose pipe never left his mouth except to allow him to drink. We returned up the valley together, and slept in the hut of a shepherd whose yearly wage was almost as small as that of the herdsman spoken of in *Hyperion* by Longfellow; and the next morning, in his company, proceeded to the summit of the pass which I had crossed in 1860; but we were baffled in our attempt to get near the mountain. A deep notch with precipitous cliffs cut us off from it: the snow-slope, too, which existed in the preceding year on the Piedmontese side of the pass, was now wanting, and we were unable to descend the rocks which lay beneath. A fortnight afterward the mountain was ascended for the first time by Messrs.

Mathews and Jacomb, with the two Crozes of Chamounix. Their attempt was made from the southern side, and the ascent, which was formerly considered a thing totally impossible, has become one of the most common and favorite excursions of the district.

We returned crest-fallen to Abries. The shepherd, whose boots were very much out of repair, slipped upon the steep snow-slopes and performed wonderful but alarming gyrations, which took him to the bottom of the valley more quickly than he could otherwise have descended. He was not much hurt, and was made happy by a few needles and a little thread to repair his abraded garments: the other man, however, considered it willful waste to give him brandy to rub in his cuts, when it could be disposed of in a more ordinary and pleasant manner.

The night of the 14th of August found me at St. Veran, a village made famous by Neff, but in no other respect remarkable, saying that it is supposed to be the highest in Europe. The Protestants *now* form only a miserable minority: in 1861 there were said to be one hundred and twenty of them to seven hundred and eighty Roman Catholics. The poor inn was kept by one of the former, and it gave the impression of great poverty. There was no meat, no bread, no butter, no cheese: almost the only things that could be obtained were eggs. The manners of the natives were primitive: the woman of the inn, without the least sense of impropriety, stayed in the room until I was fairly in bed, and her bill for supper, bed and breakfast amounted to one-and-sevenpence.

In this neighborhood, and indeed all round about the Viso, the chamois still remain in considerable numbers. They said at St. Veran that six had been seen from the village on the day I was there, and the innkeeper declared that he had seen fifty together in the previous week! I myself saw in this and in the previous season several small companies round about the Viso. It is perhaps as favorable a district as any in the Alps for a sportsman who wishes to hunt the

chamois, as the ground over which they wander is by no means of excessive difficulty.

The next day I descended the valley to Ville Vieille, and passed, near the

by rain. In this case a "block of euphotide or diallage rock protects a friable limestone:" the contrast of this dark cap with the white base, and the singularity of the form, made it a striking object. These natural pillars are among the most remarkable examples of the potent effects produced by the long-continued action of quiet-working forces. They are found in several other places in the Alps, as well as elsewhere.

The village of Ville Vieille boasts of an inn with the sign of the Elephant, which, in the opinion of local amateurs, is a proof that Hannibal passed through the gorge of the Guil. I remember the place because its bread, being only a month old, was unusually soft, and for the first time during ten days it was possible to eat some without first of all chopping it into small pieces and soaking it in hot water, which produced a slimy paste on the outside, but left a hard, untouched kernel.

The same day I crossed the Col Isoard to Briançon. It was the 15th of August, and all the world was *en fête*: sounds of revelry proceeded from the houses of Servières as I passed over the bridge upon which the pyrrhic dance is annually performed, and natives in all degrees

village of Molines, but on the opposite side of the valley, a remarkable natural pillar, in form not unlike a champagne bottle, about seventy feet high, which had been produced by the action of the weather, and in all probability chiefly

of inebriation staggered about the paths. It was late before the lights of the great fortress came into sight, but unchallenged I passed through the gates, and once more sought shelter under the roof of the Hôtel de l'Ours.



NATURAL PILLAR NEAR MOLINES (WEATHER ACTION).

SHALL WE THROW PHYSIC TO THE DOGS?

SOLOMON says, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." The inference is unmistakable. The wise monarch thought that "a medicine" does good. Probably Solomon supposed he had sufficient grounds for such a conviction. He had a large family, and as he was not in the habit of sparing the rod, very likely he succeeded in persuading some of the juvenile members to swallow certain unpalatable doses which he thought necessary for their health; and very likely he then thought he observed good results from the administration. It is not improbable that the Jewish king, having retired for the night after some sultry summer day, with every window of the royal palace widely open to catch the faintest zephyr, had been aroused in the small hours to find that the chilly northern blasts from the hills about Jerusalem were driving in at the open casement, and that the infant Rehoboam, from his trundle-bed, long before the matutinal hour, was vigorously crowing with spasmodic croup. No doubt then, as would be the case at the present day, the door-bell of the family physician was energetically rung, and the future hope of Israel was duly plied with ipecac., hive-syrup, blisters and sinapisms. The boy surviving the treatment, the father then, as parents do now, would for ever afterward triumphantly point to the white-headed urchin as a living monument to prove both the skill of the family physician and the value of hive-syrup and ipecac. Doubtless, under some inspiration of this kind, Solomon assumed that there could be no question that medicine does good.

We make no pretension to any greater wisdom than Solomon on general subjects, but we do think that if he were living at the present day he would very carefully reconsider the proverb we have quoted. He undoubtedly had a family physician who was a regular

practitioner, who frowned upon all patent medicines, who had never learned the value of infinitesimals, and who treated his patients in the original heroic style. Solomon probably believed that the medicines prescribed by his physician were orthodox, and that all others were heathenish and abominable. How would it have puzzled the wise man to have found, as we do at the present day, that not only the regular system of practice is successful, but that many other systems entirely at variance with it appear to be equally so! How would it have astonished the king to learn that his wisest and wealthiest senators and prophets were using, with immense satisfaction and apparent success, Indian vegetable pills, and the water-cure, and the movement-cure, and the extract of buchu, in ailments of every character and variety! How his temper would have been ruffled if the queen of Sheba on her visit had pronounced his family physician a humbug and urged his dismissal, while she offered as a present various minute bottles of infinitesimal pilules, with glowing descriptions of their charming effect upon herself and the ladies and children of her court! But Solomon, after carefully considering the facts, would probably have drawn the inference, from the great variety of medical treatment around him, either that everything which claims to be a medicine, no matter how unskillfully applied, is just as effectual as the carefully-prescribed doses of the court physicians, or that all medicines are alike ineffective and do but little good. And the new thought might gradually have dawned upon his mind that Nature or some inherent agency would just as certainly, if not as speedily, have cured the infant Rehoboam, without the aid of the officinal emetic, cathartic or sinapism.

Without professing to be able to demonstrate the fact mathematically, we

assert that the effect of medicine—by which we mean drugs simply—long has been, and still is, greatly over-estimated. We believe that the experience of every well-educated, observing physician will justify the assertion that in more than three-fourths of the diseases which are treated, medicines, if they do any good at all, are merely non-essential adjuvants in the recovery of the patient—that it is doubtful whether the lists of mortality would be materially swelled if the physician should ignore all so-called curative drugs, providing he used the same means to sustain and strengthen his patients and to secure the observance of the rules of hygiene. We believe that many a physician alights at the door of some aristocratic mansion, feels the pulse of his patient, looks at his tongue, prescribes with all due gravity and formality, receives his fee and grandly drives away, knowing all the while that the patient needs nothing but fresh air and exercise; leaving, nevertheless, in the mind of the patient the impression that the doctor's services are essential, but carrying in his own mind the sneaking conviction that he himself is but little better than a humbug. The physician may do this without any intention to practice dishonesty or gain undeserved applause, from the simple habit, so easily formed, of yielding to the mistaken popular prejudice, that drugs are an essential in the treatment of every disease.

A short time since a disinterested listener honored himself by attending one of the regular meetings of the New York Academy of Medicine. There were assembled physicians as thoroughly scientific as could be found in the city or on the continent. Some were authors and teachers, so favorably and widely known that their expression of a settled conviction as to any fact in medicine or science would be accepted by the mass of the profession throughout the country as proof positive, with as implicit confidence as the honest Catholic accepts a dogma of the Pope. Men of a high order of intellect, they had naturally been drawn to a city where the

highest rewards are offered for talent and intellectual culture. The Academy was the arena upon which they assembled to drill themselves for their daily conflict with the grim monster, and to prove their weapons by an occasional tilt with each other. It was a court of adjudication to decide knotty points in medicine, and when these judges found themselves unable to render a decision any lesser tribunal might well close its doors. Upon all facts which admitted of demonstration, in anatomy, chemistry, physiology or pathology, they were a unit. Upon all points connected with disease which admitted of proof by the most careful and intricate physical exploration, upon all pathological and post-mortem appearances, their minds were settled and coincident. If a patient wished to be figuratively turned inside out, to be told the exact disease with which he was or ever had been affected, to be informed what precise tissue in some remote corner of some particular cavity of his body was affected, here he could come, and the verdict would be unanimous. There would be no diversity of opinion as to the diagnosis. But here the unanimity of the scientific Academy was at an end. When the important question arose as to the treatment of disease, the variety of methods proposed was almost as great as the number of speakers. The disease under consideration was pleurisy. A paper had been read upon the subject at a previous meeting, and the views of the author upon the treatment of the disease provoked much controversy. To bleed or not to bleed, to blister or not to blister, to give calomel or not to give calomel, were the questions for discussion. A learned member, who had himself been a subject of the disease, was earnest in his objection to blisters. A member, evidently of the very old school, well educated in the doctrines orthodox at the time he graduated, who, however, had not trimmed his sails to suit every breeze which had blown since that time, was energetic in his approval of depletion by active blood-letting. Another, more

modern in his views, advocated stimulation. An impartial listener to the discussion, judging from the undoubted ability of those engaged in it, would conclude that if there were any mode of treatment or any medicine which could be demonstrated to be preferable to all others; these men would have discovered and adopted it unanimously. He might infer at the first thought, from the fact that all the different forms of treatment resulted in the recovery of the patient, that all were alike effective and useful. This inference he would abandon, however, when he remembered that some of the modes of treatment were exactly opposite in their character,—as, for instance, stimulation and depletion—and that if one was useful the other must necessarily be injurious. He would at last be driven to the conviction that the treatment produced but little effect in any of the cases—that there was some other agency at work to effect a cure aside from the medicine used; and he probably would conclude that the usefulness of medication, in the case of that particular disease at least, had been over-estimated.

Nothing is more probable or natural than that we should over-estimate the virtue of medicine. We do it because we wish to do it. We all expect to be sick, and we wish to believe that when we become so we can be cured. Many of us will indulge in violations of the known laws of health, and we wish to believe that the punishment for such violations can be averted. We all wish to have faith in the skill of our physician, and will pardon a great amount of assumption of authority and wisdom on his part. It never excites our jealousy to hear him extravagantly praised. We like to see him sport a fine turn-out, and often make him a pet in our households. We will not harbor the suspicion that he is capable of a mistake or that his judgment can be at fault. Some, it is true, in health profess to believe the doctor a humbug, but when sickness comes the most swaggering heretic is suddenly converted, summons

the physician, and swallows the nauseous potion with all the alacrity of the lifelong believer. Then it happens, in a medical point of view, that

"When the devil gets sick, the devil a monk will be,"

although it is equally true that

"When the devil gets well, the devil a monk is he."

The physician very naturally, too, allows his powers and the virtue of his drugs to be over-estimated, because it is flattering to his vanity, and he soon begins to accept the undue appreciation of himself and his medicines as really deserved. Thus it happens that the selfishness of the patient and the selfishness of the physician alike tend to produce an extravagant estimate of the necessity and virtue of medication.

When a drug is found to produce any peculiar effect upon the system, no matter what that effect may be, it is generally adopted and christened as a medicine. If some chemical compound, or the root or bark of some tree, or the berry of some plant, is found when swallowed by a man or a beast to put him to sleep, or to make him dizzy, or to give him pain, it is immediately supposed to be in some way or other good as a medicine. The number of such articles in the *Pharmacopœia* is wonderful to behold. Like the dogs who have been induced to swallow them for the sake of experiment, most of them have had their day, but still they remain. Some few of them undoubtedly do check the course of disease and hasten recovery; a much greater number comfort the patient and alleviate suffering; but there is reason to think that the virtues which the few possess have been unfairly ascribed to the thousands of others which are known merely to produce an effect of some kind upon the system.

The very mystery attached to the action of drugs itself increases the probability that their effects will be over-estimated. We are inclined to exaggerate what we cannot fairly comprehend. Disease itself is mysterious. It is strange that a breath of infected atmosphere can produce the horrible

small-pox: it is singular that an intermittent fever should return at stated intervals with such marvelous precision. So are the effects of drugs mysterious. It is odd that quinine should prevent a paroxysm of intermittent fever with any more certainty than the same amount of sugar. The very mystery associated with the action of the drugs that cure leads to the hope that other drugs whose action is likewise mysterious may also effect cures. Strychnine, in whose chemical composition there is nothing peculiar, when placed in a small quantity upon the tongue produces immediate convulsions and death. No one can tell why such a result should occur: it could not have been predicated before the experiment by any process of reasoning. As this effect is marvelous and inexplicable, and as diseases are often just as much so, the popular tendency seems to be to associate the two, and to hope that by some process just as mysterious the drug may produce an effect upon the system, destroying and eradicating disease. In other words, it is hoped that because it can kill, it can also cure. This process of reasoning is not, however, universally adopted, as the following newspaper extract will show: "A facetious young man, being ill, took it into his head to try the effect of the medicine prescribed for him by his physician upon a favorite cat, and was startled to see poor pussy very promptly fall over on her side and die. Similar results following experiments upon two other cats, he determined to throw away the bottle and dismiss the doctor. He had been taking the 'medicine' three times a day for a week." This precocious youth may have been a philosopher, but he certainly did not fall in with the popular theory with regard to the action of medicine.

It has long been the opprobrium of medicine that there is so little definitely determined and clearly demonstrable with regard to it. The very uncertainty in its action, the difficulty of determining whether any supposed effect in disease is due to the drug or to some other cause, increases the possibility that its

influence may be over-estimated. When the power of any force can be demonstrated by mathematical calculation, there will be no room for exaggeration; but the effect of a drug cannot be so determined. An approximate estimate can only be formed by continued observation of its effect in a multitude of cases. This effect will vary according to the idiosyncrasy of each particular individual.

The discovery of new medicines is also a matter of chance, and where we depend upon luck, we usually expect more than we obtain. We stumble upon valuable gems occasionally, but not so often as we hope. Where the discovery of a valuable drug is about as frequent as the drawing of a prize in a lottery, the effect of a lottery upon the mind will inevitably be produced. We *will* hope for prizes in opposition to all the theory of chances. The discovery of the value of the bark of the cinchona tree from the mere accident of the cure of the Spanish Countess Cinchon, has led to the useless mutilation of a thousand other trees with the hope of fresh discoveries.

There is a principle of life in all animals and plants, whose tendency is to restore when disease invades. It has been called the *vis medicatrix natura*. If the limb of a plant is injured or broken, this principle tends to restore or replace the lost member, and unless the injury has been immediately fatal, it accomplishes its object. There is the same tendency to recovery in diseases; and in most cases the recovery will take place without external aid, as we should discover if we would withhold medicines long enough to permit the experiment. Medical text-books now recognize this fact more generally than they did a few years ago. We find that the number of "self-limiting" diseases is greater in proportion than formerly. In civilized countries we can seldom determine what Nature can accomplish for herself, so eager are all to assist or supersede her efforts by medicine. Among savages we see what she can do alone, and we find that she does her work

well. The Esquimaux, whose pharmacopœia is exceedingly scanty, will contrive to recover from their various ills and reach a longevity equal to that of their more civilized neighbors. If to drugs, and not to Nature, is to be given the credit of healing disease, then where drugs are the most constantly and scientifically prescribed there should be the least sickness, the most speedy recovery, the most stalwart frames and the longest lives. In wealthy cities, where the science of medicine is supposed to have reached its greatest perfection, there should be found men and women of muscle and endurance, while in the forest, where Nature is allowed to practice the healing art, we should expect to find puny, pale-faced, cadaveric, so-called intellectual-looking men and women, suffering from all the different grades of nervous debility. The opposite is true. The Indian, whose only medicine for every ailment is his decoction of herbs, the Patagonian, who probably never heard of medicine, has better health, can endure more hardship and will live longer than his civilized neighbor, who has hourly access to the multitudinous gilt labels of a Helmbold or a Hegeman.

If medicines are as effective as has been popularly supposed, we should naturally expect to find a great difference in the results of the practice of skillful and unskillful physicians. The man of superior intellect would take the same rank as physician, in the popular estimation, when compared with his less talented associates, as he would take in the professions of law or theology. This, however, is not the case. It is true that the highly scientific physician cannot fail to be recognized as such, but the fact will not be brought to light by his success in the practice of his profession. We have a right to assume that the acquisition of a large and flourishing practice by any physician is an evidence that his patients are as successfully treated as at least the average. Now, we should expect that the skill in the treatment of disease shown by the highly-educated physician would be so

manifestly superior to that of one less thoroughly educated, that the extent of his practice would correspond with the excellence of his attainments. Such, however, is not the fact. We find that in the practice of medicine, more than in any other profession, the success of the physician in acquiring practice depends not so much upon his superior education as upon his pleasing address, his portly and imposing form, and his skill in adapting the amount of "palaver" to the receptive faculties of each particular patient. The scientific and highly-educated physician is recognized, it is true, but only as every other intelligent man is recognized—not by his superior success and skill in the administration of drugs. The fact that he is educated, and that for this reason he ought to be skillful, will perhaps increase his business, but not in the ratio we might expect. The most impudent and presuming charlatan will often acquire a practice which a modest physician with such attainments as would give him a front rank in any other profession will be unable to obtain. The most ignorant pill-maker will never lack for testimonials from clergymen and Congressmen certifying that his particular pill, whatever its composition may be, will cure diseases of the greatest variety and virulence; and his success is assured if he can only obtain the means to advertise his patent medicine. This could never be accomplished if there were a very perceptible difference between the success of the pill and some more scientific method of treatment. We argue from this fact no special virtue in the patent medicine, but an absence of it in the medicines more carefully prescribed. We argue from the success of the charlatan not the value of his drugs, but the worthlessness of many prescribed by the educated physician.

The fact that even among scientific physicians such a variety of medicines is recommended in almost every disease, that such a complexity of combinations is prescribed, that often no well-defined plan of treatment is uni-

versally agreed upon, but that each physician selects and experiments for himself, and the fact that in spite of all this the result appears to be, about the same, indicate that either all forms of treatment are alike successful, or that none accomplish the result, which is due to some other cause. The possibility that the latter hypothesis is the true one is increased when we remember that even in incurable diseases the number of medicines recommended is often great.

The history of medicine for the last fifty years tells a tale either of great errors in the early practice of the period or of just as great in the present, or it shows that methods of practice professedly at variance can be alike successful. Not many years ago calomel was considered the indispensable drug in practice. The physician without calomel was the artilleryman without his ammunition, Samson shorn of his locks. The tongues that were swollen, the teeth that were loosened, the gums that were made tender, modern physicians say, will present a horrible array of testimony when doctors get their deserts for malpractice. But the men who believed the patient was nothing unless he was bilious—who believed that there was but one organ in the body, and that the liver, and that this was to be unlocked at stated intervals, and entered and swept and garnished with mercury—who believed that in at least half of the known diseases salivation and salvation were synonymous terms,—these men were Jenner and his contemporaries—men undoubtedly of careful observation, sound judgment and great skill. For aught that we know, they were just as much respected by their patients, just as successful, as the modern *Æsculapius* who says that they were unmistakably and seriously in error. Patients recovered under their treatment, as patients recover under that of later physicians, who assume to possess the true Koran and be its only interpreters. Thirty years ago, a patient would be bled in disease where now it would be considered egregious malprac-

tice, but the patient bled and the patient unbled alike recover or alike die.

One fact in the history of medicine might well stagger the faith of the most confident believer in the virtue of drugs. It is the coexistence of two systems of practice, professedly antagonistic, each denouncing the other as absolutely ineffective or positively harmful, yet both apparently flourishing, both having enthusiastic and intelligent advocates. At a time when human blood was flowing in streams both large and small, not from the sword, but the lancet—when men believed that their temporal salvation depended on being scarified, cupped, leeches and venesected—an impudent Teuton, Hahnemann by name, broached the insane idea that patients could recover with less bloodshed, or even with none at all; and, strange to relate, they did so recover with unmutated integuments, and, so far as human eyesight could determine, just as well unscarified as the reverse. At a time when no fact was better established in medicine than that in certain cases blisters must be applied to the shaven scalp and to the "spine of the back" and to the calves of the legs, this same German said to his tender-skinned followers, "Do not blister," and they persisted in recovering without blisters, but in direct violation of the orthodox rules of practice. Moreover, when hundreds and thousands were standing, hours at a time, spoon in hand, contemplating with rueful countenances the nauseous contents, and hesitating to make the dreaded plunge which should deposit the dose in its uncertain resting-place, the Hahnemann before mentioned was tickling the palates of his patients with sugar pellets, and facetiously insisting that they were taking medicine. Some of them believed him, and from some inexplicable cause would recover from their ailments quite as frequently as under the old régime. This wonderful burlesque on the practice which Solomon adopted, whether it has added anything useful to the *Pharmacopœia* or not, has at least added a horn to a dilemma. Either the ridiculously mild

measures and small doses were useful and effective—which we must be pardoned for saying we do not for a moment believe—or the ridiculously large and filthy doses and severe treatment which had previously been in vogue were useless, which we just as firmly believe. The inference is a fair one, even if it has not been absolutely demonstrated, that the virtue of drugs and their efficacy in healing disease had been overestimated, and that recoveries had been ascribed to the action of medicine which were due to an entirely different cause.

Assuming that there is evidence that drugs have received more credit than they deserve, the serious question arises in the mind of the medical Othello whether his occupation is not in a great measure gone. Not at all. It is to be feared, however, that he has mistaken, not his calling, but the nature of the duties required of him. Perhaps it would be well for him to consider himself a doctor, and not a physician—a teacher, and not a dispenser of drugs. It might be well for him to assume the rôle of directing not how to administer medicine, but how not to administer it. Let the educated physician give his attention to those manipulations in surgery and kindred arts where success is evident and certain. Let him educate his patients so that they will understand the laws of health, and not suppose that they can violate them with the expectation that the physician will be responsible if the punishment for so doing is not averted. Let him attend to the diagnosis of disease. This is a field in which a skillful physician can best distinguish himself from the army of quacks who surround him, and this is a branch of medicine in which such per-

fection has been attained as to place it high in the rank of sciences. If the intelligent physician believes that in three-fourths of the cases where medicine is prescribed the patient would recover under the same hygienic conditions as well without as with it, let him earn the gratitude of the invalid by telling him that such is the fact—that his disease is self-terminating, and that a fatal result is not to be apprehended. He would thus discourage deceit, relieve himself from the ignominy of failure which he might incur by prescribing where medicine is uncalled for, as it often is in cases necessarily fatal, and he would take away the prestige of success from those who can prescribe equally well with himself where the patient is sure of recovery; and in the comparatively few cases where the issue of the disease depends on the skillful selection of drugs, his real knowledge and the results of a careful training will be strikingly manifest.

When the time arrives in which the physician will not prescribe until it is manifestly for the safety or comfort of his patient to do so—when he will not allow himself to be deceived or to deceive others—then medicine will take rank with surgery as one of the positive sciences; then the human stomach will no longer be a laboratory for the solution of chemical compounds, nor a confectioner's saloon for the absorption of saccharine infinitesimals; and the grand army of sarsaparilla-hunters, Indian-vegetable-pill-makers, and buchuists, mourning over the returning reason of a community to which they have acted as vampires, will sadly turn to some respectable avocation.

E. P. BUFFETT.

NOT PRETTY, BUT PRECIOUS.

IN TWO PARTS. PART II.

"SHALL we go to Niagara for our wedding-trip?" Mr. Norval asked when the doctor had taken his last fee, pronouncing his patient cured.

"Unless you care particularly about it, I would rather go straight to New York. I have canceled all my school-engagements by letter, having taken a new service"—and she bowed to him—"and Mrs. Keller promised to see to my little rooms and their belongings; but I should like to see Harry before he sails."

"Want to make him promise to be a good boy while he's away?" said he with a smile.

"Something like it," she answered, laughingly. "But Harry's not a bad fellow, at all."

"Well, then, let's start for home to-morrow;" and they made their arrangements to that effect, though he was disappointed, for in an unwanted moment of confidence she had told him of the pictures of travel to be taken, the glories to be first seen together, never apart, both in Europe and America, that had been among the happiest dreams and made up a large part of the talks between herself and her lost friend, Esther Hooper. He felt that her indifference to seeing the glories of Niagara and the sublimities of the White Mountains was caused by his companionship not being her heart's choice (which was all he knew about it!), and the idea gave him angry pain and a passionate desire to win her in spite of all.

As they stood the next morning ready equipped for their journey, he put his arm around her, saying, "I've been very happy, little wife, here with you. Are you glad you happened to be here that August day, and that I saw you?"

"I have had no cause to regret it," she said quietly.

"But you are not glad," he said, taking his arm away.

"As glad, Ross, as I can be for anything—more glad than I am for most things."

He looked at her with a sigh. "My father—and I am like him—loved only once." Her words came constantly into his mind. "I came too late," he thought; and it seemed to him this little plain woman, looking wan and pale in the early morning light, was better worth winning than any other earthly thing he had ever known. He had left her side, and was standing looking with a frown out of the window as they awaited the summons to breakfast. After a while she came and stood beside him, leaning her head against his arm. He turned slightly toward her, but took no further notice of the action. She stayed so for a while, then said, softly stealing her hand in his as it lay upon the window-ledge, "Dear Ross, I *am* glad: I am happier than I ever dreamed it possible for me to be. I would not undo the deed we have done so long as you are content. I like being with you dearly, and I like to think that so long as I live I shall be your wife—your little girl to whom you are so very tender and good."

"My Preciosa"—and he drew her into his arms—"so long as we both shall live, you mean. I want no life without you now." Then turning her face up, he scanned it hastily: "You are so white, my pet, so deathly pale! Are you ill, my Percy?"

"No, no," she said quickly. "I think I need my breakfast: I have been up a couple of hours, and I did not sleep very much all night."

"My poor little girl, when I get you safely home in those famous rooms of ours, perhaps you'll get some rest. But you talk in this strange way of dying: just now you did, and once before in your letter. What makes you do it?"

Is there anything the matter of which you have not told me?"

"Nothing—only my life seemed ended, Ross, as if all my places were filled and I was no more needed, so that I had got in the way of hoping for death as a boon which God would send me soon."

"But you do not now?—you don't want to die and leave me desolate?"

"No, dear! indeed, no! though I don't think you'd care really." He clasped her in a closer embrace and kissed her reproachfully. "Well, yes, just at first, perhaps. Yet so long as you want me, I want to stay and be your willing, working wife. I've got a new reason and aim now: I have you, dear old Ross."

"Oh, Percy, I *do* care. God knows even the thought of it gives me a bitter agony. I know you cannot trust me yet, because I married you so carelessly, and because you think I can't be true to one woman with my battered old heart. But that's because you judge me by what my long, unloved life has made me. No good woman ever made me love her before. I never knew how beautiful a pure life was, my darling, until I knew it through watching yours. When I think of all you have saved me from, which would have caused my undying gratitude had I learned to hate you—as if I ever could!" and he paused to kiss her—"when I think of all the new and better hopes you have awakened in my heart, I feel—God knows I do—as if He had sent my angel, and let her drag me out of a hell into which I was plunged, and year after year sinking deeper. Stay with me, dear: I will be true. I never cared for any woman in the way—in the deep, absorbing way—I do for you. I wish you would believe me."

"I do, Ross—you are so good to me, so good! Oh, Ross, Ross!" and she held up her face to his, "you are so good to me!" She clung to him one moment, then suddenly, as soon as she could trust her voice, said gayly, "But it's breakfast-time, and your wife is so unromantically hungry;" and with a

sigh that nothing more ever came of their talks he took her down.

When they reached New York the next afternoon, they drove at once to the rooms they had engaged. Percy's cousin, Harry Barton, was there to welcome them, having come round from his hotel for the purpose.

"Why, Norval," said he—they were old acquaintances—"you've won our bone of contention, after all. I wonder what we shall do, now that Percy's safely landed out of our reach? You're a brave man to dare our rage."

"Don't, Harry!" said Percy, putting her hand on his arm.

"I won't, dear, if you say not;" and he covered her hand with his own. "I always did do your lightest bidding, little girl, didn't I?"

"Yes, you're a dear old cousin. Ross knows how much I appreciate your kindness to me always. Why, I gave up what he calls my 'bridal tour,' partly because I wanted to come back and say 'good-bye' to you."

His face flushed crimson at her words, and, all his careless, fashionable manner gone, he said, "Did you, Percy? You always were good."

"That, and because—because I shall be so sorry if you join this African expedition."

"Don't ask me not to, Percy—don't ask me to stay now you have broken my hope for ever. I shall go to the dogs, dear, if I stay here now."

"I don't want you to, Harry. Only your mother is so delicate and getting old, and she loves you beyond all the rest of the world, though you think she don't because she has been cruel to me. It will break her heart if you join this dangerous enterprise. Stay in Europe, go to Heidelberg and finish the course you so foolishly broke up. They'll blame me, Harry, for all the evil that comes to you."

"Well, I'll think about it, dear." Then to Ross: "Does she kiss you, Norval?"

"Well, I can't say she does," said that gentleman, who had been a surprised listener to their talk, and it an-

nayed him to have to confess she did not.

"Nor let you kiss her, either?"

"Well, yes," with a laugh. "She can't very well help that, you know."

"Don't you believe it: if she didn't want you to, you'd never kiss her, I know. Why, we three cousins, Sheldon, Mac and I, have tried every way to get her to kiss us for years, and never succeeded. You're a lucky dog!"

"He's my husband, Harry;" and she laid her head down on Ross's arm.

"Don't, Percy!" said her cousin with a quick motion of his hand: "I'll be gone soon;" then hurriedly and gayly: "Let me do the honors of your new domains. And, Norval, I have a great favor to ask of you. My little cousin's *amour propre* won't be touched, or herself involved now she's a married woman, by taking an honest gift from me, and all brides take bridal gifts, you know. I want you to let me give her all the traps I've left in the rooms. It isn't much grace to ask, old fellow; seeing you're to have her always and I not at all."

"Why, certainly, Barton, I have no objections if she has none."

"Percy, you've never let me give you anything all these years, you proud little soul, nor any of the rest of us: you've come scot-free from all our endeavors to snare you through all your hard-working life. You won't go quite empty-handed to your husband's arms, just to plague me, will you?"

"No, indeed! I'm delighted to have all your pretty things. I saw them once, you know, when you gave your mother her birth-night party;" and they began their round of inspection. "But, Harry, you've refurnished the whole suite!"

"You didn't think I was going to make you and Norval (I can't call you Cousin Ross yet, old fellow—I hate you too bad, you know) cast your lines among my smoke- and- wine- scented traps, did you?"

As she saw how exquisitely he had chosen everything, how delicately he had regarded every one of her tastes

in his selection, and thought how little reason he had to be good to her, she turned quickly and put her arms about him. With a shuddering sob he held his own out as if to clasp her, saying, "May I, Ross?" The answering nod was scarcely given ere he had gathered her to his breast, murmuring, "Percy! Percy! my lost darling!"

As he held her thus, she said softly, "Promise me, Harry—dear old Hal—promise me this!"

"Anything, everything, Percy," he said.

"That you will give up Africa and go to Heidelberg."

"I will, I will, since you wish it."

She drew his face down and kissed him on his mouth, two long, sweet kisses, saying, "Good-bye, and God bless you, cousin!"

He stood like a blind man as she gently drew herself from his embrace, then wringing Ross's hand in a grasp that made him wince, he strode out of the house without a word.

Percy, going to where her husband sat, said humbly, "I was so sorry for him, I could not help it. You do not care—very much?"

"Harry Barton loved you and wanted to marry you?"

"Yes, Ross. I've been very unhappy about it for years, he's wasted his life so, and angered his family. Indeed, it was not my fault: I never gave him reason."

"Yet you married me without a pretence of love, and he's richer and handsomer and a better man than I, every way? I don't understand it, child."

"Yes, I married you, knowing you did not love me." His arms almost crushed her at that truth. "He may be richer: he is no better, I think, and"—holding his face between her hands with a quizzical survey for an instant—"it's barefaced scandal to assert that he is as handsome, by one half. Poor, handsome Ross, to think that all your manifold charms should have purchased you only ugly little me!" and she laughed a merry, mocking laugh at his protesting hug. "It's true, though—it's the

very climax of opposites, a perfection of contrasts." Then, her light manner gone, she added: "You are very, very good to me, Ross. He would never have been so patient of my old griefs and lost loves. I told you my masculine cousins were always crying for the grapes that hung out of their reach, you know." Then suddenly growing grave: "Oh, Ross, it was not my fault: I could not help it. I think the boys got to pitying me because they thought my life was hard, and because their sisters treated me very cruelly sometimes. Then my uncles very foolishly ordained that I should teach their sons their Latin and help them with their studies. So out of school-hours my time was mostly spent with one or the other, or all of them. Sheldon Wilber and I are of the same age, and having been my father's constant companion, I was better up in all his studies than he was himself; so I used to do his college lessons with him, until he got to thinking, as he used to say, I was his very breath. Then afterward I gave the other two the benefit of what we had studied, got them out of scrapes, and indeed, being with them so much, kept them out. Don't let's talk about them any more, Ross: I have 'fessed' all now."

"Not all, my sweet: you have not told me who it is that has shut your heart from us all."

"Don't, Ross!" and she shrank away from him as if he had struck her a blow.

"Ah, well, my wife, keep your secret: I'll not touch your sacred past. I'll try to learn to be content with my little sister, thankful I have so much."

"Oh, Ross, my good, kind Ross!" and she clasped her arms around his neck in passionate, longing regret, "if I might tell you all—if I might!"

"Tell me nothing, dear, you would rather keep. I am infinitely content to even have you thus, and know you love me somewhat. Yes, I know, sweet," he said with a sad smile as she kissed his hand in passionate regret—"the very best you can, with all the heart you have. I know, I know!"

Quite late in the evening, Sheldon Wilber came. After sitting an hour or so, talking gayly, he rose to go. When they were standing he said, "Percy, I had just left the Flemmings before I came in here."

"Had you? I hope they are all well, especially Miss Lizzie, who is so pretty."

"They're all well enough. She—Miss Lizzie the pretty—is going to be married."

"To be married!—to whom?" she asked.

"To my honorable self: don't you congratulate her?" with a bitter laugh. "I asked her to-night if she'd have me, and she said 'Yes.'"

"I am so glad, Sheldon—so very glad!" and she held out her hand.

"Are you? It's more than any one else is but my mother. Well, no—I suppose the Flemmings are, to get another daughter off their hands, and she to have a safe man to pay her bills. And of course all our cousins and sisters will be glad to have another house to dance the German in; so it is rather a jubilee occasion, taking it all in all."

"Oh, Sheldon, how hard and bitter you are! She loves you, I know, and the rest think you will be happier with a good wife to care for."

"Yes, the wife I cared for would have made me supremely happy, but *vive la bagatelle!* I want to know when I am to tie this knot?"

"Whenever she wishes, of course," she answered.

"By the Lord, no! If she gets me, she's got to take me when I choose."

Percy went up to him and put her hands in his: "She'll be a good wife, and, dear Sheldon, you'll be a good husband to her."

He looked at her curiously, then answered, "I'll try: I'll begin by letting her set the hanging—no, I mean the wedding—day. Norval, I know you'll be good to our little girl—better, likely as not, than the rest of us would have been had we got possession of her. Only remember, old fellow, the shadows must never come to her through you, or some of us will make a shadow

of you. Would you mind my coming around sometimes to see the little woman? If you'll let me come and spend an evening now and then with you both, it will keep me from getting utterly down-hearted, and maybe will make me a better husband to the future Mrs. Sheldon Wilber. I'll never come without sending word to know if I may." And the poor fellow took himself away.

"How they love you, dear! It's strange you took me, and I thought I was conferring a favor on you! I'm ashamed to remember it now, but it was so."

"Yes, I know"—and she laughed—"but it's not strange, Ross. Any woman would have chosen you: I have always heard of your successes with women. And you know it was take or lose when you gave me my chance. I had but one choice: it was not likely you would drop your handkerchief before me a second time; so I took you quick, before some other woman caught you."

She kept a light, gay tone thus far, standing the other side of the grate from him, but when he came near as if to draw her toward him, she said hurriedly, "These boys have been too much for me, and tried me terribly. If you will not care, Ross, I think I'll say 'Good-night,' though it's early. Don't stay in, if you would like to go to your club or anywhere, because it is our first evening. You see, I am going to desert you first. It's part of the compact, you know, that I am never to be in your way."

"Oh, Percy," he said, in a very boyishly aggrieved tone, "I don't want to go anywhere where you are not."

"You will soon get tired of that, Ross. But I'm glad you don't want to go to-night: I doubt your being quite able to walk much in the evening. Yet I feel as if I must say 'Good-night' and get myself in the dark. Why? I'm unstrung. The newness of my life with you, the traveling, this coming home with you to a place where I am to know either joy or woe, and all this talk with Harry and Sheldon, have been almost

more than I could bear," and her lip quivered. "It's all I have been able to do this last hour to keep from crying, and I do hate to cry before people." The long-suppressed emotion of all these weeks had broken bounds and she shook with sobs, while every nerve seemed quivering, and all she said was, "Ross, Ross! please forgive me! I am so sorry to be so foolish!" And though he strove by every tender method to comfort and soothe her, it was in vain; and at length, really frightened, he carried her to the little room she had appropriated for herself, and as tenderly as a mother, though as shyly as a girl, put his poor little done-out wife in her bed, too weak to resist his kind services, indeed, scarcely noticing them.

The next day, when he returned from what he and his friends, by an agreeable fiction, called an "office," where he generally spent as many hours as served to give him a flavor of business and a figurative title as a business-man—where were to be found the best cigars and choicest wines, and generally a pleasant circle of good fellows congregated—he found Percy with the most charming little dinner awaiting him; the table exquisite in the finest, whitest napery, gleaming with silver, sparkling in glass, and every dish cooked and served in quite Parisian style, and the little lady herself in the brightest toilette, with such a matronly air that he could hardly realize the scene of the last night's misery.

"Tears all gone, Ross, tragedy played out, and the little woman who keeps house for you is herself again, and has been as busy as a nailer. Are nailers busier than other men, I wonder? All your boxes came. Such bliss as it was to us poor women to feast our eyes upon all that heritage of linen and silver, and china and glass! Your mother must have been a famous manager, Ross, to leave you such a store. I'm so glad we've got that old place on the Harlem stored with all this beautiful array. Do you know, Ross, I think I've discovered my especial calling to-day? It's housekeeping, and I elect myself to go

some time to that lovely old mansion and expend myself in hospitality. I'll invite you to come and visit me."

Flying about the room, then making him seat himself in the cozy chair which was placed for him at the table—"the side that's next the fire," she said—rattling gayly on of all her day's employment, she caught the look upon his face and came to his side. "What were you thinking of, Ross?" she asked, anxiously.

"What a little tornado you were, for the first thing, and how I liked seeing you busy among our household gods; also and moreover, that you had not given me a chance to say a word; and worst of all, that you had never given me my kiss of welcome, my rightful perquisite." Instantly she held up her face. "Ah, pet, you are always submissive, but never aggressive: still, this is sweet. And I was wondering what had become of the weeping willow I left."

"Wasn't I a silly goose, Ross?" she said, a little breathlessly.

"Well, no, dear: you were very nervous and worn-out."

"I hate nervous, fidgety women so: they're detestable with their whims."

"I did not find you so, but I'm glad you're over it, all the same."

"And so am I. You could not make me cry like that again, Ross, if you were to pinch me."

"But I did not make you cry."

"Yes you did, though. In truth, I was unstrung, and you were so kind and unlike what any one had ever been to me before, so different from what I had expected when we were married"—and her lips quivered—"that it touched me to the quick."

"Why, darling, did you think I was going to be a brute to you?"

"I thought you would be nothing to me, one way or the other—simply forget me, and be utterly indifferent so long as I kept your clothes made and mended, and did not bother you about my wants or tastes or opinions."

A flush came over his face at the truth of her words. It would have been just so had he found her what he expected her to be; but he said, "I don't

think any one could treat you like that, little girl." Then, while they ate their dinner, he told her of his day's doings and of his determination for the future: "I have a good opening—no man better. I mean to attend to my practice hereafter, make a name and fortune for my sweetheart, and in a few years we'll go to Europe and see the sights. Ah, Percy, such a vista, such a new life, such a bright future, as I see opening before me! But, first of all, I am going shopping with you, young lady, to-morrow. I have ordered a carriage at eleven, and we'll buy all those pretty fixings you women doat on. Do you know, little bride, I think all my vanity is going to take the form of having you more prettily dressed than your cousins, mine ancient flames when I was a bad boy?"

"Oh, Ross," with a little laugh, "you can't do it: you can't make a rival specimen out of your bad bargain. Nothing will make me a beauty."

"Don't, Percy! I do like beauty. I have run after and made a fool of myself for years over pretty women, but I like your face, just as it is, better than any other woman's face I ever knew. If I could change you any way, I would not do it. Your face is beautiful to me, though I know it is not a pretty one: you are like sunlight to me." His voice shook, and he strained her slight form to him with a clasp that was positive pain. "I said I would not change you, but I would if I might put that old love out of your heart for ever. Why, in those far-off years when we were childish friends, did I not know my truest life lay in winning you? It is strange! I have never failed to gain the love I wanted until now, when I want the only one that would complete my life. Dear Percy, love me all you can. If there are things in me—and I know there are many—which turn you from me, tell me of them and I will change them if I can."

"Oh, Ross, don't, don't! I am not worthy of such words."

"Oh, little Preciosa, I am glad to have even a little of your heart: the half of your love has come to be more

to me than the love of all the world besides."

Do you think it was not agony for her to hear such words as these and make no response to them, fearing lest with assurance should come satiety? And yet the knowledge of his growing love was very sweet to her, and worth the agony.

They settled down in their new home, and were purposely "out" to all callers during the next month—then returned the cards that had been left for them. As they grew accustomed to their new life, she thought to see his pleasure and interest in it wane as the novelty wore away, but it was not so. That love of home which is, after all, the truest test of a really manly nature, seemed to grow upon him. It was always so bright and cheery by their cozy fire, the glare of public rooms, the noise and glitter of theatres and concert-rooms, struck him with a feeling akin to disgust, after the soft, subdued light of his home, and his wife's merry, breezy voice. He sang and played for her, never giving a thought to her having any musical ability, since she never touched the instrument. He read to her hour after hour, having at last discovered her taste and ability to understand the kind of books he relished, perfectly content if she would favor him by sitting near enough to him to let him pull down that wealth of "tresses brown," a glossy cloud about her.

Of course this Arcadian life could not continue in the very heart of Sodom. Society was not going to lose Ross Norval if he *had* made a fool of himself and married a little nobody. So callers flowed in upon them, and Ross, having in boyish glee arrayed himself in purple and fine linen, took her in state to see his friends.

Of course her cousins and their friends hated her: she had won their *bonne bouche*, and the crimson of her plainness and poverty, of the having to "have Percy always around to please Uncle Rufus," was pink to the enormity of her being Ross Norval's wife. And "why he married her," and "of course

he's dead tired of her by this time," were their politest surmises.

One morning they paid a cousinly visit—a triple call. "And, by Jove!" thought Ross as he watched her haughty little face and *nonchalant* manner, "she's no milk-and-water nature, though she's always so sweet-tempered with me. She's got all the temper a true nature ought to have."

"To think of your ever getting married, Percy, and to Mr. Norval, of all men!" said Miss Leta Wilber. "Why, we thought him engaged to the beauty and belle of last winter, Miss Agnes Lorton."

"Well, yes, Leta, old girls like you and I are rather off the cards: we don't expect to catch the prizes generally—we leave that for these younger ones, like Jennie and Lucille," said Percy, coolly.

"A Roland for your Oliver, Leta!" laughed Jennie Wayne. "I never venture to break a lance with Percy: she always has an arrow in reserve to pierce you with. I suppose you've found that out, Mr. Norval?"

"Found what out? I fear I don't follow you, Miss Jennie," said he.

"That she's very able to take her own part, this little cousin of ours," said she, her beautiful face scarlet at his manner.

"Is she, though? Well, I like that amazingly, do you know?"

"Like ill-tempered people?" said Miss Leta, snappishly. "Is it possible?"

"Ill-tempered people?" with a well-bred stare. (Is there such a thing?)

"No, indeed! Why, birdie"—and he leaned over, and, taking her hand, raised it to his lips—"to think of any one calling you ill-tempered!"

"You silly boy!" laughed she. "I'll take my hand if you please, and don't you believe but what you've married a termagant."

The girls said afterward, in recounting the scene, it was simply disgusting. Leta vowed, "The little baggage must be a witch and throw spells over people. Look what fools she's made of our boys for years, and Ross Norval, with all his splendid endowments, is just as bad."

"And he did use to admire your form,

Leta," said Jennie, maliciously. "I've seen him waltz you until it was hard to tell which face that long blonde moustache belonged to."

"Ditto, cousin, and worse, if gossips speak the truth. But don't let's say ugly things to each other. We both hoped to win him once, and we have both lost him. The little wretch will watch him like a hawk, and never let him come near a body."

"Oh dear!" said her sister Laura, "if I only knew I was to do a German with him to-night, I'd be happy: he holds one better than any man I know; and if Percy will let him dance with a body occasionally, I'd as leave she should have him as the rest of you."

"Unless he'd chosen yourself, Laura, I suppose?"

"Well, yes, that would have made a difference, even to my laziness, especially if she'd have made dear old Harry stay at home by marrying him."

That's the way they talked, yet in a couple of weeks after each house had sent her an invitation to a large party—"for you and Mr. Norval, dear Percy"—and the invitation-cards stated the fact.

"It's my Viking they want," laughed she: "they take his mouse in for the sake of securing him. He's such a credit to the family!"

"Well, it's your Viking they won't get," said he.

"Now, Ross, don't be a bother, dear, and complicate matters. They will say—and be glad of the chance—that it's my fault. You've such a passion for dancing, they will say I prevented your coming. And besides, as I dance so little, you'll ask them as much as ever?"

"How do you know I am so fond of it, Percy?"

"I've watched you too many years not to know that. You forget that, though a flower unnoticed and unseen—a very wall-flower in fact—I have been a looker-on in Vienna. I might have made a point of that, Ross, if I'd thought in time, and 'hung i' the walls of Venice, a slightly flower.' You were the bright particular star, or sun, in whose light all the fairest flowers disported them-

selves. Why, I could tell you every woman—that is, of your own set—you've been what Jennie calls 'bad about,' for years." He held up his hand deprecatingly: she laughed gaily. "Never fear. I don't intend to name them: I have not time to go over such a thing of shreds and patches. Ah! the hopes I've watched you raise to heaven and then dash to earth!"

"Oh, Percy, I don't wonder that you are afraid to trust me now: I am paying the penalty of my years of folly."

"That's nonsense, Ross. I don't believe in fashionable women's hearts. You were too good for them, and they led you on always," she said, almost passionately.

"That's my good darling trying to excuse her sinner. But how was it you never danced at any of those parties? Harry and Mac are both good dancers, and Sheldon's the best waltzer I ever saw. How is it you never danced with them?"

"With them, indeed! Why, that would have been an aggravation past enduring to my rich relations. Sheldon had actually the insolence to tell his sister Leta that I was the best waltzer in society. Think of the prize you've got, young man!"

"I do always, sweetheart," he said, answering her gay tone with a grave one. "Did you waltz much with Sheldon and the others?"

"I never waltzed with any of them in my life. Why, Ross, I never let them speak to me at parties, except by turns to take me out to supper and home."

"But how have you managed to keep up your waltzing then?"

"Oh, Mr. Vanity, men are not all. Esther and I waltzed constantly: then I used to help Lucille, who is my favorite cousin, 'along in her paces'; and the children at our school-parties doat on me as a partner. Would you like to know who was the last man, and indeed almost the only one, I ever went round a room with?" and her face turned crimson, though she laughed.

"Indeed I should—curse him!" he said under his breath.

"Your honorable self, at Madame's school-party;" and she sprang away from his outstretched hands with a mocking laugh.

The day of the party she wrote a few little violet-perfumed notes, and sent them off. This is a specimen:

"DEAR DOCTOR: You have so often wanted to know your 'nebulous child,' and been indignant that she hid her face from you behind her veil of clouds, you will be pleased to know that the sunshine has dispelled the clouds, and made her at last able to meet the starry train of which you are the sun. Will you greet Ross Norval's bride at the Wilber party to-night as the child you have trained and been so good to in the past, and who, ever honoring you, is still your loving child for the future? If you'll ask me prettily to-night, I'll sing the foolish words I made for the sweet, tripping Languedoc air you sent me last year. I am, now and ever,

"MIRA CANAM."

In consequence of these notes, when Ross led his wife into the room, arrayed in a crimson cloud of his choosing, which made even her brown face a picture, all her bronze hair, her husband's glory, floating round her far below her waist, confined lightly here and there by diamond clusters, which sparkled like stars amidst its *crêped* luxuriance—"Daring to dress in the very height of the fashion," said Leta, "and all those diamonds on her—his mother's, of course;" and of course they were—the consequence, I say, was, that first one distinguished man and then another met her with a warm greeting—"deucedly warm," thought the jealous fellow, who was so uncertain of her yet, and wanted all of her—and were introduced to "my husband." Taking for granted that "my husband" was glad to get her off his hands, they took possession of her, to his infinite disgust.

These were the men with whom she could talk, whose minds struck diamond flashes from her own, whose thoughts she had followed for years, and who looked upon her as their peer, and de-

ferred to her opinion on many things. And she, knowing Ross was her amazed listener, was stirred to do her best before him—glad her triumph over her relatives should be in his presence and brought to her through his means. It may not have been a lovely thing in her to desire or enjoy a victory, but ah! it is so natural, and my little heroine had had hard lines meted out to her for years. Besides, no woman is free, you know, from vanity: only men are that.

She stood near the door of the dancing-room. Ross came to her after every dance, but it was always, "Not me yet, Ross—Leta, or Jennie," or whoever stood nearest her. Even the girl to whom report had given him (with reason) the year before was, at her open entreaty, which he could not evade, his partner; but half the time he stood beside her, forgetful of the dance in listening to the conversation in which she bore so large a part.

A lull in the music after supper announced the suspension of dancing hostilities for a time, that due strength might be gathered for the last waltz, and then the German. The time was occupied by a very weak tenor, who came to an ignominious end in the middle of "*Spirito Gentil*." Miss Jennie Barton and her cousin Laura gave a sweet duo, in rather a tearing style, Jennie being a fast young lady anyhow; another lady sang a Scottish ballad as if it had been manipulated by Verdi; then one of the gentlemen said, "Mr. Norval, I hope you will lay your commands on your wife to sing for us."

"I hope that will not be needed," he said, bowing (thinking with a pang, "They all know her better than I do"). "I am sure she will do equally well if we all beg the favor of her."

"She has promised me to sing," said Dr. B——, "my pretty Languedoc air, which she has—"

"Now that's enough, you foolish old doctor!" and she went to the piano. "Foolish old doctor!" He was the great gun of the scientific world: the people about looked aghast at such impertinence, but the "great gun" only

laughed and said, "I am mute if you command."

How her hands trembled as she began! This was her last and greatest card: by it she had always felt she must hold him to her for ever, or lose her husband's love in time. She had never touched the piano before him or sung a note, but much of her leisure since their return to New York had been taken up, when he was out, in keeping herself in practice against the time when she should have a chance to play for him and sing to him. She played the sweet air, with its Mozart-like, mournful cadences, entirely through ere she felt nerved enough to begin. Then she sang in such a voice as made the most indifferent pause—a voice that was like purple velvet for richness, as sweet as the breath of an heliotrope to which the sun had just said adieu, as clear as the notes of an English skylark—this little song:

"See, love! the rosy radiance gleams
 Athwart the sunset sky:
 List, love! and hear the bird's sweet notes
 In lingering cadence die.
 Clasp, love, thy clinging hands in mine,
 And, holding fast by me,
 Trust, love! I will be true, my dove,
 Be ever true to thee—
 So true, sweetheart, I'll be,
 Sweetheart, to thee!

"Come, love! I waiting pine so long,
 And weary watch for thee:
 Dear love! amidst my darkest night
 Thy star-like face I see.
 Heart's love! ah, come thou close to me:
 I'll shelter thee from harms,
 From every foe or secret woe,
 Close clasped within my arms:
 Lie safe from all alarms,
 Sweetheart, with me."

While they listened to her, those careless men and women, they thought they began to understand why this little, plain girl had won Ross Norval. While everybody praised her, he stood utterly silent, too moved for words she saw, and refusing to sing again, she went up to him as the band began to play. "My waltz, Ross," she said. He put his arm around her with a loving gesture that made those about them smile, and whirled her off.

"He's the hardest hit man I've seen for years," said one.

"And that such a thing should come to pass, as Ross Norval in love with his own wife, is beyond belief—after making love to everybody else's!"

"That's it! He was always the darling of fortune: the choicest fruit always dropped his side the wall."

But Ross, as he held her in that "tight hold" which was so much admired by his partners, said only, "Percy! Percy! I do not know you at all. How cruel you are to me! Everybody knows you and your gifts but me."

When the German had commenced he came to her and whispered, "Do you care for it?"

"The German, Ross? Indeed no: I am tired too, and was just coming to ask you if I might let old Mr. L—take me home: he says it will be no trouble."

"And you would not have asked me to take you?" he said, reproachfully.

"Take you away from the German, Ross! Such an unheard-of thing as that! You must think me very selfish. Indeed, I am not where your pleasure is concerned: I only want you to enjoy yourself."

"Then, for Charity's sake, let's go home," he said.

"With all my heart if you really wish it!" and she started; then pausing: "Are you going because you think I want to go? I do not indeed: I will stay gladly."

"I am going because I want to—because I am dead tired, and long, with a perfect passion, for our cozy room, the dim firelight, and my darling toasting her pretty slippers."

"You dear, foolish Ross!" and she was gone like the wind. On their way out, Sheldon Wilber met them in the hall, and, handing her something, said, "To-night, little girl: if you have ever doubted, doubt no more. And remember, a trusting heart is a priceless one;" and he was gone.

When they were home and comfortable, Ross said, "My wife, it was cruel to let me learn your wonderful gifts through strangers: it has hurt me cruelly."

"Oh, Ross, don't say so! Hurt you! I hurt you, my love, my love! I had hoped no pang of the lightest sort would ever reach you through me, and now I've grieved you sorely! It's all due to my morbid fancies, dear. I could not ask to sing to you lest you should not like my singing: I think I should have gone mad if you had not liked my voice, Ross. I have so hoped it would be pleasant to your ear! Do you like it, Ross? Is my voice sweet to you?" and she held his face between her hands and looked eagerly and steadfastly into his eyes.

"The sweetest thing I ever heard. It thrills my blood yet, that love-song you sang."

She gave a little cooing laugh: "That is *your* love-song, dear—your very own." Then she said, gravely, "I must tell you *all* about myself now, Ross, so you shall never be able to reproach me with having given you pain. No matter, dear: it was true," she said in answer to his caressing protest, "and I feel the hurt through you. I am your wife. The reason those gentlemen are so fond of me is because— Wait;" and she slid from his embrace and brought a pile of books: "this and this are mine; these two I translated from the German, others from the old Provençal tongue, with which my father made me familiar." Then she told him how lovingly she did this work, how kind scholarly men had been to her, and how eagerly they had sought to know her otherwise than by letter—"Until, to-night, I bade them find Ross Norval's wife, and know the little girl who, shielded by his name, feared nothing any more."

"Percy," he said, quite humbly, "you must bear with me, dear. I lose all hope of winning you when I learn these things of you."

"But you are not sorry, Ross? I will not write any more if you dislike literary women."

But he stopped her: "Dislike it! I am proud as a king of all your endowments. But, sweetheart, you said a word just now that is worth all else that you have told me—a word, I know, you

said only half meaning it. Oh, my little girl, will there ever come a time when, meaning it and out of a full heart, you will say, My love! my love!"

She held him tight a long, long moment, then with one lingering love-kiss on his lips—her very first—she said faintly, putting him away from her, "Ross, not now—wait, my dearest. Sheldon gave me this to give to you to-night;" and she held out a little worn letter, then buried her face upon his breast and tremblingly waited while he read it. It ran thus:

"Sheldon, my cousin, it can never be: give up all hope for ever. I kill it now, because it is best you should know the truth. I almost give up my life, my cousin, when I make my heritage of woe known to you. You will pity me, Sheldon, when you realize what agony the confession you thus wring from me gives my heart. But if it cures your passion it is not borne in vain. I love with an undying love, a faith that knows no change, an endurance that years of neglect have not weakened, that years of cruelty could never change, a man who would laugh to scorn my very name. I love—and have loved since I was sixteen years old, until now—Ross Norval. Keep my secret.

"PERCY HASTINGS."

It was dated four years back.

"Ross, Ross! you know it now! Oh, my love! my love!"

I will attempt no painting of the effect that confession had upon him. But after a long, long time she whispered, "I will sing the last verse of your song, dear, which only you shall ever hear." And lying on his breast, she sang—

"Dear love! thy face above me gleaming

A sunset radiance gives:

Ah, love! thy tones' sweet cadence dying

Sings in my heart and lives.

Clasped, love, close to thy heart, thy birdling

Foldeth her wings in peace—

Trusts, love! feeling nor cold nor shadow,

Finding at last her ease,

From fear a safe release,

Heart's love, with thee."

MARGRET FIELD.

LEONARD GRIMLEIGH'S SHADOW.

OUT in dat pahstah you see de two chimleys,
 Dah whah de jimson an' dog-fennel grow?
 Dat was de house o' de las' o' de Grimleighs—
 Bo'n dah, an' live dah, an' die dah, faw sho,
 Mahs' John an' Lennud.

John was de oldes'—'twix' him an' de uddah
 Mo' dan ten yeah—quite onlike in deh look:
 Lennud was blue-eyed an' fah, like his muddah—
 She was a daughtah o' ole Cunnel Brooke,
 Down on Jeemes Rivvah.

John, he was dahk, wid a face like cast i'on;
 Hit pow'ful hahd ef you got in his way:
 Wouldn't fo'give yeh, not ef yeh wah dyin'—
 Not on yeh knees ef yeh got down to pray,
 Axin' faw mahsy.

Bofe had high tempahs, faw all o' de Grimleighs—
 Hot-headed people—had got in de sons;—
 Plenty o' ile an' de lamp won't bu'n dimly—
 Long as de spring flows de little branch runs:
 Dat's human natah.

Nevvadeless, dey wuhkt well in de hahness;
 Raised a gran' sight o' tobacco an' co'n:
 John was a leetle mo' pushin' an' ahnes'—
 Driv us like Jehu, an' huhied us on,
 Seed-time an' hahves'.

How dey fell out was account of a woman—
 Women an' mischief ah easy to jine:
 She was a daughtah o' Absalom Trueman—
 Lived wid heh folks nigh de Buckin'm line,
 Off in Prince Edwa'd.

Dunno whahuvvah Mahs' Lennud fus' met heh—
 Sahtin she nevvah had bin to de Oaks:
 Dessay dat Betty hehse'f mought bin bettah,
 But all de fam'ly wah mighty low folks,
 Meanes' o' white trash.

Long 'fo' we knowed it, repotes wah a-floatin'
 'Bout whah Mahs' Lennud was ahtah a wife;
 But when Mahs' John was infawmed o' de co'tin,
 Nevvah I see setch a sight in my life—
 Tell yeh, 'twah awful!

"Saddle Glencoe! tote him roun' to de do'-step!
 Tell you' Mahs' Lennud to stay tell I come!
 Back yeh on Monday. Remembah! don't o'step
 Jes what I awdah! On all dis be dumb,
 Else—" Den he galloped.

Lennud stayed home, an' on Monday, at dinnah,
 John he come back. S'e, "I stopt at de mill:
 Sampson, de millah—de white-headed sinnah—
 'S done gone got mahwied." S'e, Lennud, "What! Bill?
 Who is de woman?"

"No-account gal, whom you used to admiah—
 Dat Betty Trueman." Up, Lennud, he sprung:
 "John, you' a fool!"—an' his blue eyes flashed fiah;
 "God rain his cuss on de false, bittah tongue,
 Black wid setch slandah!"

Lennud run out, made 'em saddle Brown Chicken,
 Mounted an' rid 's ef de devil wah roun':
 Tell you, dat hoss got a pow'ful shahp lickin'—
 Wasn't allowed to move slow on de groun'
 Ondah Mahs' Lennud.

Soon he come back, lookin' white as de ashes—
 Lookin' as ef he'd jes' riz frum de dead:
 Nevvah a-raisin' his eyes from de lashes,
 Mutt'in', an' moanin', an' shakin' his head,
 Like one dist'acted.

Mo' dan a yeah nuvvah spoke to his bruddah,
 Moped 'bout de place all de while—den he lef':
 John tuck it hahd, on account o' his muddah,
 Long dead an' gone: no use wastin' his bref—
 Lennud was bittah.

As faw po' Betty, she suffe'd, depend on't,
 Knowed she'd bin fooled by heh people an' John:
 Den she done died; an' dat wasn't de end on't—
 Satan has pow', sah, as sho as you' bo'n.
 Dis was de upshot.

Mos' uvry pusson de fun'al attended—
 Sampson was very much 'spected aroun'—
 John wid de res'; an' afo' it was ended
 Lennud hisse'f come an' stood on de groun'
 Cloast by de coffin.

Den, when de las' o' de ahf had bin shoveled,
 Lennud looked up to his bruddah, an' s'e,
 "Cold in you' puppose, to gain it you groveled:
 You've done de wuhk, bofe faw heh an' faw me.
 Let it rest on yeh!"

John, s'e, "So let it! You' angah I braved it:
 'Twas faw you' honah, which yeh would have stained,
 Taintin' de blood o' de Grimleights: I saved it.
 You would have crawled whah you' si' had disdained
 Even to tromple!"

Lennud, s'e, "*You* talk o' blood, woman-slayah!
 Winnah by falsehood! Yeh made heh believe
 I was a scound'el who wooed to betray heh,
 Pledged to anuddah. *You* stooped to deceive—
 Dah lies you' honah!"

"My cawpse de nex' one, an' when yeh've succeeded,
 God jedge my cause as he pities my woe.
 Note me! de hou' dat I die—be it heeded!—
 Dahf'om my shadow afo' yeh will go,
 P'intin' to jedgment!"

Sho as you live, when he sed dat he growed dah
 Fawty foot high, an' lookt down on de crowd:
 John didn't ansah. De hoss dat he rode dah
 Mountin', he sed to me, shahply an' loud,
 "Home agin, Pompey!"

S' I, as we rid dah, "Mahs' John, you please show me
 'Bout what de hou' is." S'e den, "It's jes' one!"
 Den he wheel-sudden. S'e, "Git on afo' me:
 Dah whah you ride you 'twix' me an' de sun,
 Keepin' me shadowed."

"Law bless you' soul!" s' I, "Mahs' John, you amuse me!
 Sho you know, honey, I keeps in my place:
 Dat is onpossible what you accuse me.
 Look at de sun! why, it shines in you' face!"
 Den how he trimbled!

"Pompey," he sed den—s'e, "Tu'n roun' de cretahs—
 Lennud is dead." S' I, "Whahfo' dat so?
 Whahfo' you skah me so?" "See if dem featahs,
 Outlined in shade on de groun' dah, you know."
 God! dey was Lennud's!

Den as he spoke, heahd a hoss a-come poundin',
 Clatt'in' an' clinkin' his feet down de road:
 John sot dah white-faced—I fought he was swoundin'.
 Law bless you, boss! in his ownse'f he knowed
 What was de message.

Man on de hoss saw at once dat he knowed it.
 All tu'n'd ou' hosses an' galloped like mad:
 Jes' as we retched to de road-fawks we slowed it:
 Dah, on a settle, dey toted de lad—
 Dead, broken-heahd!

"Set him down dah in de road," s'e John, trimly
 Lit from his hoss in de face o' de sky—
 Kissed de po' cawpse, an' s'e, "*You* ah a Grimleigh!
You kep' you' honah, an' *you* didn't lie,
 Shamin' you' people!"

We didn't tetch him—we waited his risin':
He didn't move—his hands ovah his head:
 Blood f'om his mouf, in a mannah su'prisin',
 Gushed in a stream in de face o' de dead—
 Bofe dead togeddah.

People all said dat de house dah was haunted;
 No one would live dah—dey held it in awe;
 Boldes' o' men faw to stay dah wah daunted;
 Den de Yanks bu'n'd it las' yeah o' de waw:
 So went de Grimleighs.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

THE CITY OF MONUMENTS.

FIRST PAPER.

THAT is not an unwarrantable pride, nor unbecoming, with which the gentry of Maryland, to the *manor* born, maintain that they inherit the social and political traditions of their State from a "club of gentlemen." When Leonard Calvert (sent by his brother Cecil, in 1634, to cultivate Catholic roses in the wilderness of Chesapeake Bay) sat down, with his two hundred friends and servants, near the mouth of the Potomac, and called the place St. Mary's, the first crop they planted was ideas, in the nature of a polite, eclectic democracy; and the product of those ideas has constituted, from that time to this, a staple of the Maryland mind, even as the wheat and tobacco they "put in" afterward have become staples of the Maryland soil. Children of fortune, courtiers, scholars, soldiers, men of the world, romantic but shrewd, adventurous but wary, they turned down a leaf and turned over a new one, honored the cross and humored the heathen, drew on their gloves and shook hands

with labor, sharpened their swords and went into trade. Persecution had not driven them into fanaticism, nor pride of caste made them scornful of profit. Their religion was a propriety rather than a passion: they preferred expedencies to raptures. Their philosophy was methodical, their theories meant business. If they were of the stuff that romances are made of, they also produced much "live matter" for newspapers, and they were among the first of the colonists to set up a press. Zealous for the enlargement of Mother Church, they yet did not fash themselves with visionary missions to evangelize the painted pagans round about them. Curious and venturesome explorers, they yet did not addle their pates with preposterous schemes to penetrate the Western continent and pioneer a passage to the Orient; and as to El Dorado, they were agreed to find it beneath their feet—for the interpretation of that, as of other golden parables, striking at the root of the mat-

ter. To conciliate the red men, pay for what they got, and fairly, firmly hold their own, was all their conjuration and their mighty magic. Dainty darlings of ease as they might have been, they nevertheless accepted the situation with all its hard, uncouth conditions: they lodged with their savage neighbors, hunted with them, played with them, fought with or for them, with equal philosophy. Cultivating the arts of peace, they did not neglect the arts of war, but planted guns as well as corn and tobacco, and built stockades and storehouses, log for log. And no sooner had they erected a sure asylum for themselves than they cheerfully offered refuge there to all the conscientious dodgers of the times who, to save their skulls, might be willing to risk their scalps.

To every settler a grant of land—one hundred acres for himself, one hundred for his wife, fifty each for children and servants; and this was to them and their heirs for ever, in consideration of a payment of twenty pounds of wheat per annum for every hundred acres. Now and then some greedy nabob, with a Chinese turn of mind, by paying passage for others, acquired, with their services, the land-rights of twenty or thirty new-comers.

"The Indian weed" was made the circulating medium, and a duty of five pounds in the hundred was imposed on all tobacco exported to England, Ireland or Virginia, to defray public charges. Slavery sprouted and flourished with the weed, and fugitives from servitude incurred the death-penalty unless pardoned by the governor; for as yet land was the only property, and a man's means were derived solely from the force of labor he could command. But planters were required to raise corn as well as tobacco: debts due to the Proprietary for the support of the government were preferred, and none for wine or spirits could be recovered until all others had been paid. In 1640 the encouragement which had been so freely extended to settlers from all lands was practically restricted to the English and

Irish, and in the following year even these were required to bring arms and ammunition.

In 1648 the cause of Woman's Rights found a premature but intrepid champion in Mistress Margaret Brent, a connection of the former deputy-governor of that name, who claimed a voice (by proxy probably) in the legislature of the province; and, her petition being rejected by the governor, she entered formal protest against the proceedings of that body. Nevertheless, the Assembly of that year, though not prepared for the advanced ideas of the strong-minded woman of the period, displayed a healthy spirit of progress in the passage of an act establishing liberty of conscience, and guaranteeing every tenant of the Proprietary against molestation on religious grounds—a measure as politic as it was magnanimous, seeing that it heaped comfortable coals upon the heads of colonizing dissenters, who in the parent country had legislated for Catholics not more tenderly than for Jews. Nor were the authorities induced to these wise concessions by mere worldly indifference or a lax morality, for they prescribed at the same time severe penalties for blasphemy, fornication, drunkenness and Sabbath-breaking. The same Assembly enacted laws for the protection of the Indians, making it a crime punishable with death to "take, entice, surprise, transport or sell" any friendly Indian; and settlers were warned not to sell guns or ammunition to the natives, or buy their lands, without special authority from the Proprietary. In the course of a twelvemonth the restrictions on immigration were removed, and all men, without distinction of nativity, were invited to take up lands in the province; but they were required to subscribe to an oath of fidelity to the Proprietary, who at the same time forbade all grants in trust or to corporate bodies.

In 1650 the Assembly was formally divided into two houses. Thus we have "a government of checks and balances" established already—separate legislative powers derived from distinct and

independent sources, "preventing combinations or cabals, and securing to the laws, in their projection as well as in their execution, all the deliberation and disinterestedness of which civil society was susceptible at that time."* But in the same year we find the Roundhead Parliament interfering grievously with the trade of the colony. An onerous specific duty is laid upon tobacco, and commerce with Virginia and the West Indies is prohibited. Then come fierce broils between loyalists and reformers. The oath of fidelity to the Proprietary is abolished; Roman Catholics are restrained in the exercise of their religion; none who profess it are to be protected by the laws of the kingdom or the commonwealth; and charges against Lord Baltimore are trumped up by political mischief-makers, but cunningly disregarded by Oliver Cromwell, than whom no extemporaneous law-tinker ever more shrewdly understood the capabilities and uses of tools. When that pestilent scullion and meddler, Josiah Fendall, who had played the part of chief cook in the politico-religious broils of the province, had so sauced the Proprietary and sugared the commissioners as to get himself made governor, an officer of his, one Colonel Utie, whom he had sent on a mixed commission to the head of the bay and the shores of the Potomac, took up lands in the wild but beautiful region which in 1659 was surveyed and patented, and came into the provincial family under the name of Baltimore county, with representation in the Assembly.

The restoration of Charles II. was followed by the re-establishment of Lord Baltimore "in all his rights and jurisdictions;" the former privileges of the colony were renewed; and the governor convoked the two houses in 1661. The first act of the legislature, and the first of its kind in America, provided for the maintenance at public charge of all persons maimed in defence of the country; and a mint was established—the only one on the continent, except

in Massachusetts, where it was objected to by the Crown as an encroachment on the royal prerogative.

In 1666 the planting of tobacco was suspended for one year by an act of Assembly—not to put out the popular pipe, as King James would have done with his inflated *Counterblast*, but to raise the price of the fascinating weed. On its introduction, and for some time after, it had brought from six to eight shillings a pound: now it passed in payment at six shillings the hundred. Besides, the culture of the plant cleared and exhausted the uplands, while the low and fertile valleys were left in timber; and the number of negroes, increasing and multiplying with the crops in their season, began to be regarded as a grievance. But Lord Baltimore disapproved the measure, on the ground that in its operation it would prove a drawback not merely to the revenues, but to the numerical growth of the colony as well.

Pending these questions, the population of the province derived extraordinary accessions from an appalling visitation of religious refugees, a motley procession of spiritual vagrants—Puritans from Virginia, persecuted by Episcopalians; Episcopalians from New England, persecuted by Puritans; Quakers flying from the mother-country, for whom a refuge was not yet prepared in Pennsylvania or New Jersey; Swedes and Scotch disturbed in their settlements, at first by dissensions among themselves, afterward by the quarrels of British and Dutch about the New Netherlands; stragglers from the continent of Europe, demoralized by revolutions in Portugal and the Netherlands, and plagued by Louis XIV.'s proscription of Protestants. The acts of naturalization passed by the Assembly in the session of 1660 were among the first laws of the kind enacted in any of the colonies, though they conveyed no rights of British subjects out of the province. But with the Catholics of Maryland, as with the Quakers of Pennsylvania, the excessive liberality of their policy proved fatal to their influence,

* Griffith: *Sketches of the Early History of Maryland*.

and the control of the colony fell from their hands. Under William and Mary the Protestant party, then in overwhelming majority, wrested from the Proprietary, once for all, his political influence and the control of affairs. Thenceforth all acts of Assembly relating to government, citizenship, religion, education, land-rights, trade, were Protestant acts.

In 1669 enterprising settlers proposing to erect grist mills could take up seats of twenty acres on either side of a stream by valuation of juries, such grants being good for eighty years: the legal tolls were one-eighth of the bushel of wheat and one-sixth of the bushel of corn. About this time tobacco was made a legal tender for money debts.

On the 30th November, 1675, Cecilius, second Lord Baltimore, died, and his son Charles, then governor of Maryland, inherited his titles and estates. During the administration of the first Proprietary his people had explored and partially settled all the shores of the bay, having many allies among the Indians, and no enemies so implacable or so strong as to make them afraid. At his death, though both Proprietary and governor were "papists," there were thirty Protestants to one Catholic in the colony, and Maryland was a universal asylum. There was no establishment but glebe-lands, nor any clergymen's stipends: only one officer had been appointed for life, nor was any title of nobility created. Ramsay, in his *History of the Revolutionary War*, says, "the prosperity of the colony was founded on the broad bases of security in property and freedom in religion;" "and never," says Chalmers, "did a people enjoy more happiness than the inhabitants of Maryland under Cecilius, the founder of the province."

In 1676 we find the Assembly legislating against the exportation of corn and the importation of British convicts; and during the six years following other wholesome measures are devised: to prevent vexatious litigation; to bring criminals to sure and speedy trial; to encourage tillage and "the raising of

provisions," the cultivation of hemp and flax, and the manufacture of linen and woolen cloth; and country ships were expressly exempted from the tonnage-duty the colony had imposed in retaliation for parliamentary interference with colonial trade.

To divert the colonists from manufactures, the British government granted bounties on the importation of crude iron; but in 1719 the legislature of Maryland passed an act to lay off one hundred acres by appraisement to all who would erect furnaces and forges—like the grants already made in favor of mills. Much ore was found, and several iron-works erected on the Western Shore, the owners taking up great tracts of woodland. Three years later, workmen in furnaces, forges and mills were declared exempt from labor on the highways.

A sufficient fund having been provided for the support of schools, visitors were appointed for every county, with power to send children to the schools to be taught gratuitously. No Catholic could be a teacher, but, on the other hand, no Catholic's child was either excluded or excused by reason of the religion of either parent.

In 1731 sixty thousand hogsheads of tobacco were imported into Great Britain from Virginia and Maryland, and in the following year the price fell so low in the latter province that many fields of plants were laid waste by malcontents. Eleven or twelve years later the cultivation of wheat and manufacture of flour, now staple products of Maryland, as important as tobacco ever was, began to attract the attention of the colonial government. Dr. William-son, in some remarks addressed to the American Philosophical Society in 1770, had anticipated this movement as "the natural result of improved climatic conditions consequent upon extensive cultivation;" but it is sufficiently explained, on the one hand, by the scarcity of new ground for tobacco in proportion to the increased culture, and the lack of proper husbandry to preserve or refresh the land; on the other, by the advantage

of a change of crops, the high prices that flour then commanded, and the influence of the prolific and profitable grain-fields of Pennsylvania. In 1750 further encouragement was extended to the makers of crude iron, but slitting mills and tilt-hammers were excluded from the colony by act of Parliament.

Frederick, sixth Lord Baltimore, who succeeded to the title and proprietorship by the death of his father in 1751, lost his wife (Diana, daughter of the Duke of Bridgewater) by the overturning of a carriage, and, not marrying again, led a dissolute life. But he had no hand in those stupid and insolent jobs of legislation with which Parliament plagued and provoked the colonies. Under his administration the province thrived bravely, and the capital became a little court of culture and taste; and when he died in Italy in 1771, and the title became extinct, he bequeathed to an enlightened and grateful tenantry a noble domain, honorably enlarged and conscientiously improved, together with many wholesome political precepts, inspiring traditions and an aspiring future. The lords of Baltimore were true to their trust, and the heirs of their clientage have been true to their memory.

We may imagine the last of those barons gazing with proud, prophetic eyes upon the crude picture that Mr. John Moale made in 1752 of the little town named in honor of his house, and enlarging with daring anticipations upon the significance of its homely symbols. In the parallelogram of pond in the foreground he fondly recognizes the thronged and bustling port of 1871, and plants it with a piney wilderness of masts, from the ship-yards of Fell's Point to the huckster-sheds of Pratt street. The vague little sloop that pertly perks its bowsprit at the shore with all its important patronage of clams, seems consciously to forerun future argosies of bay-craft; and the swaggering brig, so disreputable in its rakishness, is responsible for the promised commerce of the world. That oblong solitude of piles and planks at the foot of Calvert

street stands for the countless crowded piers and docks of the ordained metropolis, as a patch of striped bunting may stand for an empire; and the two men who are hauling a seine with premature vigor, as though they feared they might be presently run down by manifest destiny in the shape of a steamer of the Liverpool or the Bremen line, represent to his lordship's foresight the fisheries which are to render the waters of Maryland as precious as the land. In the woman who is returning from the river-bank with a pail of water on her head his sagacity detects the rudiment of the great water-works of "Swann" and "Druid" Lakes, the "Hampden" and the "Mount Royal" reservoirs; and he smiles to think of the consternation which must afflict that conservative cabin on the left when the track of the New York and Washington Air-line shall make a breach in its post-and-rail fence and trespass through its pig-yard. In these days of Spiritualistic facilities, when as to his share of the current news it matters but little to a man whether he be dead or alive, his lordship is doubtless gratified to know that St. Paul's (the first) Church, which from the exalted background of the view represents, with a stately aspect of responsibility, the colonial branch of the august Establishment, stands nearly on the same spot now, having passed through a series of new births, each time reappearing in refreshed strength and beauty. And though it may have been with a natural pang of regret that he learned, only a few months since, that Kaminisky's Inn had succumbed to the ruthless exactions of civic improvement, and at last lay low in its own rubbish — Kaminisky's imposing Inn, that in the picture presents so bold a front of hip roof and dormer windows to destiny, awaiting the patronage of General Washington, and meanwhile entertaining the colonial man with palatial tittle and the colonial beast with palatial fodder—his Proprietary pride must yet have derived consolation from the thought that from its honored dust the golden fruits of trade are growing

in a Mercer-street grove of iron and marble. Doubtless his lordship foresaw, in his first glance at the picture, that the corn-field so happily suggested on the right could not continue to flourish on Bowly's wharf, that the introduction of the Camden Station would materially modify the composition in the left foreground, and that "public spirit" must learn to draw straighter lines before it could hope to complete the architectural vistas of Baltimore and Charles streets.

To the pig-headed prejudice or shortsighted selfishness of an early English settler Baltimoreans of to-day are indebted for the peculiar advantages of which they justly boast in the site and surroundings of their city. In 1723 there were five ships in the Patapsco at North Point freighting for London, and the coasting trade was increasing smartly; wherefore certain enterprising settlers, forecasting hopefully the fortunes of the place, applied to one Mr. John Moale, a merchant from Devonshire, who owned the land between the middle and south branches of the Patapsco, for permission to lay out lots for houses on his property. At the same time, it is said, the Assembly was petitioned for *authority* to do so—the gentleman from Devonshire being found unaccommodating, and deaf to the arguments of local pride and public spirit. Certainly, the latter movement was not of a nature to conciliate the sturdy Briton, who, being himself a member of the legislature, as well as proprietor of certain ironbanks, a hard head and much "pure cussedness," opposed the project with such vehemence and obstinacy that it was incontinently demolished; so the petitioners, turning their backs upon his greediness, his growling jealousy and his level lands, turned their faces to the hills and marshes of the northwest branch. But Mr. Griffith, a devoted Baltimorean, records with gratitude the unhandsome behavior of this Mogul of Moale's Point, and congratulates the city on the beneficent rebuff which drove its founders even to the

unfragrant charms of the Basin and the distracting inspirations of Jones' Falls. "Unless," says Mr. Griffith, "a seaport is actually upon or very near the seaboard, the head of navigable water must be preferred to the side of a river for the advantages of commerce by both land and water."

In 1729 an act of Assembly provided for the erection of a town on the north side of the Patapsco, in Baltimore county, "and for laying out into lots sixty acres of land (at forty shillings an acre) in and about the place where one John Fleming now lives." John Fleming lived in a house owned by Charles Carroll, on the east side of what is now Charles street, about a hundred yards south of Baltimore street. The survey was accomplished in the following year, and the little diagram of lots was marked "Baltimore Town," in compliment to the Proprietary, who derived his title from a seaport in Ireland. So modest and frugal were the commissioners in their estimate of the area of land required for the site in the first instance, and so formidable the difficulty of enlarging the town in any direction, environed and confined as it was by hills, water-courses and marshes, that it is not imaginable that any visions of its predestined population and commerce could have visited their official dreams. "The expense of extending streets and erecting bridges, of leveling hills and filling swamps, to which their successors have so cheerfully submitted—works which greatly increase the cost of preserving the harbor as improvements proceed and the soil is loosened—has constituted an obstacle scarcely felt in other American cities," and one against which nothing less encouraging and inspiring than the paramount local advantages for internal and external trade could have stimulated the citizens to contend. But on the other hand, as Griffith has remarked, the situation relative to other parts of the country, affording the most direct communication, the proximity of productive soil, the complete security afforded by the harbor, the abundance of stone, lime, iron

and timber, and the extraordinary multitude and convenience of seats for water-works—all contributing to render the original site and survey of the town the centre around which additions have been nearly equally made—are substantial proofs to the later generations of the commissioners' judgment and foresight.

In 1750 "Baltimore Town" was fenced in. Proud of their embryo metropolis, suspicious of possible plots of outside barbarians against its precocious thrift, and agitated by "Indian" panics as frequent as they were fantastic, the prudent folk who inhabited between St. Paul's Church and the Basin proceeded to environ themselves with a rampart of lath, the engineer whereof long since became a thing for antiquarian conundrums, for his name has been lost among his own chips and nails, and the fame of him has been dissipated in thin air, along with the smoke of the burning that rose from half a hundred hearths, pampered with the fuel his convenient labors provided. In the three hard winters that followed the planting of the first posts in that extemporaneous fortification ungrateful pots bubbled to the crackling of his pilfered conceptions; and Goody This and Gossip That, reckless of bloody savages and French, drove of flax and flounders by many a blaze fed with the wreck of his outraged aspirations. No alien army, awfully arrayed, boldly by battery besieged the bulwark; but a forlorn hope of colonial ragamuffins made a breach in the battlements, and cunningly, with barrow, bag and basket, stole the great work by night, taking it home to toast their toes and roast their clams with. Piecemeal they purloined the great gates on the north and west and the little postern by the church, as effectually as Samson the ponderous ports of Gaza aforetime. And so the first walled city of the United States again lay naked to her enemies—naked to the Indians, who, after Braddock's defeat, passed Forts Cumberland and Frederick, and in scattered parties, marauding and slaying, got within eighty

miles of the town. Then Goody and Gossip repented them of their foolish sacrilege of fuel, and, pricked with remorse for their wise man mocked and his noble rampart despoiled, fled with the women and weans to "the shipping" in the harbor—*videlicet*, Master Rogers his brig and Master Lux his sloop.

In the following year many French neutrals from Acadia, robbed and exiled by the British, sought an asylum in Baltimore. Some were hospitably harbored in private houses: others were quartered in the deserted mansion of Mr. Edward Fotherall, a gentleman from Ireland, who sixteen years before had built with imported materials the first brick house—of two stories without a hip roof. In this house the refugees erected a temporary chapel, for as yet the Catholics had no place of worship in Baltimore, so early had they been outnumbered and overruled by Protestants in the domain they had made their own for refuge and liberty.

The abandonment by the French of Fort Du Quesne on the Ohio in 1758 only partially relieved the country between that river and the Maryland border, and the protraction of the war promoted the prosperity of the settlement on the Patapsco, by preventing the extension of settlements westward; so that the restoration of peace found the little town the most important and most enterprising mart in the province.

In 1774 certain Boston notions became fashionable in Baltimore, where the citizens voted a thousand pounds for the purchase of arms and ammunition, and by their Committee of Observation resolved to prohibit not only the use of tea, but the landing of English salt as well, "unless a duty of twopence per bushel be paid for the use of the Bostonians." And one company of "gentlemen of riper years," and another of their sons and others, "mostly unmarried," armed at their own cost and equipped in a stunning uniform of scarlet, were trained by Adjutant Richard Carey from New England, who had been a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Bos-

ton, then lately commanded by one John Hancock. This was before the memorable 19th of April, 1775. On the 19th of April, 1861, Boston notions were not so fashionable in Baltimore.

Mr. William Goddard, a printer from Philadelphia, who had started the first newspaper (a weekly called the *Maryland Journal and Baltimore Advertiser*), had projected and established an independent mail line from Massachusetts, first to Virginia and afterward to Georgia, and Congress appointed him surveyor of post-roads; but in the following year that body restored to Dr. Franklin the office of deputy postmaster-general; whereupon Goddard, disappointed, retired from his paper for a time, and relinquished the editorial control to his sister. This lady, Miss Mary K. Goddard, encouraged and assisted by men of ability and public spirit, filled the rôle of *rédacteur* acceptably, maintaining her own "rights" and those of her fellow-citizens with propriety and force. She proved an intrepid pupil of Dame Brent, and under her administration the *Maryland Journal* acquired a modest but very positive influence in the affairs of the commonwealth. When her brother resumed his journalistic functions she was entrusted with the management of the local post-office, and for many years—that is, until the establishment of the Federal government in 1789—discharged the duties of that position with such attention and integrity as to command the unanimous confidence and esteem of the community.

A society of philanthropists "for promoting the abolition of slavery, and for the relief of free negroes and others unlawfully held in bondage," was organized in 1790, of which Philip Rogers was president, and Joseph Townsend secretary; but an unfriendly demonstration on the part of the Legislature in 1792 disgusted or disheartened them, and their proceedings were discontinued. They had erected a building on Sharp street for an African school. This they transferred to "the religious people of color," who made additions to it, and it

is still the favorite place of worship for that class of citizens abiding in South and West Baltimore. In 1817 a "Protection Society" was formed, having objects nearly identical with those of the abolition society of 1790; and like that fraternity it was largely composed of "Friends" of the town and county, who, from the founding of the city to the call of the State convention in 1864, have been the consistent and persistent foes of slavery in Maryland. I suppose the "founding of the city" to have been accomplished by the act of Assembly of 1729, which provided for the "erection" of the town; for that town was not constituted a city, and formally incorporated with all the dignities and authority of mayor and council, until the last day of the year 1796.

The student of the superficial history of the city finds his attention especially attracted, and an impression not wholly just left upon his mind, by three local features which he is apt to regard as characteristic—the popularity of Lotteries, the insolence of Mobs and the frequency and havoc of Inundations.

As early as 1753 a lottery was advertised for the purpose of raising four hundred and fifty "pieces of eight," or dollars, toward the construction of a public wharf; and in 1774 the German Lutherans by like means built a church. Nine years later commissioners were empowered to "direct and superintend the leveling, pitching and paving of streets and the repairing of bridges;" and to aid in defraying the cost of such works they were authorized to declare an annual lottery. In 1803 the Right Rev. Bishop Carroll, Mr. James Priestley and others procured a charter for "Baltimore College," which was afterward erected by the help of a lottery. In the following year the Roman Catholics invoked the favor of the fickle but fashionable goddess for their project to enlarge an academy they had founded in 1791; and about the same time the Grand Lodge of Free Masons was formally permitted to employ the accommodating machinery of the blind genius

of the wheel to raise a financial scaffolding toward the erection of the old Masonic Hall, of which not even the corner-stone was laid until eight years afterward. In 1807 the Legislature granted to Doctors Davidge, Shaw and Cocke special license to procure funds by lottery for the extension of their medical school; and accordingly the hall in Lombard street, now the University of Maryland, was begun that year. Two years later, Messrs. Comeys, Buchanan, Winchester and others were empowered to acquire, by the usual "schemes," as they were called, one hundred thousand dollars, "wherewithal to erect a suitable monument to the memory of General George Washington;" and on the Fourth of July, 1816, that noble column began to rise which stands to-day the patriotic and artistic pride of the Monumental City. The aid of lotteries was again called into requisition to defray the cost of enlarging and improving the Maryland Hospital; and the building of the great Roman Catholic Cathedral, interrupted by the war, and suspended *in statu quo* for nearly eleven years, was resumed in 1817 with funds procured from sales of ground, individual contributions and a lottery.*

But already this gambling practice was falling into disrepute. By respectable citizens its *morale* was condemned; projectors of civic improvements, managers of public charities and engineers

* At a late meeting of the Oldest Inhabitants' Association of Baltimore, Mr. John Carroll Brent, the Secretary, presented a lottery ticket which was used to raise funds to assist in building the Cathedral. It reads as follows:

"Roman Catholic Cathedral } No. 1466.
Church Lottery, Baltimore, }

"This ticket will entitle the bearer to such prize as may be drawn to its number, if demanded within twelve months after the drawing is finished; subject to the deduction of fifteen per cent.

"By order of the managers:

"No. 1466.

BEESTON."

On the back of the ticket was endorsed, "Mrs. Ann Thompson, Fairfax co., Va."

Mr. Brent remarked that Mrs. Thompson was the sister of Thomas Washington. The Rev. Mr. Beeston was the pastor of the Cathedral and secretary of the board of managers in the time of Bishop John Carroll, the first Catholic bishop in this country, who founded the Cathedral.

of religious enterprises became ashamed to employ its convenient but questionable arts: it was presently abandoned to the patronage of the idle, the superstitious and the vicious; and the treacherous oracles of the wheel were consulted only by "sports," bumpkins and boatmen—the sharks of the town, the gudgeons of the country and the rats of the wharves. In 1856 lotteries, having become socially as well as morally a nuisance and an abomination, were summarily suppressed by law.

Very naturally, the sensitive Baltimorean resents with a true civic indignation that odious epithet, "Mob-town," which the people of other places, envious or spiteful, have applied to his beautiful burg. Yet the conscientious chronicler, calmly reviewing the events of her earlier history, may not honestly ignore the circumstances from which the *raison d'être* of the appellation is derived. Though at common times a sufficiently easy-going, careless wight, there seems to be in the temperament of the original and genuine denizen a living spark of impatience and jealousy, which a slight provocation may kindle on exasperating occasions into a roaring flame of wrath and resistance. A Baltimore populace, impulsive and "heady," is prone to vote with the opposition upon measures not tender of its real or imaginary rights, and to protest with sudden fists and sticks and stones against encroachments of uncongenial authority. Hence, from time to time, agitations and *émeutes* more or less fractious; hence "Mob-town"—a vulgar term for the demonstrative idiosyncrasy of the people.

We find the first symptom of this constitutional irritability in the proceedings of the dwellers on the north and east sides of the county, on a certain occasion in 1768. Joppa, a small and now forgotten village on the Gunpowder River, fifteen miles east of Baltimore, had for fifty years been the county-seat, and thither the litigious folk of the town had been accustomed to repair to get their justice weighed. But now the future city had so grown that plaintiffs

and defendants alike chafed at the inconvenience and delay of taking their troubles to Joppa, and loudly demanded accommodations of their own. Accordingly, a law was passed authorizing commissioners to build a court-house and prison "on the uppermost part of Calvert street, next Jones his falls," where the Battle Monument now stands, and to sell the corresponding buildings in the county. Then the clerk of the county proceeded to remove the records, and the resistance, with violence and outrage, which his exploit provoked from the Joppa party constituted the first Baltimore mob of which we have any clear account.

Mr. Goddard, the printer and mail-agent, had made himself notoriously obnoxious by the freedom of his strictures on the political situation, and the "Whig Club," organized in 1776 "to detect violators of the law," had vexed his soul with frequent inquisitions. In the first session of the Legislature he had been formally censured by that body, and Governor Johnson had issued a proclamation for his protection. But in 1780, having again offended the people by the part he took in favor of General Charles Lee after the decision of the court-martial which suspended that officer, he was induced to sign a public recantation—which he afterward disclaimed—to save himself from personal abuse; nevertheless, several rash spirits who had ventured to defend his course were dragged through the streets in the cart provided for him.

A few years later the multitudes who assembled at elections for the town and county, to vote *vivâ voce*, indulged in a turbulence and riotous temper so intolerable that the Legislature divided the field into districts, and afterward prescribed the ballot as the more amiable method of voting.

Shortly after the acquittal of Aaron Burr at Richmond the populace paraded the streets with effigies of Chief-Justice Marshall and Luther Martin, Esq.—the latter of counsel for the defence—and of Burr and Blennerhassett, which they presently burned with

emphatic demonstrations of popular disgust.

In the month of October, 1808, an English journeyman shoemaker, named Beattie, having expressed his political views with more candor than prudence, his fellow-Crispins tarred and feathered him, and made a show of his plight in a cart, from the corner of South and Baltimore streets to Fell's Point and back again, followed by the mayor protesting.

On the 20th of June, 1812, two days after the declaration of war against England, an irate mob demolished the office, presses and types of the *Federal Republican* newspaper, whose editors had offended by their persistent opposition to the war spirit in and out of Congress. On the 27th of July, Mr. A. C. Hanson, one of the editors, aided by several friends of the journal, having brought copies of the paper from Georgetown, ventured to distribute them from the residence, in South Charles street, of Jacob Wagner, Esq., another editor of the *Republican*, and boldly proclaimed their resolution to defend the house at all hazards. In the evening the building was attacked, and the editorial party, after defending themselves with spirit, killing one and mortally wounding others in the mob, surrendered to the city officers, and the editor and his friends, to the number of twenty-two, were escorted next morning by a guard of militia, headed by the mayor, General Stricker, to the jail. Here they were again attacked on the following night, and with such fury that General Langan of Georgetown was killed, Mr. John Thompson stripped, tarred and feathered, and carted to the Point, and others of the party wounded or brutally beaten. For a time the rioters fancied themselves masters of the situation, and raged hither and thither, hunting out obnoxious citizens to expel them; but threatening finally to break open the post-office, where the offensive papers had been deposited by its pertinacious friends for further distribution, they raised a reactionary storm of "law and order," which assailed them with a force

that sufficed to disperse them and restore quiet and safety.

But of all these eruptions of the popular explosiveness none was so remarkable, in respect of its rampant insolence and outrage, the general panic it inspired, the apathy of citizens and the paralysis of the municipal power, as the mob of August, 1835, consequent upon the failure of the Bank of Maryland and the ruin of many of its poorer depositors. The dwellings of Messrs. Reverdy Johnson, lately our minister to England, Glenn, Morris, Ellicott, McElderry and Hunt (directors of the bank), were ingloriously ransacked and sacked to make a rowdy's holiday. For several days the town was in undisputed possession of the mob. Streets were barricaded, and mounted citizens who adventured to check the senseless fury of the scum were unhorsed with bricks and clubs. Furniture from the houses of Messrs. Glenn and Johnson and their colleagues was drawn through the streets by raiding squads of ragamuffins in the plain sight of thousands without opposition or remonstrance. Bonfires were fed with pianos and sideboards, mirrors were launched with a cheer from upper windows, and North Charles street, from Fayette to Lexington, was ankle-deep in feathers from the beds of the Glenn family. So complete was the panic that, as eye-witnesses have related, there were whole days when a detachment of twenty boys, armed only with sticks and stones, might have entered any house in the city and pillaged it at ease. The authorities, though fairly warned—by written circulars, freely distributed, inviting citizens to tar and feather Johnson and Glenn—had adopted no measures to prevent the gathering of the mob; and to disperse it or check its costly pranks bands of volunteer constabulary were armed with *rolling-pins* instead of guns and pistols. The rioters were shyly received with wordy skirmishing and bullets of the brain, in the form of proclamatory platitudes, full of tame fury, about "the sacred liberties transmitted to us by our forefathers," our rank among the civilized nations of

the earth," "civil authority trampled under foot," "the wildest passions of human nature overthrowing law and order," and "citizens contemplating with painful emotions the most melancholy events;" while the mayor, distracted with contradictory counsels and embarrassed by his own relations to the bank, of which he was a director, resigned his office and retired from the city, leaving his household gods and goods to the mercy of the mob, which insulted the one and demolished the other. And yet, from first to last, the number of active rioters with whom this chaos had come again never exceeded two hundred, and was rarely more than one hundred and fifty, of whom at least one-third were boys and women. A full company of militia, or two companies of firemen with hose-pipes and axes, could at any time have put them comically to rout. The general uproar was finally quelled by a spontaneous gathering and arming of citizens, who found their own wits after the mayor had quite lost his; and before this tardy show of fight the mob vanished.

As the city grew this spirit of lawless debauchery grew with it—flattered by the vicious expedients of political parties, and fostered by the Plug-Ugly feuds of internecine fire companies—until a gory row became a weekly insipidity. Then the inevitable periodicity of the eruptions became tedious, and to vary the monotony of their stated recurrence sober householders set up a reaction, and compassed certain wholesome reforms in the judiciary, the police and the fire department—reforms which have wrought wonders in the line of law and order, so that clubs are no longer trumps, nor the slung-shot a feature in the outfit of "a perfect gentleman," nor "Mob-town" a town of mobs.

As early as 1747 we find a law in force which required housekeepers to provide themselves with ladders for the extinguishing of fires, and fined them ten shillings if their chimneys "blazed atop." This may be regarded as the rudiment or ovum of that privileged and most aggressive establishment of

red shirts, club-proof hats and cutusive boots, hooks, pipes and axes, exasperating ironies, profanity, swagger and slang, which for a period obstreperously eventful charged rampant through the streets of Baltimore, with reckless expenditure of misdirected energy and sweat, and wild alarms and blows—a period prolific in crude blasphemy and broken heads, when Bill Moon of the "United" and Barney Manley of the "New-Market," having expertly and conscientiously pounded each the other's cranium with the professional pipes and pride, lay side by side on cots in the Infirmary and discussed the *casus belli* with less logic than epithet. But in 1858 the Moons and Manleys were abolished by the substitution of steam for the volunteer system; and thus a most restless element in the riotous rampagings which had procured for the beautiful city its title of reproach was dispersed amid the hallelujahs of the respectable. Now the fire brigade of Baltimore comprises a board of commissioners, a chief engineer, two assistant engineers, one hundred and ten men, and a dog, paid by the city, with apparatus consisting of seven steam engines and two hook-and-ladder attachments. The system has proved sweetly successful and the service most efficient. No surgery is attached to the establishment, and tourniquets, trephines and splints have gone out with Bill Moon's axe and Barney Manley's bludgeon.

In 1780 the streets were first lighted, and commissioners, clothed with the authority of justices, appointed three constables and fourteen watchmen to guard the town. In 1790, with a population of 13,934, there were forty-five watchmen on regular duty. Very mediæval, Germanesque and quaint were those watchmen, and the writer reverts to his adolescence to contemplate with affection, not unmixed with awe, the figure, outfit and ways of one of them. Foglemann was his name. He was a Pole, and had served under Napoleon. He had been at Moscow, and had wounds and stories whereat we stripplings gasped. One ghastly scar I re-

call with special wonder, terror and fascination: it was the sensation of our porches and cellar doors. When we made the summer evenings terrible with fire-crackers or hideous with yells, he threatened us with the watch-house and bribed us with that popular scar, all in a breath, and so stilled the storm of our exuberant vitality. Or he suffered us to touch his sacred "spontoon" (*esponton*), awesome as the brand of Launcelot. A tremendous weapon that: the Japanese police at Batavia are armed with a barbarous modification of it—a cross between a boat-hook and a short pike, the hook near the end being for the abrupt checking of the flying culprit. Or he permitted us to gaze with hopeless longing upon his great rattle—longing to snatch it and flee away to the woods and lawless places, there to sit and spring it all night long in ecstasies of the forbidden. For how often, with its sudden, shocking *grar-r-r-r-r*, had it broken the stillness of the night, filling the shadows with echoes of fear, and startling the weans from deep, dreamless sleep to sit up trembling, marking the flying steps of the midnight marauder and the stern pursuit of the fatal Foglemann!

He was a doughty wight, of famous strength and courage; and we urchins ever approached him with the reverence due to his heroic traditions. His exploits were illustrated with many cuts, especially with one most spirited slash athwart the cheek, the *coup* (*wellnigh de grace*) of a burly and desperate negro, whom alone, in the still darkness, he had tackled in a narrow passage between two houses. And when the bank mob assaulted the dwelling of an obnoxious director, and having demolished the furniture threatened to tear down the building likewise, he confronted the riff-raff in the door, and warning them that the house was the property of a widow, promised them he would surely slay the man who should first venture to move plank or brick of it; and then he jeered them grandly. Wherefore he was the romance and epic of our ward, and we boys erected

to him a monument of imagination which, in the grateful remembrance of some of us, stands to this day. He was lyric too, this brave old soul, and there were songs of the camp and field that he delivered in a noble bass. In those days it was the custom of the watchmen to cry the hour from nine o'clock until daybreak, and with the last hour they gave the weather also. I think no song I have ever heard lingers more sweetly among the echoes of my memory than old Foglemann's clear, musical cry at dawn—"Past four o'clock, and a starlight morning!"

From time to time the police of Baltimore have been shamefully demoralized by vicious political influences; but in the municipal reforms of 1860 the organization of the new police was the measure of paramount importance. Now the department numbers about three hundred and seventy officers and men, with one hundred and thirty more in reserve for emergencies, under the control of a board of four commissioners, of which the mayor is a member *ex officio*. In respect of material, discipline and general efficiency they are not surpassed even by the Chilian police of Valparaiso, in many respects the best in the world.

From the Year One of the founding of the city even unto this day water has been in equal measure the bane and the blessing of Baltimore. In the beginning there were swamps and gullies and local overflowings and encroaching tides, and other aqueous obstructions to subdue or circumvent, and many erratic water-courses, trifling but troublesome, to divert. In the peculiar nuisance known as Jones' Falls the authorities have found a true *bête noire*, incorrigible and irrepressible—an enemy ever at the gates, patient and spiteful, biding its time to carry consternation into the civil camp and set the municipal staff by the ears—the nightmare of mayors, the confusion of councils, the wits' end of commissioners, the conundrum of engineers, the despair of taxpayers, the golden goose of "rings," the panic of pawnbrokers, slopshop-keepers,

rag-and-iron mongers, and other small dealers who take life at second hand in the district subject to its trespass. The authorities may with reason apostrophize it in the language addressed by the king of Siam to his English governess: "You are one great difficulty. Oh, why will you be so strong-headed?" For, within the city lines a crawling, sticky stream, nor picturesque nor sweet to sight or smell, it yet hath smothered passions of its own, and for no graver provocation than an April shower will burst its feeble bounds, and, like Leigh Hunt's pig in Smithfield market, "rush up all manner of streets," and over bridges, and down cellars, and through an unclassified abomination of mongeries, distributing mud, dead cats and promiscuous stench with happy, lavish malice.

These were the pranks of its earlier spreeds, and age hath not sobered them "nor custom staled their infinite variety." On the 5th of October, 1786, the current of the Falls, encountering a strong flood-tide, overflowed Centre Market Place and nearly all the made ground and wharves. On the 24th of July, 1788, a high wind, with a great downfall of rain, raised the water in the harbor above many wharves, and destroyed much property by the overflow. By a freshet on the 9th of August, 1817, the wooden bridges on Bath and Water streets were hurled against the stone structures on Gay and Pratt streets: these were badly damaged, and the Centre Market again inundated. In 1837 a flood, at midnight, from the Falls laid all the adjoining district under water to the depth of several feet. Centre Market was swept of its movable stalls and butchers' blocks, cellars were filled, the lower stories of dwellings were flooded, hundreds of horses, cows, hogs and sheep were carried by the roaring current into the harbor, and about twenty-five lives were lost. On the 10th of October, 1866, there was a flood in Gwynn's Falls, with loss of life. About noon on the 24th of July, 1868, Jones' Falls suddenly swelled to a height that overcame the oldest inhabitant with

staring wonder. Springing unawares upon its ancient enemies, the bridges, it swept them clean away, and inundated all the low-lying quarters of the city in its course. Several thousand houses were submerged as high as the second floor. Through Harrison and Frederick streets, and as far westward as the corners of Fayette and North streets and Baltimore and Holliday streets, rushed the furious flood. Many lives were lost and incalculable property was destroyed. A street car containing passengers was washed from the Gay street track, and dashed in pieces in front of the Maryland Institute. Iron bridges were torn from their places and twisted like straw. Streets were torn up, wharves obliterated, houses undermined.

"The old sea-wall (he cried) is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace;
And boats, adrift in yonder towne,
Go sailing uppe the market-place!"

At the same time, on the Patapsco River, mills, factories, bridges, dwellings were destroyed or greatly damaged; and there was frightful loss of life. At Ellicott City fifty persons were drowned. A physician, from the roof of a neighbor's house, whither he had been driven by the pursuing flood, beheld his wife and children clinging to the chimney of his own tottering dwelling, with frantic cries in vain imploring rescue, and, with their last despairing look turned to him in his most tragic helplessness, they were swallowed up, with his house, in the common havoc and horror.

"That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea:
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
To manye more than myne and me!
But each will mourne his owne (she saith),
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth."

A monstrous wreck of household goods, a heart-rending confusion of fragments in strange and pitiful juxtaposition, together with many corpses of worthy citizens and loving wives and tender darlings, were rolled ten miles down the stream, and piled against the Long Bridge at Baltimore.*

* See *The Stranger in Baltimore*, a compact manual and guide-book, abounding in matter interesting and useful to the citizen as well as the stranger.

Jones' Falls derives its name from one David Jones, who in 1682 purchased from Thomas Cole the tract of land known as "Cole's Harbor"—about five hundred and fifty acres on the north side of what is now the Basin. Within this tract the original town was laid off, and David Jones, who built a house on the bank of his precious gudgeon-run, is believed to have been the first actual settler on the site of the future city. Since his time much treasure and many lives have gone to "Davy Jones' locker;" and to-day the mayor and city council of Baltimore, together with commissioners, corporation counsel, engineers, editors, amateurs and old women resolve themselves by common consent into a kind of Peddlingtonian Athenæum for the discussion of the question, whether Jones' Falls shall be straightened, widened, deepened, diverted, blown up or set on fire.

But her peculiar plague of freshets and floods is but the price the city pays in kind for her great glory of water, and those attendant boons of beauty, comfort, health, convenience and thrift, wherein she is blessed beyond all thankfulness. Set upon hills, and begirt with heights pierced with a thousand ever-living springs that cheer a hundred valleys, Baltimore derives from the *gradus* of ridges rising northward and westward from the Basin and Jones' disreputable flow that characteristic network, at once so delightful and so useful, of bickering brooks and brawling torrents and silver cascades crooning pensively, which presently take shape and name—not always happily—in Jones' Falls, "Gwynn's Falls," the Great and Little "Gunpowder Falls," "Herring Run," the "Little Patuxent" and "Curtis' Creek," besides the picturesque Patapsco, willful and romantic, as at Ellicott's Mills. These supply a water-power beyond all competition: no city of the Union can boast such wealth of falls and dams. As early as 1832 there were, within a circuit of fifteen miles around the city, forty-six flour mills, grinding the fine white wheat of the Eastern Shore, besides many cotton and woolen factories,

iron and copper and marble works, and distilleries. In an article in the *North American Review*, General Harper demonstrated that in a semicircle of twenty miles' radius, of which Baltimore is the centre, sufficient water-power is found to work a million of looms; and this enormous natural advantage is enhanced by the most complete facilities of transportation by rail and keel. In 1850, two million two hundred and seventy-five thousand bushels of wheat and three million two hundred and fifty thousand bushels of corn were brought to the city and sold. Three hundred thousand barrels of flour were manufactured in the vicinity that year, and nine hundred thousand barrels were inspected. In 1865 nearly twelve million bushels of grain of all kinds were shipped to this market, and the annual inspection since that year has amounted to fully eleven hundred thousand barrels of flour, beside immense quantities of corn-meal. The flour mills in and around the city employ more capital than any other class of manufactures, the city millers alone taking in a twelvemonth at least fifteen hundred thousand bushels of wheat. The cotton mills of Baltimore city and county consume annually over forty thousand bales: the business is eminently profitable, and by the inexhaustible water-power it can command is susceptible of enlargement to the full extent of supplying the Southern and Western demand for cotton goods. In whisky the annual sales reach four hundred thousand barrels, of which at least one-third is the product of the city distilleries.

The geological formation in the neighborhood of Baltimore—as in all the northern sections of the State—affords rich beds of iron ore very near the surface, and the manufacture of iron is as prosperous as it is vast. The charcoal pig-iron of Baltimore is highly esteemed for car-wheels, nails and bar and boiler iron. The rolling mills are pressed with orders for heavy plates for the larger steamships building in New York, while the nail factories supply about a hundred thousand kegs. Baltimore loco-

motives are in great demand: two of the most extensive establishments in the country are employed in their construction; and the foundries for the production of furnaces, stoves and all kinds of machinery and castings are large and active.*

So much have her springs and streams done, directly or consequently, for the growth and thrift of Baltimore: for the health and comfort and safety of her people they have done more. They have bestowed in limpid lavishness an ocean of pure, soft water, perfect in all the qualities required for drinking, cooking, washing. They have given her lakes and reservoirs and conduits of refreshment and salubrity surpassing in their kind the utmost boast of other American cities.

For example, "Swann Lake" at the head of Jones' Falls, about eight miles from the city, extends over one hundred and sixteen acres, two hundred and twenty-five feet above the tide, and since 1861 has maintained a supply of five hundred millions of gallons. The dam is sixty feet thick and forty feet in height. From the lake to the receiving reservoir at Hampden, a distance of five miles, an oval conduit of brick and cement is conducted, one mile of its course being tunneled.

The Hampden reservoir, on the Falls road, near Hampden, and opposite Druid Hill Park, whence it can be viewed, occupies about eight acres, two hundred and seventeen feet above the tide, and holds about fifty millions of gallons.

From this base of receipt a line of great pipes extends across the Falls and along the Northern Central Railroad to the Mount Royal reservoir, a lovely lake, which serves as the base of dis-

* Baltimore is destined to become the leading copper market of the country. The establishment of the Baltimore Copper and Smelting Company at Canton, near the eastern boundary of the city, is the largest of the kind in the United States, the product of refined copper at its furnaces being over six millions of pounds annually. These works furnish a cash market for all the copper ores mined in Maryland and the neighboring States, and consume nearly three hundred tons of Cumberland coal weekly. The home product of ores not being sufficient to supply its furnaces, the company imports the main supply from Chili and Cuba.—*Stranger in Baltimore.*

tribution by main pipes to the streets of the city. The circular basin, five hundred and fifty feet in diameter, is one hundred and fifty feet above tide-water, has five acres of surface, and holds thirty millions of gallons.

These several reservoirs are found in the midst of a country very picturesque and romantic, and in the spring, summer and autumn the drive thither through the diversified scenery of the Falls is a pure delight.

From these noble works one hundred and sixty miles of pipes are laid in the city, supplying about twenty-five thousand houses, seven hundred fire-plugs and over seven thousand special needs, such as baths, private hose, etc.

But elated, if not embarrassed, with their riches, and still unsatisfied, the authorities set their thirsty hearts upon another lake, and to that end purchased the grounds adjoining the south side of Druid Hill Park, wherein was a tempting natural basin, convenient and vast. Possessed of this, they appealed with equal eloquence and success to the taste of the æsthetic and the arithmetic of

the practical. By the same stroke they would magnify their water-wealth and beautify their beloved park. The scenery of the neighborhood is most attractive, and the joint work when completed will present a reservoir truly grand, a pleasure-garden most delightful and inspiring.

"Druid Lake" will have a water-surface of fifty-five acres, with an extreme depth at the mouth of the drain-pipe of ninety-two feet—extreme depth of dam, ninety-eight feet. The lake when full will contain six hundred millions of gallons of water, the surface being two hundred and seventeen feet above the tide. The dam will be seven hundred and fifty feet in length; its greatest width at base five hundred and twenty feet; depth to foundation in the centre, one hundred and nineteen feet. The daily consumption of water in the city being ten millions of gallons, the total capacity of Druid Lake alone will be equal to a supply for sixty days. The work was begun in 1864, and proceeds steadily.

J. W. PALMER.

SONNET.

CHASED by the hawk, last year a mock-bird flew,
 Swift as a beam, light as a fairy-car
 (That skims the tremulous heath-bell's tender blue),
 To find safe harborage 'neath our window-bar;
 And there from out his inmost heart he drew
 Such springs of golden melody as afar
 Might fall, methinks, in viewless rhythmic dew
 Down from the throbbing bosom of a star.
 Behold! once more our minstrel perched atop
 Yon cottage roof-tree! yea, the selfsame bird
 Whose happy song the last fair springtide heard:
 Languidly now a few stray warblings drop
 Low, lute-like; but, his soul upgathering soon,
 He floods with music all the enraptured noon!

PAUL H. HAYNE.

A STAINED WEB.

I.

PARIS, November 20, 1869.

MY DEAR MARGARET: How I wish that you could pay me a visit by telegraph! It would give me so much pleasure could I only convince you by ocular demonstration how widely you erred in predicting for me a winter of discomfort and annoyance. It is true that I have always held the noisy publicity of the Grand Hôtel and the dingy dreariness of furnished apartments in almost equal horror, to say nothing of the extortion practiced on the one hand and the petty thieving of which one is the victim on the other. But I have chosen a middle course, and have taken a suite of rooms at my old resting-place, the Hôtel du Louvre. My apartments are most charmingly situated just at the corner of the Place du Palais Royal and the Rue St. Honoré; so that when seated at one window I look over the Place Royale to the Rue de Rivoli and the vast expanse of the Louvre, while from the other my view extends to the entrance to the Palais Royal and through the whole vista of the Rue de Valois. There is a hackney-coach stand just under the first-mentioned window, and I find great amusement sometimes in witnessing the innumerable quarrels among the drivers—quarrels which involve an infinite deal of screaming, shoulder-shrugging and brandishing of fists, but which invariably end in nothing, for French quarrels seem to consist more in shrieking than in striking. Space, however, would fail me were I to tell you of all the amusing spectacles I can witness from my window—the loaded omnibuses starting from their point of departure on the Place Royale, the crowd of idlers at the two cafés on the Rue St. Honoré, the chattering parrots and noisy canaries at the bird-fancier's on the same street, and the odd little garden improvised on a flat roof a little

farther on, with clambering vines, geraniums, rose bushes, and even a miniature arbor and garden-chair, wherein the owner, a tidy little seamstress, sits and stitches while caroling like any nightingale. How I shall pity her when the chill autumnal rains deprive her of her sylvan retreat! Picture to yourself how pleasant apartments so situated must be to me who lack strength, inclination and opportunity for rushing out to seek amusement in shopping and visiting. As to sight-seeing, thank Heaven! I closed that chapter of Parisian experience long ago. I wander sometimes over to the Louvre (just across the street, by the by) to delight my eyes with a glance at the Venus de Milo or La Cruche Cassée, but the dreary round of dingy picture-galleries and damp churches claims my attention no longer. So you see, I am, as the Yankees would say, "fixed," and very comfortably and pleasantly fixed. Moreover, the Hôtel du Louvre is endeared to me by the well-remembered associations of past happy years. I have grown to love every nook and corner about this great building: the courtyard with its trim conciergerie, convenient bureaux and comfortable lift; the vast exterior staircase, so imposing and picturesque at night, with its moon-like lamps and tropical plants; the dark-draped, splendid reading-room; the pearl-gray and crimson-bordered carpets that clothe the halls and staircases—nay, even the framed advertisements that deck the walls—are dear to me for auld acquaintance' sake and as mementoes of the days of auld lang syne.

Agnes and Ethel are as happy as uncaged birds on being released from their *pension* at Geneva. They have both developed a great taste for music, so they are wild just now about the Opera, and I indulge them by taking them on every possible occa-

sion. I do not wish them to go into society this season, for you know they are but just seventeen (how oddly twins look together after they have grown up!), and I have very strong objections to allowing them to enter Parisian society at all. So, feeling compelled to deprive them of balls and soirées, I feel as if I were in duty bound to grant them as many other enjoyments as possible; and I also cultivate their taste for music by taking them to the Grand Opéra, Les Italiens or the Opéra Comique, whenever anything worth hearing is presented to the public. Thus I am learned in all the lore of melody and musicians, can discourse fluently respecting the rival tenors Naudin and Capoul, am well acquainted with the merits of young Colin's *ut de poitrine*, and can sigh sapiently over the fading sweetness of Miolan Carvalho's fast-departing voice.

"And Arthur?" I think I hear you ask: "what has happened to this doating mother that she can scribble off so many pages without mentioning her only and well-beloved son?" Ah, Margaret! if I have let my pen travel at a perilous pace, it is only, so it seems to me, for the sake of escaping from that one topic, more interesting to me than anything else on earth. For I fear to confess even to this mute page, that cannot add to my anxiety by assent or sympathy, how very anxious I still am respecting his health. He has almost recovered, it is true, from a terrible attack of fever which the physicians here persisted in calling Roman fever, but which I have not failed to recognize as a return of the malady he contracted whilst in the army. He is still, however, miserably weak, and the disease has so affected his eyes that ever since he was first attacked he has been obliged to remain in a darkened room or have them covered with a bandage; and moreover, that wound just below the knee-joint which he received at Cold Harbor has become terribly painful, and prevents him from even attempting to walk. I am glad that his father is not here: his nervousness and

despondency would be more than I could bear.

You know what Arthur has been to me, but even you, dear old friend, hardly know what he really is, what noble elements—unselfishness, self-sacrifice, energy and purity—go to make up his character. You know how he offered himself a willing sacrifice for his country during the war—how wounds and sickness and the weariness of hope deferred never caused his courage to flag or his faith to fail during those four terrible years. But you do not know how all the common temptations that assail young masculine humanity have assaulted him in vain, for that pure nature sheds off all evil influences as do the white feathers of a swan the water-drops that seek to penetrate their spotless surface. And even when threatened with blindness and with lameness for life, suffering all the torments and discomforts of severe illness in a foreign hotel, he never rebelled, never murmured, never gave way even to peevishness or discontent, and was willing to lie calmly, awaiting the will of Heaven. But I rejoice to say that all danger either of blindness or of permanent lameness has entirely passed away, and the physicians tell me that in a few days I may permit him to use his eyes, at least so far as to admit the light and suffer him to look about him—in itself a great change for one who has been living in total darkness for weeks past. But he will not be able to walk for a month or two yet, and his general debility and the lack of reactive power apparent in his system fill me with alarm.

I think I hear you remark that this description tallies but ill with what I said respecting my constant attendance at the Opera, but the truth is, that Arthur, with his usual unselfishness, almost fretted himself into a relapse when he discovered that the girls and myself had given up all idea of leaving him in the evening. Ever since he has been well enough to leave his bed he has insisted on being left to the care of one or the other of the girls, while the disengaged one goes out with me. So

Agnes and Ethel take turns in staying with him in the evening, I of course devoting myself to him during the day.

I have been very fortunate in one respect: I have secured a perfect treasure in the shape of a French maid. She came to offer her services to me only a few days after Arthur was taken ill, and she has been indefatigable in helping me to nurse and wait on him. She is a very fine-looking girl, with manners decidedly beyond her station, but then all Frenchwomen seem to me to be graceful and well-mannered. She has really endeared herself to me by her devotion to my son, who, oddly enough, has never seen her, though she has been in attendance on him for more than two months. His eyes have never yet been strong enough to permit of the admission of anything more than the feeblest possible ray of daylight into his room. He said only the other day that his first sight of Félicie's face would be an actual revelation to him, it seemed so strange to him to be ministered to by a person whose features were totally unknown.

What a long letter I am writing! and I am ashamed to think how little news I have given you in all these pages. But I promise to be more of a gossip in my next, if you will forgive me for filling this epistle with such commonplace personal details. The girls and Arthur would fain fill another sheet with messages, but I will permit no further tax upon your time and patience. Only let me take up a few lines to tell you how homesick we all are, and how, if Arthur's health did not imperatively command us to remain, we would gladly brave the sea-sickness and the perils of a winter voyage to return to our beloved Philadelphia. Oh for the comforts of an American home! for gas and baths and furnace fires and unlimited ice-water, to say nothing of meals *not* served by the thimbleful, as they are here! I like *plenty*! Please read that last word in capital letters, and believe me ever lovingly your friend,

ANNE S. CLEVELAND.

II.

A low, light lounge was drawn near the fire in Mrs. Cleveland's parlor in the Hôtel du Louvre one snowy night early in December, and on it lay, clad in all the combined comfort and elegance of a loose black velvet dressing-gown, Arthur Cleveland. For the first time since the beginning of his illness, he was entirely alone, having persuaded his mother to take both the girls to an unusually fine benefit performance at the Comédie Française; but he had for the first time that day been permitted to use his eyes freely in inspecting objects around him, and he found abundant occupation in exercising this new-won privilege. He was making acquaintance with his surroundings, the furniture and decorations of the rooms which had been his home for nearly four months. He was still unable to walk, but the delicious sense of returning health and vigor thrilled in every vein: he knew that a few weeks would see the last vestiges of his illness removed, and that, restored to life and strength, he should walk forth into the sunshine once more, made whole. All the dread apprehensions, more cruel and more difficult to bear than his wasting sickness had been, were fled at last and for ever, and he reveled in the blissful consciousness of their groundlessness, and in the joyful knowledge that sight and strength and the use of his limbs were again to be granted to him in full perfection.

It was a wondrously handsome head that the leaping flame of the fire and the dim lustre of the shaded lamp revealed. The ruby velvet of the cushion against which he leaned showed off with artistic effect the golden-tinged rings of chestnut hair, the broad white brow and the fine oval of the countenance, and the brown, almond-shaped eyes, with their long sheltering lashes, had a jewel-like gleam in the ruddy glow of the firelight. The tall, manly form, broad-chested and stalwart-limbed still, though wasted by long illness, shaped into statuesque lines the heavy folds of the black velvet drapery, against which

one slender, sinewy but snow-white hand showed like a bas-relief of ivory. The other hand held, listlessly drooping by the side of the couch, a beautifully-finished vignette in ivorytype, combining the delicate coloring of a miniature with the accuracy of a photograph. The mighty pencil of the Sun had drawn the outline of the graceful head, the wavy, falling hair, the sweet mouth and tender eyes, and the skillful touch of a human artist had tinted cheek and lip and soft eyes and shining tresses with the hues of rose and sapphire and gold they wore in life. It was upon this miniature that the unbandaged eyes of Arthur Cleveland had first rested: it was to the original that his heart had first turned when he learned that hope and health, the free step of manhood, the unclouded gaze of the Seeing, were yet to be his. Pain and dread and wasting fever had all departed, and he lay there with returning health thrilling in his veins and a waking love-dream bright within his heart.

The noisy little clock on the chimney-piece had just struck nine, and so, with brief interval between, had the three other clocks that adorned his mother's suite of apartments. Arthur had fallen into a light sleep, the original of the miniature, fair Lily Cameron, still floating before his mental vision, when the lovely apparition was dismissed and his slumber broken by a sudden tap at the door.

"Entrez!" cried Arthur, rousing himself and coming abruptly from Dreamland back to the actual world.

The door swung slowly open and a lady entered—a lady in evening costume, wrapped in a white opera cloak, which she threw off as she advanced into the room.

"So Madame Cleveland and les demoiselles are gone out?" she said in the purest Parisian French. "Do not disturb yourself, sir, I beg," she continued as Arthur raised himself in astonishment on his couch: "I only came to pass a short time with Madame Cleveland en route to a ball at the British

Embassy. I was told at the office that she was out, but, learning that you were well enough to quit your room, I resolved to come and pay you a very little visit—merely to make acquaintance with the son of one of my dearest friends."

So saying, she proceeded, *sans cérémonie*, yet with all the indescribable grace of a Frenchwoman, to draw a large arm-chair near the table on which burned the shaded lamp. Once seated, the circle of radiance around the light fell full upon her and revealed a face irregular in feature and far from faultless in coloring, yet striking and decidedly handsome—a varying, piquante, attractive face, whose best points were the large, sparkling black eyes and the mobile, expressive mouth with its pearly teeth. She was tall and graceful, and the décolleté and short-sleeved corsage of her dress displayed arms and shoulders of statuesque perfection. She was attired in an elegant ball-dress of rich pink silk, with an overskirt of delicate Brussels lace caught up here and there with tiny bouquets of pink roses. Diamonds sparkled in her ears and around her arms, while her throat was encircled by a glittering *rivière* of the same precious stones. The keen eye of a feminine observer might have detected rouge in the bright flush upon her cheek, might have marked that her dress was no longer in its first freshness, and would have looked suspiciously upon her dazzling jewels; but Arthur Cleveland only saw before him a handsome, richly-dressed and elegant woman, and with a half-suppressed sigh of weariness he addressed himself to the task of entertaining her.

But he soon found that, instead of becoming the entertainer, he was to be the entertained. Dexterously evading all his attempts to induce her to tell her name, his visitor at once led the conversation into paths where she was the guide instead of the follower. The comedies of Sardou, the plays and novels of the younger Dumas, the poetry of Hugo and Baudelaire furnished themes on which she conversed with

brilliancy and aplomb : thence the conversation turned to painting, and G  rome, Dor  , Meissonier and De Beaumont were the topics on which she descanted. Then music was mentioned, and the rival claims of Gounod and Thomas, of Verdi and Petrella, of Mozart and Meyerbeer, were discussed with equal grace, fluency and familiarity with the subject. From the works she turned to their creators, and piquant anecdotes were mingled with accounts of entertainments where the guests had been the great novelists, poets, dramatists and composers of modern France. Enthralled, bewildered, fascinated, Arthur listened, his gaze riveted on the mobile face and expressive eyes, his ear charmed by the silvery accents and dramatic expression of the speaker.

Time flew, another hour had sounded from the little bronze clock on the mantelpiece, and still Arthur, deeply interested, strove to prolong the conversation. But after an animated description of a quarrel between   mile de Girardin and the younger Dumas at the Com  die Fran  aise, relative to the production of the former's masterpiece, *Le Supplice d'une Femme*, the lady paused abruptly and rising went to the piano.

"Are you fond of music, M. Cleveland?" she asked. "Shall I sing you something?"

Without waiting for a reply, she ran her fingers over the keys, and after a brief, brilliant prelude began to sing. The song was one of Gounod's romances—a weird, wailing strain in a minor key, the cry of a lost soul enamored of a spotless mortal maiden, conscious that love is vain and can only ruin its object, and moaning forth all its passion in one wild utterance and an eternal farewell. The voice of the singer, an untrained but most expressive mezzo soprano, seemed endowed with superhuman expression and an unearthly charm; and as the last notes died away in a long, despairing "Adieu!" the silence that followed was for some moments unbroken, so deeply had the song impressed its hearer.

At last Arthur spoke : "Oh sing again, if but once more."

"And what shall I sing?" she said in a lively tone, though tears glittered in the large dark eyes which she turned toward him. "What say you to the maddest, merriest composer of modern days? I have sighed with Gounod—shall I laugh now with Offenbach?" And without heeding his impulsive exclamation, "Oh no: why waste such talent on such frivolous music?" she turned again to the piano. But it was no mirthful strain of joyous burlesque that sounded from the keys. As sad and tender as her first song had been, rose the mournful melody of the "Letter Song" from *La P  richole*—that one sweet, mournful strain which Offenbach has given to the world to show us of what varied excellence his genius is capable. Yet as she sang the music assumed a depth of passionate expression undreamed of by the composer, unrendered by any ordinary singer. Not alone her voice, but her whole soul, seemed to pour itself forth into the music, which appeared to be no studied strain conned from the page of a composer, but the spontaneous utterance, the unrestrained revelation, of all the hopeless woe and weariness of the singer's heart.

As the last note sobbed itself into silence she rose from the piano and came toward the couch where Arthur reclined. Strong yet repressed emotion was visible on her features and tears glittered in her eyes, while a deep, brilliant flush mocked and overcame the artificial roses that had before tinged her cheek. As she approached, Arthur, chafing under the fetters of weakness and infirmity, strove to rise from his couch, but with a firm yet gentle hand she repressed the movement, and he sank back submissive to her gesture.

"How you have delighted, enchanted me!" he said. "But who are you, madame?—you who possess all the witcheries that genius can bestow?"

Never to his dying day will Arthur Cleveland forget the look she bent upon him as she answered in tones tremu-

lous with feeling, almost inarticulate with agitation, "Who am I, Arthur? You ask me who I am? Alas! I am only a piece of faded, cast-off finery, like my dress—a miserable imitation, like the diamonds that deck my bosom. I am a poor lost woman, who has dared to love you, and who could not resist the temptation of appearing pure, charming and lovable for a few brief moments in the eyes of the man she adores." She turned toward the door. "Adieu, Arthur," she said, casting on him a glance of mingled tenderness and sadness. "In other days I might have been your guide along the path of vice, but it is your hand now that has pointed out to me the road to heaven. Believe me, a pure, noble, unselfish life like yours preaches trumpet-tongued a sermon that even such as I may hear and heed." Her hand was on the door-handle.

"But stay! Shall I never see you, never hear of you, more?"

"Never while I live!"

"But your name?—tell me at least your name."

She shook her head, and a faint smile crossed her still quivering lips:

"Et je signe La Périchole,
Qui t'aime et n'en peut plus!"

She turned the handle, hesitated a moment, and then hurried back to Arthur's side. A kiss, swift and light as the touch of a zephyr, tender as the caress of a mother, fell upon his brow. Then the door opened, closed again, and in a few moments the heavy roll of a carriage resounding under the arched portecochère announced to him the departure from the hotel of his mysterious visitor.

When Mrs. Cleveland and her daughters returned from the theatre, her vexation was great on discovering that her treasure of a maid, Félicie, had taken her departure, leaving behind her a brief note wherein she respectfully took leave of Madame Cleveland, and announced her determination of making the parting a final one.

"And so Arthur will never see Félicie, after all!" laughed Agnes, more alive to the oddity of that circumstance than to her mother's regret.

III.

From Dr. James S. Belknap to Mr. Arthur Cleveland, Philadelphia.

604 RUE SCRIBE, PARIS, July 6, 1870.

DEAR SIR: You will probably be astonished at receiving a letter from a person whose name is totally unknown to you, but I trust that you will not, after glancing at the signature, throw the letter aside unread; for I write in compliance with the wish of one who knew and loved you well, though to you a total stranger—a woman who has expiated by an heroic and repentant deathbed a life of sin.

A few years ago, among the most celebrated lorettes of Paris, one shone pre-eminent by reason of her mental gifts: for, though her personal attractions were considerable, she could not vie in beauty with many others of the frail sisterhood, while her talent and conversational powers were unrivaled. Unlike the majority of her class, she possessed a warm, generous heart and a certain nobility of soul—qualities which probably prevented her from contesting the supremacy of such queens in iniquity as Celeste Mogador, Anna Deslion and Cora Pearl, to whom in wit, originality and education she was very greatly superior. Her early history is unknown to me, but from casual observation I should say that she had not been born in any station more elevated than that from which the *demi-monde* is usually recruited. She told me that her real name was Philippine Aulaire, and that she had been educated at the convent of Sainte Thérèse, near Dijon; but I learned nothing more, not even the name by which she had been known to the gay world of Paris. She seemed ever striving to forget her past life.

In the summer of 1869 she went to Baden-Baden. Whilst there she heard much talk about the beauty of a young American gentleman staying at the Hôtel de l'Europe, and christened by her associates "*le beau Américain*." You were the person thus designated, and her curiosity being excited, she caused you to be pointed out to her at the races which took place just before

you left Baden for Paris. Mademoiselle Aulaire occupied a barouche within a few feet of yours. She watched you closely during the hours taken up by the races, and by the time her horses' heads were turned homeward, she was in love—wildly, insanely in love—for the first time in her life.

You quitted Baden-Baden the next day, and she followed you to Paris. Two days after you arrived here you were stricken down by that terrible illness which threatened to destroy, if not life itself, sight, strength and the power of locomotion, and from which you so miraculously recovered. By dint of bribing the servants at your hotel, she learned every particular respecting you, and was told that you lay at the point of death. Moved by the wild impulses of her untrained heart, she determined to be near you, to tend you, to watch over your last moments if the dearer privilege of witnessing your restoration to health was denied her. She offered herself for the vacant place of waiting-maid to your mother. One of the most brilliant and accomplished of her female friends enacted the part of her former employer, and gave a glowing account of her talents and good qualities, and your mother engaged her at once. And so for more than three months she dwelt side by side with your pure-minded, high-bred mother and your innocent sisters: she watched beside the couch which threatened so long to be your deathbed, and in every way relieved and aided those who tended you.

And what was the result? The influence of true womanhood, of noble manhood, of all the ties of home, the hallowed bonds of true, unsullied love, made itself felt upon that erring yet not naturally evil nature. The sweet sanctity of home was revealed to her, the perfect purity of spotless womanhood was made known to her. She,

“Like the stained web that whiten in the sun,
Grew pure by being purely shone upon;”

and she realized, by the height to which she might have attained, the depth of the abyss into which she had fallen. She resolved with true heroism to be-

come worthy of the only pure love that had ever filled her heart, shedding an unsullied radiance upon her sinful life. When she first became an inmate of your mother's household she did so with the purpose of revealing herself to you so soon as you were restored to health, and of then claiming at least your sympathy in return for her devotion to you; but by the time your convalescence was fairly established, her purpose was changed, and she shrank from appearing before you, and determined to quit your mother's service before you had ever seen her face. But learning that your mother and sisters intended to leave you alone for one evening—the first on which you were permitted to use your eyes—she was seized by a strong temptation to appear before you and to exercise her mental gifts in fascinating you as she had already done so many others. So for a few bright moments she appeared before you as a brilliant woman of the world, your equal in moral and social standing, and she tasted the exquisite delight of charming and interesting the only man she had ever truly loved. Can you blame her that she paused to drain this last delicious draught from the cup of pleasure before she put the goblet from her lips for ever? For not even Magdalen went forth to the desert sands more truly penitent than Philippine Aulaire when she left the Hôtel du Louvre that night.

It was at this period of her history that my acquaintance with her began. Robed in a garb resembling that of a Sister of Charity—for she could never bring herself to endure the thought of being fettered by convent rules—she took upon herself the arduous and dangerous duty of nursing patients ill with contagious diseases. Her strength, her energy, her patience seemed unbounded, as did also her courage, for she shrank from neither toil nor danger: her qualifications soon became known, and before she had been many weeks in her new vocation, Sœur Thérèse, as she styled herself, had become a well-known and valued assistant to the med-

ical profession of Paris. She evinced a singular preference for taking charge of American patients, and it was thus that I made her acquaintance. We met first beside the bed of a Mr. Grandison, a young New Yorker lying at the point of death with small-pox, and it was during the long night-watches which we shared together that she told me so much of her history as I have now revealed to you.

Early last June the small-pox, which had been for some weeks prevalent in Paris in an epidemic form, spread to an extent and assumed an aspect truly appalling. Always one of the most contagious of diseases, it became ten times more virulent and malignant than ever before: vaccination, disinfection and all the usual preventives lost their power, and nothing but immediate flight from the infected atmosphere of the city saved those who were exposed however slightly to contagion from the attacks of this horrible malady. I, being an American physician, and having a large practice amongst the English as well as the American residents of Paris, could not of course quit my post, and Sœur Thérèse was my indefatigable coadjutor. Night and day we toiled together, and often it fell to the lot of that brave, self-devoted woman to prepare for the grave the remains of those whose last hours she had soothed, whose last sufferings she had alleviated. I often remonstrated with her concerning the little care she took of herself, but she only shook her head and smiled; and once, when I pressed her to tell me the reason of her untiring labors, she answered with one word—"Expiation."

One day she came to me in my office-hours and asked to see me a few moments alone. She told me that the youngest daughter of Count de St. X— had been seized with small-pox in its most malignant form, that relatives and servants had fled from the house in terror, and that the count had implored her to come and tend, and if possible save, his darling child.

"I go," she said, "willingly, gladly, but I have a presentiment that this is the last patient I shall ever nurse."

"A foolish fancy, *ma sœur*," I said, smiling. "Our brave Thérèse must not give way to such ideas."

"I do not give way," she answered, gravely; "but if my presentiment prove true, send *this*"—and she put a small sealed packet into my hand—"to M. Arthur Cleveland (the bankers Drexel know the address), and write him just a few lines to tell him—"

"To tell him what, Thérèse?" I asked, for she paused abruptly.

"Nothing," she said, drawing a veil over her face: "tell him only that I once lived, and that I am no more."

But I do more. I tell you her story as she told it to me during the night-watches beside young Grandison's bed.

She went to the Hôtel de St. X—, and there for more than three weeks she watched beside the dying girl. Her hand alone gave drink to the burning lips, her ear alone was bent to catch the last faint whispers of the departing breath. And then, when all was over, it was she alone who dared to lave the contagion-breathing form, and to fold it in spotless linen for the grave. With the dread fires of the malady already burning in her breast, she lingered till her work was fully accomplished, and then she went away to lay herself down upon a hospital bed to die.

She sent for me at once, and I saw at the first glance that she was past hope, almost past help. And then—

No, I will not attempt to describe the end. But surely, surely, there was joy in heaven the day when this lost sheep was found again and the Great Shepherd received it into His loving arms.

I have fulfilled her last wishes. Enclosed you will find the little packet. And believe me you have no need to blush for the love that you inspired, for pure and true as the purest, truest devotion that ever was given by spotless womanhood to man, was the hopeless tenderness that saddened and purified the life of Philippine Aulaire.

I remain, very truly, yours,
JAMES S. BELKNAP, M. D.

The packet contained three photo-

graphs. One, Arthur recognized as his own likeness, which had mysteriously disappeared from his mother's album whilst they were in Paris. Another recalled to him his fascinating visitor at the Hôtel du Louvre. It represented her in all the splendor of a gorgeous evening-dress and elaborate coiffure, her white arms bare and her finely-moulded shoulders indecorously displayed by the low-cut corsage of her ball-dress. A smile wreathed the lips and a bold, defiant air sat on the handsome face, and harmonized only too well with its beauty. The third picture represented the same woman in a plain gray dress, not unlike that of a nun,

and with a thick veil thrown over her head, but drawn aside, so as not to conceal her features, which wore an indescribable expression of mingled sadness and serenity. On the back of this last photograph were written in pencil the following lines from the *Esmeralda* of Victor Hugo:

"J'ai pris pour moi le tombe, et te laisse le jour.
J'expire: le sort te venge.
Je vais voir, O mon pauvre ange,
Si le ciel vaut ton amour!
Adieu!"

And we think Lily Cameron's love could find no room for cavil or censure in the fact that a tear fell from Arthur's eyes on the penciled lines as he perused them.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CLYTIE LISTENING.

O LOVELY and sufficing! fair wonder among women!—
For, lo! the gates of girlhood have softly closed behind thee—
Why art thou lingering here, in the hush of rose-lined thickets,
Where the eyes of him that cometh shall surely seek and find thee?
'Mongst the honey-hearted flowers his snares are set the thickest;
And where thy feet are straying he shall surely take and bind thee.

Like a folded bloom, tide-taken, on smooth waters, to the ocean,
So, unknowing, toward the hidden drifts thy virginal sweet being.
Ah! my lily-throated darling! are thine eyelids lotus-laden?
Else what is it that thine eyes are so afraid of seeing?
Thou hast heard him but in dreams, thou hast known him but in visions:
What is it counsels loitering when instinct counsels fleeing?

Little ear, that should but listen to the lowest of sweet whispers,
Late you seemed a perfect pearl from her amber hair outgleaming:
Now you're like the pinkest sea-shell of the warm, blue Adriatic,
And the pale bud of her cheek hath caught your brighter seeming.
Chin and temple and low forehead, even red mouth, redder glowing:
O my blossom of all blossoms! with whose glory art thou beaming?

Not a myrtle spray hath rustled in the pathway by the fountain;
The tame dove hath not fluttered 'mid the ripe grapes overhead;
But her neck is bent the way that his distant feet are coming,
Though she stands as still and dreamlike as a phantom of the dead;
And the startled heart that hideth in the white rose of her bosom
Behind its lovely fastness hath leapt—hath heard his tread.

HOWARD GLYNDON.

WILD IRELAND;

OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF SOME DAYS AND NIGHTS WITH FATHER MICHAEL.

VI.

MY FOURTH DAY AT THE PRIEST'S.

THE professor complained over breakfast of fatigue. I was not surprised: I myself felt slightly stiff. Father Michael alone, accustomed to the country, its ups and downs, soft bog and hard road, was untouched.

"Well, Rodgers," said the priest, "the best prescription I can give you is, walk your fatigue off.—I have told you, gentlemen," he continued, "how I shall be occupied one part of the day, and some calls I have to make will take up another part. Now, do you two ramble about at your ease and get on to McHugh's, where I'll meet you. Recollect, we have the salmon for dinner; so don't let old Mac entangle you. I put the injunction on you, Rodgers, emphatically. Don't believe his standing asseveration that 'a drap o' potheen with hot wather an' sugar, an' the laste taste av a squeeze o' limmon, will do ye divil a bit av harrum, but all the good in the world.' Many has he beguiled with it. Don't be wake, Rodgers. Mind my words, and listen not to the charming of the serpent. The day is beautiful in all aspects."

Father Michael rose from the table. For a moment he stood in thought and murmured, "Poor Miss May!" Then he chanted lowly to himself, "*Domini est salus, Domini est salus, Christi est salus: salus tua, Domine, sit semper nobiscum. Amen.*"

I afterward learned from him that this was the conclusion of the magnificent *Luireach Phadruig*, a hymn composed, it is asserted, by Saint Patrick, on his way from Slane to Tara to escape from threatened assassination, on Easter Saturday, A. D. 433. Dr. Petrie, in his *History and Antiquities of Tara Hill*, tells us that the hymn "is still popularly

remembered in many parts of Ireland, and a portion of it is to this day repeated by the people, usually at bed-time."

The priest had now left us to our own devices. I asked the professor whether he had any special purpose before him. He had none. I proposed that we should go about among the people and see what we could of them.

"And what will we see," he demanded, "but dirt and distress, pigs and potatoes? I've seen them all my life—never was out of sight of them."

"Well, they are just what I want to see," I replied; "and you are just the man to guide me and guarantee me. You are, I have noticed, well known to them, and respected as a man of learning and friend of their priest."

"Surely, surely, yes, yes: dear me! yes, I will be your guide."

Reverence for men of learning is yet a remarkable trait of character in the Irish country-people. It matters nothing to them that they do not know even what the learning is. It is enough that it is learning of some sort. Touching stories are told of cottiers who sheltered and fed "poor scholars" in the days of the hedge schoolmasters.

The young Irish rustics (I knew nothing of the town lads) are singularly apt at acquiring the elementary knowledge given in the national schools—the schools banned at once by the Roman Catholic hierocracy and the pharisaical portion of the Protestants of the Anglican Church. But notwithstanding the schools, and the aptitude of the youth at learning, appalling ignorance lies like a black cloud all over Ireland. Whether it is that the boy is taken too early from school; whether he cannot, from want of constant opportunity of applying his knowledge, retain it;

whether it is that as he grows into the man he loses his acuteness; or whether other influences work the mischief,—I pretend not to decide. The fact is there, and I suspect the bigotry and self-seeking of rival churches are to be blamed for its existence.

Mr. Rodgers decided that we should skirt the Rath lands, avoid the bog, and work round to our tryst on solid ground.

We reached the cross-road from the Rath as the funeral train was leaving the house. The gathering of people was great, including, we learned, all the tenants, young and old, and many from other town-lands. Now and again a loud, melancholy wail arose. It was the wail of women. The sound was mellowed by the distance at which we stood, but it awed us, and we moved not till the train was hidden from our sight by a hill around which it wound.

The professor was visibly affected. His thin lips twitched nervously, and tears chased one another down his furrowed cheeks. I shame not to confess that for a moment, I felt the influence of the common sorrow. We heard the cries of real mourners, the wild utterances of hearts full of grief. There was no make-believe there. And we knew the sad, sad history of the gentle woman whose remains they were carrying away. Possibly the professor thought of his wife, his lost Eleen.

When Mr. Rodgers had recovered his equanimity he said the incident of this funeral had brought to his mind the striking Irish ballad, "The Geraldine's Daughter." He recited two appropriate verses with much taste:

"The step of yon train is heavy and slow:
There's wringing of hands, there's breathing of woe.
What melody rolls over mountain and water?
'Tis the funeral chant for the Geraldine's Daughter.

"The requiem sounds like the plaintive moan
Which the wind makes over the sepulchre's stone:
Oh, why did she die? Our heart's blood had
bought her!
Oh, why did she die, the Geraldine's Daughter?"

"Is the Banshee superstition still among you, Mr. Rodgers?"

"Superstition, quotha! It was a belief, strong as belief in Heaven. Yes, here and there it is, I would say. The

ballad I have cited from has beautiful mention of it. Hearken:

'Speak low! speak low! the *bean sighe* is crying:
Hark, hark to the echo! "She's dying!"—*She's dying!*

What shadow flits dark'ning the face of the water?
'Tis the swan of the lake—'tis the Geraldine's Daughter.

'Hush, hush! have you heard what the *bean sighe* said?

Oh list to the echo! "She's dead!"—*She's dead!*
No shadow now dims the face of the water:
Gone, gone is the wraith of the Geraldine's Daughter!

There are two shadowy beings in this, observe; for perhaps you have taken it that the wraith and *bean sighe* are one and the same. The wraith is the shade or airy image of the person about to die. Generally it appears to the doomed person only. *Bean sighe* means, literally, a woman spirit, and the appearance warns of coming death by loud, fearful cries."

"In England we should call her the screeching woman."

"Not a doubt of that! You vulgarize even your creations of the imagination. You got your fairies from us, and you have brutalized them. Irish brain could not have conceived such a coarse, muscular being as the lubbard fiend your Milton has depicted. And they are ever on the prowl for meat and drink."

"Meat and drink, professor, are mighty good things; and I must say that if western and southern Irishmen were choicer in their eating and drinking—their eating especially—it would be better for them. As long as they are content to live on potatoes, with a hard knot in the middle to prevent them from digesting too rapidly, they must be content with misery and famine. Look about you! How few acres in sight are for aught but potatoes! Well did your countryman, Doctor Drennan, christen the potato 'Ireland's lazy-root.' It causes low wages, and low wages cause indifference in farmers to push and enterprise; and a consequence of that is, that thousands can earn no wages at all. Ireland is not a quarter cultivated. That hovel before us, and all the wretchedness within it, are a consequence of potato-eating. I'll wager

you a shilling Pat's not at home. His *loy* stands where he left work, and that is the only implement of cultivation he possesses."

"I'll not take your wager; but it is Pat Hennessey that's the man of the house, and we'll make bold to go in."

In we went, and the professor, after the preliminary "God save all here!" commenced a dialogue in Irish, for not a word of English was at the command of the good-looking but ragged woman he addressed.

"Where's Pat?"

"Gone to the funeral."

"And the work standing! What had he with the funeral?"

"As much as any living soul there, sir. Much we owed to the lady they have taken away, God rest her soul! Oh, may he that killed her lie in eternal torments, ever and evermore! The work will go right enough, with the help of God, to-morrow."

In a corner of the cabin, stretched on a heap of heath, I saw a youth of some sixteen years. I directed Mr. Rodgers' attention to him.

"What are you doing there, Mister Hennessey junior? Come to the fore and let us have a little talk with you."

"Deed I can't, Mister Rodgers," the boy answered.

"Sure," interposed Mrs. Hennessey, "he trod on the *feur gurtagh*—the hungry grass—and he's fainting weak."

"It was hunger, my poor boy, brought you to this," said the professor, speaking to the lad, and at the same time he moved to his pallet.

I heard him say, "Pulse feeble," and then inquire how he came to tread on the *feur gurtagh*.

The answer was, "Sure, sir, I am after coming from Westport this morning, and crossing the mountain here I fainted away. I'd no meat in me since yesterday noon."

"It's as I surmised," said the professor to me. "He's suffering from hunger: we must see to his relief."

"This *feur gurtagh*, what is the meaning of it?"

"The popular meaning is, that when

one is struck with faintness when traveling, the *feur gurtagh* has been trodden on. I have a thousand times asked for a specimen of this same hungry grass, or hunger grass, and never could I get it. It has none but an imaginary existence, you may be certain."

I left Pat Hennessey's cabin with smarting eyes. There was no vent in the roof for the smoke, and the place was full of reek from a turf-fire burning on the floor. We hastened on to McHugh's, that we might procure needful food for the lad we had left so much in want of nourishment.

Mrs. McHugh, with the kindness that is a prominent virtue in Irish women, was quick in despatching all we deemed needful.

"An' now, gentlemen," said McHugh, "ye'll take a taste o' rale stuff. You look as if you would, Mister Rodgers, but your friend looks as if he wouldn't. But I say yes. I'm master o' ceremonies here, and ye will dance to my directions. A drap o' potheen, with hot wather an' sugar, an' the laste taste av a squeeze av limmon, will do ye divil a bit av harrum, an' all the good in the world. So I'll take no *no*. Mary dear, let us have the things—the wather screeching hot."

"Dear me, yes, McHugh! I agree with you. One single glass—no more," modestly said Mr. Rodgers.

I whispered, "You are setting at naught the priest's injunction." He made no sign, but eagerly watched the brewing.

"Did I hear you mention Father Mick?" asked McHugh.

"He is to meet us here."

"Not a man in the wide world I'd sooner see! And, as I say it, I see him on the new road over the bog: he's a full mile distant, an' he's a merciful man to his baste."

Mr. Rodgers was disturbed by this announcement, but the last clause reassured him. The priest, however, got over his ground smartly, and broke in on our bibation.

"Just as I expected!" he exclaimed. "I had premonition of this. I will put

you to trouble, Rodgers, for violation of my injunction. And you, too, McHugh, for leading my friends into sin."

"Ah now, Father Mick, don't be spoiling good fellowship," retorted the old farmer. "It's not often we've the stranger. God be good to us! but it's not turning revenue officer you are?"

"Well, Mac, now pay attention: this is the punishment I'll put on you. We have got a big salmon to dine on to-day: you shall come and help us; so get out your old car and drive us home."

"Faith, but I'd like to do pinnance every day in the week on the same tarms. We'll be aff in the snap of a finger. An' I'll put up a bottle av—whist!—an' a limmon or two. A drap o' potheen, with hot wather an' sugar, an' the laste taste av a squeeze av limmon, will do ye divil a bit av harrum, an' all the good in the world. An' hqw's old Peggy? Faith, she's a timper!—there's no goin' agin that. We'll be at it. I like to rub her contrary the grain. Pat, ye lim'! the car's not out. Are we goin' aff or no?"

"There's a link in the trace broke, an' it's bin broke these two months, an' you knowin' it."

"Out o' this! Is there nare a rope will do?"

"Arrah now, you wouldn't be sinding the priest an' his frinds aff that way?"

Master and man disappeared.

The upshot was, that we went on our way with one leather trace and one hempen. Celtic to the backbone! thought I. Procrastination, ever procrastination! McHugh, no doubt, had fifty times settled to have the trace mended, and as many times put the job off for some other opportunity. In another case I heard a cottier declare five times in one week, "I'll 'ave the wather from thim potatoes," and six months after the water was there, he then vowing he would make a drain before the spring came.

On our way we stopped at a cabin of a kind somewhat better than Hennessey's, inasmuch as it had a chimney. The priest invited me to follow him. A man and woman and four children were

at dinner. The meal was potatoes boiled in the skin. There was a skibful. The skib, a shallow basket, stood on a three-legged stool, and the family, save father and mother, who were seated on the only seats I could see, stood round helping themselves. Neither knife nor fork was in use. Coarse salt was used to flavor the tubers, and a scanty supply of buttermilk to wash them down. And yet the owner of this cabin was "pretty well-to-do." He had a pig and two cows, one of the cows being then in the cabin sick, and no doubt undergoing some horrible process of physic. These cottiers, when they have cattle, lodge them in the cabin with themselves, and in bad weather keep them tied up for days together. Heated and sweated in the close cabin, and very sparingly fed, they are unfit to bear cold or wet on being turned out. The natural result is, frequent sickness, and too often the loss, of cattle.

Should it happen that the sickness of a cow is attributed to fairy malice, some cunning old hag or vagabondizing old knave is called in to cure the fairy blast or fairy shot. Mysterious ceremonies are performed, and concoctions are compounded in secret, by wells and springs, to be applied as a charm. Probably the charm is made of medicinal herbs, but the secret is unknown to the uninitiated. Success and failure are rewarded alike, for the latter is readily accounted for by a people who are in some sort fatalists. "It was to be—the Lord's will be done!"

Cows occasionally "fall off in butter." The misfortune may or may not be from fairy spite; but if it be certainly the doing of the "wee people," charms are brought into operation. I have heard that in the mountains of Ballycroy the people take bewitched cows to a holy lake, and certain prayers are fervently put up at the water-side. Following the devotions, the cow's spancel or tether is rolled up in a close ring, like a dish-mat, to serve as a float: a lump of butter made from the cow's own milk is put upon the float, and then it is committed to the waters. Per-

haps we have in this a relic of idolatry, a propitiatory offering. In other districts it is the belief that the failure of butter is caused by night-hags skimming the milk; and there is a preventive that lasts for a whole year. On May-day morning the milch cows are driven to holy wells, and the first that drink from the well at sunrise are secure against witches. The struggle to get first possession of a well is like a struggle for life, for the virtue of the water enters into the first drinkers only.

I do not know that the Irish have spells against land-witching and spells to promote fertility in land, though our English forefathers had. The fact that the English were *acermen* when the Irish were simply herdsmen may account for the deficiency of the latter in this particular.

OUR DINNER, AND OVER THE PUNCH.

"Did you, Mac, ever see the like of that fish taken with trout tackle?" exclaimed Father Michael as Peggy put the salmon on the table.

"He is the fish, sure enough!" said McHugh; "but how am I to take you, Father Mick? Are you puttin' it on me? You're not tellin' me you took that fellow with a trout-rod?"

"Sure I am."

"It's braggin' you are?"

"Not a bit, Mac. Tim saw the affair from first to last."

"Well, yer riverence, I'm convinced; an' we'll ate him the better for knowin' how he came by his death. More power to ye, Father Mick, an' better luck next time, supposin' it possible! Professor Rodgers, we'll swim him again presently."

The professor looked pleasant.

"Now, Mac, tell us how he tastes to you," commanded the priest.

"Be me troth, then, you've put a puzzle on me. Whether it's the fish or the cook, or a bit of both, I'm not able to say; but this I'll say, I niver in my days tasted the like. The lord-lifinant would be glad to sit down to it, let alone the bishop, who is likely takin' his dinner on salt cod, with a taste o' sas av

some sort, an' a thrifle o' vinegar to improve it. Peggy, I'll be her bail, would get the cook's place at the Castle, did she apply for it."

McHugh's adroit flattery gratified the priest. It was plainly a sincere feeling of gratification in McHugh that prompted his roundabout compliments.

Neither one nor other of us was a laggard over table. Dinner was soon over and Peggy called in.

"I'm not goin' to compliment ye, Peggy," said McHugh, "but—"

"An' I'm not expectin' it, so ye may stop yer *cab*—an' it's ugly enough," fired Peggy.

"Ye're too fast," returned McHugh; "an' if ye're not for the compliment, I'll give ye the other thing: ye spoiled the *bairneach* (limpet) sas."

"An', Misther McHugh, how long have ye bin, a judge of sarse? It's little ye see av that at home. Come up, me owld *asal*: here's Paddy McHugh judgin' sarse, an' carry me aff. That I should live to hear it! The world's comin' to end for sartin'."

"Ye hurry yerself, Peggy, more than's good for ye. I was goin' to say the *carran* (shrimp) sas never had the aquil. An' I've said somethin' to his riverence about the *bradan*."

"What! behind me back?" fiercely demanded Peggy.

"Stop, stop, Peggy," interposed the priest, "and hear me. He eulogized the salmon and the cookery both, but professed himself unable to decide whether he owed the gustatory enjoyment he experienced in eating it to the fish itself or to the cook; and he added you would get the cook's place at the Castle if you applied for it."

"I don't all out understan' what you've said, Father Mick, but it'll be somethin' good or you wouldn't ha' said it. The cook's place at the Castle I'd not have, but I've a conceit I'd get it did I try." Turning to McHugh, Peggy continued: "The devil speed ye to wickedness, that 'ull hang ye! why did ye put on me? I'll be even wid ye, or call me *laffeen scuddaun*—a ha'penny herrin', sure," she explained to me.

"We'll drap it, Peggy, for the prisent, anyhow," said McHugh; "an' ye'll let us have the kittle here for hot wather, an' the sugar: for the rest we're provided;" and thrusting his hand into his big pocket, he drew out a lemon.

"*Liomoid buidhe!*" exclaimed Peggy—"yallow limmon! That's somethin' in these parts! An' ye can't take yer drink widout limmon in it? Ye learned that in Dublin. The counthry's goin' to ruin."

"I've forgot the bottle," suddenly shouted McHugh, "an' I put it in the well, lapt in an owld coat! At this minit I'd not give the value of a *tranceen* for it." Out McHugh flung, but speedily returned with the precious bottle. "I'd ha' wagered it was gone," he said as he put it down in great relief of mind.

Mac's brewage was delicious. The brewer filled the glasses and made his standing assertion, that "A drap o' potheen with hot wather an' sugar, an' the laste taste av a squeeze av limmon, will do ye divil a bit of harrum, an' all the good in the world."

"There is, I believe, Mr. McHugh, a very heavy penalty on persons having possession of potheen?"

"There is, sir—a hundred pounds; and, of course, on the distiller too. But worse than that, if a still be found on a property and the owners are not to be had, the penalty falls on the landlord."

"Is there much illicit distilling now?"

"Not so much as there was, by a great deal. There is some, though—most in the islands. Not so long ago I was walking round Lough —. On the west side the turf is fifteen feet deep. I was walking on, thinking of nothing but the mullet that get into the lough from the sea at certain seasons, when without warning I dropped into a hole, and only by spreading out my arms was I saved from going overhead. I got myself out, and making inquiry into the affair, I found I had gone down the vent of a still-house cut out in the solid bed of turf. There was the still and all complete. I got away as quick as I could. The place was wild and lone-some, and the people in that part have

a bad character. There was a police station within three miles of the place, and a coast-guard station not much over half a mile off. Thinks I, it will be mighty odd if that still has a long course of prosperity. I said nothing to anybody, and kept my ears open. I was not long in waiting. The people got wind the still was betrayed. There was a great rush—and it was on a dark night—of people concerned to carry off the things. One had a churn to hold the mash, another a tub, and so on. The still was carried to Lough Dhu and pitched into it. The revenue boys found an empty house: great search was made, and some bottles of the stuff were dug up in a garden behind a poor boy's house. Then came summonses and the quarter sessions. There was some delightful swearing, kissing the thumb, plain perjury, shuffle and cut, the Lord knows what; but, as regarded the bottles found, it turned out that they were in the garden of a deserted cabin, and though there was no fence between the two, the police failed to fix possession on Mick Dunn. The main process was blown up by an English gentleman, a stranger—maybe it was yourself, sir—who in talking to the people got hold of the facts, saw where a big mistake had been made, explained it to Father —, and he to the attorney; and, whew! there was an end in no time."

"It is a bad business, this smuggling, I should say."

"No, no—one success is a good set-off against two losses. It is the most profitable way of disposing of barley, even now, to the malt-growers, but formerly it was the only way to profit. And why not? why should not the people put their crops to the most profitable use?"

"I'll tell you what, Mac," said the priest, "the answer to your question is plain. A government is bound to prevent the people under its rule from demoralizing themselves. Whisky—still—ever was a curse, destroying all it touched, body and soul. The affair you have spoken of was, I know, an affair marked by treachery, and you have said black perjury followed. It is bad,

Mac, root, stem and branch. I own I am not greatly inclined to condemn the island people, and if I find an excuse, I freely give them the benefit of it. It is hard to get a living in those island places, cut off from us for weeks at a time by the raging Atlantic. I have known a priest to lend Miskeam barrels. The islanders are badly cared for, and I may say are forced by Nature to break the law."

"Here's for you, then, Father Mick," said McHugh: "why do you drink potheen?"

"For two reasons, Mac: first, out of charity to the distressed islanders; second, out of charity to myself, to save myself from the 'Parlemint'—from being poisoned or else destroyed by slow combustion.—Do you know," continued the priest, throwing the subject aside, "that Dan McCann's daughter was married yesterday?"

"I do, and with the help of God I'll be at the wedding-feast to-morrow."

"What does Dan give with his daughter? I partly know, but what is the talk?"

"Twelve head of cattle, I've heard, and she's four of her own, from her owld grandfather. But she's the proud lady! Faith, but she might be Lord Sligo's niece, the way she howlds her head. See how she treated Cormic Moore, as fine a boy as ever trod on the daisies! She drew him away. His fault was his poverty. But his character was spotless, and *fearr clu' na conach*."

"That is," explained Father Michael, "'Character is better than wealth.'"

"True for you!" continued McHugh. "I would have had her in spite of her teeth—that I would! It's not I would have carried water in a sieve to her. I'd a-flouted her and flouted her: och, but I'd a-tormented her to surrender at discretion, as they say."

"*Go reidh a bhean na d-tri mbo*," cried Father Michael.

McHugh burst into a loud laugh: "You're taking me down. I was boasting, to be sure."

"This Mary McCann we are talking of," said the priest, addressing me, "is a good specimen of our western rustic

beauties. Lover made a drawing of one—it might be her—and had it printed. He did credit to himself and the country."

"Yes, Father Michael, I have seen the drawing, and it is a faithful limning. The slim, lithe and beautiful maidens that haunt the edges of these black bogs of yours are worthy of the pencils of greater artists than Lover; and they are as pleasant, lively and arch as they are beautiful. But I should say they fall off rapidly as they age."

"True, sir, but I am told that those of them that get young to England do not lose their good looks—at least not so early as here. Is it so?"

"Where they get good food, good air and light labor it is so, Father Michael. It would be so here under conditions of good food, clothing and freedom from muscular toil."

"Did you," inquired Professor Rodgers, "know what the priest said when he pulled Mac up?"

"No."

"Then you shall hear. There is an old Irish song, meant as a reprimand on pride in mean people, and what O'Brien said is a popular sarcasm on boasters. It is, 'Easy, O woman of three cows!' I'll sing Clarence Mangin's English version of the song."

The punch was taking hold. "Go on!" shouted McHugh.

"What do you say, O'Brien? I'll not alarm the police or bring in the 'riveneue.'"

"By all means," laughed the priest. "I have a recollection that the song is a century and a half old."

"O woman of three cows, agra! don't let your tongue thus rattle!

Oh don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you have the cattle.

I have seen—and, here's my hand to you, I only say what's true—

A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.

"Good luck to you! Don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser,

For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser,

And death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human brows:

Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good woman of three cows!

"See where Momonia's heroes lie, proud Owen
More's descendants!

'Tis they that won the glorious name and had the
grand attendants:

If they were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal
bows,

Can you be proud, can you be stiff, my woman of
three cows?

* * * * *

"Your neighbor's poor, and you, it seems, are big
with vain ideas,

Because, inagh! you've got three cows—one more,
I see, than she has:

That tongue of yours wags more at times than cha-
rity allows,

But if you're strong, be merciful, great woman of
three cows!

"Now, there you go! You still, of course, keep up
your scornful bearing,

And I'm too poor to hinder you; but, by the cloak
I'm wearing,

If I had but four cows myself, even though you
were my spouse,

I'd thwack you well to cure your pride, my woman
of three cows!"

"That's it, by the powers!" roared
McHugh, starting up. "I'd have given
it my lady three times a day. Well
done, Professor Rodgers!"

Mr. Rodgers remarked that he had
omitted three stanzas of the song. They
overloaded it, he thought. "Few, even
among ourselves, know of the rich store
of Irish song we have," he added; "and
shame be on the fact!"

Peggy coming in to "sort the fire,"
turned the professor from his purpose,
for he had evidently set in for a lecture
on Irish ballad-lore.

"Ah, Peggy!" cried McHugh, "I'll
ax ye to tay on Winsday next comin',
if ye'll accept the invitation. But, me
bean-tighearna, ye spiled the *bairneach*,
an' I'm not sure ye didn't put somethin'
unlawful in the *carran* sas."

"Bad luck to the man! what is it he
manes?" demanded Peggy, looking at
the priest. An answer came from the
professor. "Experimintin' on me tem-
per, do ye say, Profeshor Rodgers?"
Turning sharp on McHugh, she ex-
claimed, "McHugh, ye owld haythen!
I scorn yer tay. Tay! ye couldn't give
me tay. Bog-wather! That I'd be in-
vited to tay by a dirty bog *sgolog*! Och!
lade me out—I'm overcome!" But she
wanted no "lading," for out she flounced
with a vigor of bang that roused up

Finny, and caused a display of teeth
that made McHugh start.

There was a loud laugh at the bog-
farmer, but not a bit disconcerted was
he. His laugh was as loud as the loud-
est. "Father Mick," said he, "it's a
wonder to me how two sich timpers as
this baste's and old Peggy's can live
under thatch an' not set it on fire be-
tween 'em."

Time was hurrying into the late hours,
and I was anxious to draw information
from one so well fitted as McHugh to
give it; so I turned the conversation on
the cottiers. McHugh looked at his
watch. "I'll be *amugh a stoidhche*,
Father Mick—belated, sir," he said.
"But, in for a penny in for a pound."

"The cottiers are up to the chin in
poverty, black poverty, and, so far as I
can judge, they'll never as cottiers be
much better: better they may be, but
never clear of the uncertainty they will
ever be in. They depend mainly on
the potato crop, and if there comes a
short season, saying nothing of a bad
one, there is naught but starvation for
them. The few eggs or the pig they
have go to pay the rents, and murder-
ing rents many—most, I may say—
pay. I met a woman, Father Mick,
from a property north of us—I won't
name it, for the landlord's an old Turk,
and would put the law on me—'Biddy,'
said I, 'how is it with you?' 'Just
middlin',' said she, 'an' thanks be to
God I'm no worse!' 'And where are
ye?' 'We've a place among the clouds
yonder.' 'What are ye paying, if it's
fair to ask?' said I. 'Fifteen shilling
the acre,' answered she. 'Fifteen pence
ye mean, Biddy,' said I. 'I mean what
I've said,' she returned. 'God help ye,
Biddy!' said I. 'It's that or the road
we had before us,' said Biddy. 'It was
wild land, and bad wild land, and not
worth more than eighteen pence. The
people are over-rented, sir. Then they
are ignorant how to make the most of
the land. Many who could grow oats,
won't, and, what's worse, they won't be
taught. Where rye will grow—and, as
they think, nothing but rye—oats may
be made to grow."

"Begging your pardon, Mac," interrupted the priest, "I don't believe it."

"That's it, Father Mick: 'I don't believe it,' 'it can't be done,' is just the ruin of the country. Look at my oats on the bog!"

"Mac, Mac, your bog is an exception to the general run, and you know it."

"Who made it so but myself? Not a grain could I get out of it the first time I tried. Oh, Father Mick," triumphantly added Mac, "I'm not the man to be tossed over that way. Well, sir, another affliction on the poor people is this: when they are run short of food, or maybe run out altogether, they are forced to pawn their next year's labor to the *gombeen*-men. From those men they get provisions on credit, at an increase on the regular price of fifteen to fifty per cent. Start in the *gombeen*-trade, and you are sure of an easy-got fortune. There are farmers, too, men of my standing, who don't do fairly by the people. They let plots to men, mostly on ground in the rough, put a heavy rent on, and hold their tenants tied to labor for them when called on. No money, in the shape of wages, passes between them; and when they come to square up on rent-day, the unhappy cottier, ten to one, is in debt. So it is, sir; and you'll see this, that nothing will mend it that does not increase labor in the country. We want employment for the people, and there is ample room to employ them in. Deficiency in enterprise among us is not the least disorder we are suffering from."

"Mac," said Father Michael, "your English friends have spoiled the Irishman in you."

"I'm sorry to hear that from you, Father Mick. I have been over to England with the cattle, and I have always gone about with my eyes and ears open. What I have profited I thank God for; and I am as good an Irishman as the best under the canopy, but I will not fool my own convictions. Father Mick, the punch is out, we are three sober men, and I must take the road."

The car was ordered out, and we accompanied the sturdy farmer to the door. There was Peggy and there was Tim.

"I'll be to me tay on Winsday, Mister McHugh," Peggy called.

"Ye'll be right wilcom', Peggy. Mind ye don't fail."

"Wid the help of God, I'll not. God bless ye, an' a safe journey to ye!"

"I'm takin' Tim with me, Father Mick. He'll bring owld Ambler back by screech of day in the marn."

"It's company he wants. He's feared to see the good people by hisself," Peggy whispered to me.

The car rumbled off, and we returned to the fire for a few moments, to take off the chill the night air had given us. That effected, we retired to our beds, and with a satisfied feeling that, in limited quantity, McHugh's "drap o' potheen, with hot wather, and the laste taste av a squeeze of limmon, will do ye divil a bit of harrum, an' all the good in the world."

B. DONBAVAND.

AT SEA IN A SAIL-BOAT.

"THE true state of the case," said MacLane, when he had arranged his seat satisfactorily, "is as follows, and all the gossip which the world has kindly invented, and which I fear you ladies were on the point of rehearsing, is sheer, utter nonsense. I have known Tom Church ever since I have known anything; and as for Miss Annie Creighton, my sister Fanny and she were school-friends, and it has been currently reported that I was profoundly melancholy for some months after her engagement with Tom was announced. Be that as it may, we had a right pleasant party at Barley Beach that summer. Mr. and Mrs. Creighton were there with their daughter Annie, and Tom Church came—well, we will say because he and I were inseparables, and I had to be there on escort-duty with my sister, as her husband could not leave town. Such was our quartette, and I fear that we were rather exclusive in our constant companionship on drives and excursions of all kinds. I had my boat, the *Eaglewing*, sent round to Barley, that we might not be dependent on local craft, which, by the way, were called 'yachts' even if they were no larger than a good-sized wash-tub. Excuse the mention of so vulgar an article: I presume none of you ladies ever saw one?"

"Never!" "Oh dear, no!" said everybody except little Alice Preston, who innocently remarked, "Why, how funny! I've seen ever so many." When the laughter which arose at Allie's unsuspecting speech had subsided, the tale went on:

"Of course we four spent a part of almost every favorable day on the water, as we were all very fond of sailing. The ladies soon learned to steer under ordinary circumstances, and used to quarrel for a turn at the helm, although they were by no means so anxious to do their share at handling the ropes. One afternoon we had an unusually

steady breeze, strong enough to raise something of a sea, but so steady that a child could manage the boat. We stood off and on until the sun began to approach the horizon, when we found ourselves some six or eight miles from the hotel, and just off the mouth of Gate Harbor.

"We were going about to stand for home, when we became aware of a huge sword-fish slowly sculling himself to windward a short distance from our starboard bow. I always kept a harpoon and the necessary tackle for sword-fishing under the half-deck; and as the ladies were eager to see and share in the sport, Tom and I hastily prepared the tackle, the ladies meanwhile watching the fish and keeping the boat in his wake. For the benefit of those who are not familiar with the science of sword-fishing, I will explain that the iron harpoon is made fast to one end of a long line, while to the other end is fastened an empty keg. The shaft or handle of the harpoon is simply thrust into the hollow part of the iron tightly enough to hold its weight. The line is made fast to the iron after passing through two rings attached to the shaft, which readily becomes detached from the iron when the fish is struck, and remains hanging loosely by its rings. By this arrangement the fish is less likely to free himself from the harpoon. When a fish is once struck, the line, keg and all are thrown overboard, and the fish darts off, towing the keg after him until he either escapes or tires himself out. The boat meanwhile follows the keg until it can again be taken on board, by which time the fish is probably so far exhausted as to be easily captured.

"We were soon ready, and I, as the most experienced harpooner, took my station by the heel of the bowsprit. Thanks to Tom's steering, I soon had an excellent sight, and by good or bad

luck succeeded in making a capital hit, striking the fish about a foot back of his head. Thus rudely disturbed in his evening swim, he went off like a flash. I cast off the keg, and in an instant it was skipping over the water like a cork, dashing the foam high in air as it struck the top of each succeeding wave. The fish was too hard hit to make a long run, and in about half an hour we had come up with the keg, lifted it in-board, and were cautiously hauling the almost exhausted fish alongside. My sister had the helm, and was keeping the boat's head as near the wind as possible; Annie was near her, watching the process of capture; Tom stood on a thwart, coiling away the line and keeping all clear in case the fish should have a dying flurry; I stood outside the wash-board, hauling in the line as fast as I could. I had nearly brought him along side when I felt the boat lurch slightly to windward: before I could turn I heard an exclamation from Fanny, followed by the dull sound of a blow, and the peculiar gasp which a man sometimes gives when he is knocked senseless. At the same moment I received a heavy stroke across the back and shoulders, and of course went head foremost over-board. Slightly stunned by the blow, I knew enough not to struggle, and presently rose to the surface, rubbed the water from my eyes and looked for the boat. At first I did not see her, but when I rose on the next wave, I discovered her scudding before a squall a hundred feet off. I could see no one at the helm, and wondered why the boat did not come up in the wind of her own accord. The next sight I caught of her, Fanny was at the helm, and I shouted to her to put the tiller hard down, but the wind scattered my words before they had gone half the distance, and away sped the Eagle-wing, now two hundred feet distant. This time I discovered the cause of her self-steering: the harpoon line was towing over the stern, stretched so tightly that I knew the iron still kept its hold in the sword-fish's side. Fanny remained at the helm, and seemed trying to bring the

boat around. She was not strong enough, however, to force the rudder against the dragging power of the fish, and in a few moments I gave up all hope of regaining the boat, and naturally turned my thoughts toward my own somewhat forlorn condition. The sky was now obscured by black driving clouds, the sun had set and night was fast closing down. From time to time, as I rose on the crest of a sea, I could catch a momentary glimpse of the boat's white sail, now far out on the horizon. What would be the fate of the merry party of a few minutes before I could only conjecture, and my conjectures amounted so nearly to certainty that they were by no means encouraging. Here my own experience of the affair ends, and I give the adventures of the Eagle-wing and her passengers as I heard them afterward from the best authority.

"It seems that while we were—"

"But, Mr. MacLane," said little Alice with tears in her eyes, "aren't you going to tell us what became of you?"

"Oh yes," said MacLane, "certainly, if you wish to hear. I fared the best of any one. You remember I told you we were just off the mouth of Gate Harbor, where there is a large bell-buoy on a sunken reef. When I had time to consider my own situation, I looked about for the buoy, and discovered it half a mile to leeward. It was a long and hard swim, but I made out to do it, although it was pretty dark when I laid hold of the life-ladder which Uncle Sam had kindly provided for such castaways as I, and climbed into the basket which the same thoughtful relative had likewise furnished for my use. I was taken off the next morning by an inward-bound brig, from whose crew I had the first news of my fellow-voyagers. They told me that at about ten o'clock the night before they had nearly run down a small boat going before the wind. They heard a woman scream, but the boat vanished in the darkness at once, and was seen no more, although the skipper had spent an hour or two in searching for her.

"As I was about to say when Miss Alice asked for my own adventures, we did not notice, during the excitement of our sword-fish chase, that the wind had fallen, while a dark, ragged scud driving seaward had nearly covered the sky. Just as we were securing our fish, Fanny discovered the squall close upon us, and instantly gave the alarm. Her warning came too late, for as she spoke the first puff caught the main-sheet and swept it across the boat. The ladies fortunately stood low enough to escape the swing of the boom, but it struck poor Tom on the side of the head, knocking him senseless among the ballast-bags and dislocating his right arm at the shoulder. Providentially, the cleat to which the main-sheet was made fast gave way with the sudden strain, and the sail swung round against the shrouds. This probably saved the lives of all on board, for if the cleat had held the boat must inevitably have upset. As you already know, I went into the water and disappeared from the sight of those on board. Fanny, in the first moment of alarm, left the helm and looked over the side for me. The boat immediately filled away before the wind, the harpoon-line and keg caught in some of the wood-work, and the sword-fish, acting as a drag, kept the boat on her course. On recovering from their first fright both ladies went to look after Tom: he lay in the bottom of the boat, pale as death and utterly senseless. Relieved at finding him still alive, Fanny went back to the helm, and now discovered me far astern. She tried to bring the boat around, but had not the strength; and not being sailor enough to see what was the matter, she did not think of cutting loose from the sword-fish. A man's head in the water can only be seen for a short distance when there is anything of a sea: my sister soon lost sight of me entirely, and the two ladies set themselves to the task of stowing Tom more comfortably. Annie had done what she could while Fanny was at the helm, but it was only with their united strength that they contrived to shift him into an apparently easier position.

"By this time the sun was down, and with the dark storm-clouds overhead, the rising sea and their own utterly helpless condition, no wonder the poor girls wellnigh gave up to despair. They of course considered me lost, and could only look to Heaven for help to themselves. Fortunately for them, the wind settled into a steady gale, which was heavy, but not dangerously violent like the first squall, and the Eagle-wing, although staggering under her heavy mainsail, behaved nobly, and with the sword-fish for steersman dashed over the waves at a tremendous rate. The darkness after an hour became intense, and the girls could hardly see one another or the white face of their patient. Taking turns at the helm, they tried every means to resuscitate Tom, and were finally rewarded by signs of returning vitality. After a few incoherent words, however, he dropped asleep.

"For a while the light at Gate Head was visible, but it soon sank below the horizon, and nothing but the phosphorescent gleam of breaking waves and the white reflection on the swaying mainsail relieved the surrounding gloom. So the boat drove furiously along before the wind during the long hours of the night. Tom continued insensible, and the ladies relieved one another at the helm, for although holding the tiller had no apparent effect, they had learned that the helm must not be left to itself, and so for form's sake they complied with the letter of their instructions. Tom, of course, received his share of attention, and he has since admitted to me that it will be a source of lifelong regret to him that he was unconscious of the tender care which was lavished upon him during the first half of that memorable night. He says that when he came to himself he was wrapped up in two blanket-shawls besides his own pilot coat, and had a waterproof cloak rolled for a pillow under his head; and he has an indistinct recollection that, during a semi-conscious interval, he detected somebody trying to get a pair of soft-feeling gloves on his hands, which purpose was frustrated only by the small

size of the gloves, apparently about number six. It is only fair to say that both ladies deny the truth of this story, and charge the whole affair to a disordered state of Tom's intellectual faculties.

"The night was not destined to pass in utter monotony. At about midnight—as it seemed to them, though in reality it was only about ten o'clock—the two ladies heard a sound different from the steady roar of ocean, to which their ears had become accustomed. They were not good enough sailors to recognize the whistling of wind through a vessel's cordage and the dashing of water against her bows. They were speaking about the sounds when suddenly the sails of a brig loomed in the darkness almost right ahead of them, and so near that it seemed as if her jibboom were right over their heads. The Eagle-wing plunged into the trough of the sea just as the lofty black bows of the brig surged to the crest of the next wave. Instant destruction seemed inevitable, and the terrified ladies clasped one another with that instinctive longing for human companionship so natural in a moment of peril. They were not conscious of screaming as with averted eyes they awaited the expected crash, but even the man at the brig's wheel heard the cry which they must have given, and with sailor-like promptness crowded down his helm. Probably this helped the boat to a few feet more of sea-room, but at best it was a close shave, for in another instant all on board were drenched by a shower of spray as the brig plunged up to her figure-head in the sea behind them.

"For a few moments they could hear shouts and the flapping of canvas as the brig brought up in the wind, but soon even the twinkling binnacle-light vanished, and the Eagle-wing rushed on through the darkness. When all hope of rescue by the brig was gone, the ladies became aware that Tom was vainly trying to unpack himself and sit up, having been aroused by the dash of salt water in his face. He was in his right mind, although somewhat con-

fused as to time, place and companions; but he soon comprehended the situation, and pronounced himself able to take command of the expedition. After sitting up a few minutes, however, he nearly fainted with the effort, and then bethought himself that possibly the remains of our last luncheon might be in one of the lockers. The key was soon found in the pocket of my pea-jacket, which I had luckily left behind me, and a search was rewarded by the discovery of half a bottle of sherry and a paper of ship-biscuit. An allowance was at once served to all hands, a double ration of sherry being forced upon Tom in consideration of his disabled state and the sufferings he had gone through. All were much refreshed, and Tom made shift to get into the stern-sheets, where he discovered the rather untrustworthy character of the steering apparatus. His first impulse was to cut the harpoon-line, but a moment's reflection convinced him that to do so would be very unwise. It was impossible to foresee how long their involuntary voyage might last, and the sword-fish would perhaps be the means of keeping them alive in case they ran out of other provisions. Besides this, he discovered that the sheet-rope had run through the block, and that therefore the boat would be unmanageable in working to windward. He therefore resolved to wait for daylight or for a moderation of the wind before attempting to get control of the boat.

"Having arrived at this determination, a council of all hands was held, and it was decided that the next most important thing to do was to reset Tom's dislocated arm. The patient was the only one of the party who had ever seen a dislocation reduced, and he knew that the operation was a simple one in skillful hands. He therefore delivered a brief lecture to his attentive audience of two, explaining that the shoulder-joint was what is known in mechanics as a 'ball-and-socket' joint, and that a dislocation like the present was simply the slipping of the head of the bone out of its socket. In order to

get this back, it was necessary to pull the arm in a direction at right angles from the body, and the displaced bones would slip back into their natural position. It all seemed easy enough; so Tom braced himself, and the two ladies applied their strength to pull the helpless arm in the desired direction. The result was a very unsteady and jerky sort of pull, resembling very closely, as Tom says, both in strength and steadiness, the run of a three-pound trout. In spite of himself, Tom gave a subdued howl at the intense pain, and the surgeons forthwith dropped the arm in dismay at the effect of their attempt. Tom ruefully rubbed his arm, and decided that feminine hands, however willing, were not strong enough for such work. Something, however, must be done, and after some consideration he contrived a plan by which a steady, powerful and trustworthy strain could be brought to bear upon the unfortunate arm. Two heavy thwarts crossed the boat, one at either end of the centre-board. To the forward one of these was fastened a small block or pulley. Tom's wrist was bound with handkerchiefs, so that a line could be tied tightly around it without breaking the skin or checking the circulation. He then lay down on his back, so that the after end of the centre-board casing came just to his arm-pit, the arm being extended straight along the centre-board in the direction of the block. A line, having first been attached to his wrist, was then passed through the block, brought back, passed around the after-thwart near Tom's head, carried forward again and tied fast to itself near the block. Thus you see the line was single between the wrist and the block, and double between the block and the after-thwart. Now, by placing a stick between the double parts of the line and turning it over and over, so as to twist the two parts upon one another, a very steady and powerful strain would be brought upon the extended arm.

"To arrange all this was a work of time and patience with the boat plunging through the water at the rate of eight

or ten miles an hour: however, it was finally accomplished and everything satisfactorily adjusted. Annie undertook to twist the line, while Fanny sat on the deck near Tom's head to help in whatever way she could. Tom knew, from experience, that the pain would be something fearful, and warned his fair surgeons that they would have to hurt him, and that he would pretty certainly groan, and possibly yell, with agony, but that they must not stop the pulling process until the muscles of the arm about the shoulder were evidently stretched to a high degree of tension.

"I have always thought that the conduct of those two ladies on that occasion was very noble and courageous, for they did their duty unflinchingly—I had nearly said manfully—my sister even holding Tom's head when, in spite of himself, he tried to relieve himself a little from the strain. Annie twisted away at the line until Fanny told her to stop, which she did not do until she could feel a space apparently free from bone all round the arm at the shoulder. Then Annie, as previously directed, slacked away slowly, while Tom with his left hand guided the bone into its place as well as he could. It did not need much guiding, fortunately, for Nature is ever ready, if she has a chance, to resume her proper relations of her own accord; and so the dislocated bone settled quietly back into its socket with a slight but perfectly perceptible snap, and the arm, although stiff, lame and painful, was moderately serviceable after a few hours, and steadily improved from that time forward.

"By the time the surgical operation was over it was past midnight: the wind moderated, the sea began to subside, and in an hour or two more the clouds let moonlight enough through their rifts to enable Tom, standing up in the stern-sheets, to get a fair view of the horizon. Not a sail or a light was to be seen: the waves, which had ceased to break, heaved up mounds of black water, touched on the crest with the sparkle of reflected moonlight. The ladies had, at Tom's earnest request,

crept under the half-deck, and, worn out as they were, had fallen asleep, leaving Tom to his lonely watch and his aching arm. A dreary hour or two passed in this way, when Annie rose softly, and, coming aft without waking her companion, sat down by Tom's side. Neither spoke for fear of arousing Fanny, but presently Annie began for the first time to sob hysterically, and her head went down on Tom's shoulder; and what could he do but put his arm around her? Now, don't think that I am about to describe a sentimental scene, for I have no such idea; and if there had really been one, you may be sure I should never have heard of it. Here were two young people alone on the wide Atlantic, with no definite prospect of getting ashore, and it was only natural that they should sympathize to such an extent as to produce tears on the part of one and a disposition to be brotherly on the part of the other. Unfortunately, too, Fanny woke up, and seeing them in their position of support and dependence, at once divined the true state of the case, came to them, put her arm round Annie, found Tom's there, took hold of his hand, and the ladies say that they all three had a good cry together. However that may be, Tom did his best to cheer them, and, when they began to talk instead of cry, proposed, as the best method of driving off the blues, to try and get control of the boat. The sheet-rope was coiled and made ready for reeving through the block, and when all was clear and everybody understood what was to be done, the helm was put hard down, and the Eagle-wing slowly wore round until the flapping canvas announced that she was coming up in the wind. It was no easy task to get hold of the boom with the boat bobbing around like a cork, and only one arm to be depended upon: however, the line was successfully rove through the block just as the boat began to fall off again, and it was with considerable satisfaction that our voyagers found themselves able to steer their craft once more. The sky was now sufficiently clear to enable them to

make out the North star, and shape their course to the north-west, which would necessarily bring them to land in the course of time. Tom now began to feel that rest was imperative, and reluctantly stowing himself away under the half-deck, fell almost instantly into the deep slumber which often follows unusual pain and excitement. The ladies had nothing to do but to keep the boat's head to the north-west, and so the night wore away, and day broke on a comparatively smooth sea, without a living thing in sight on its steel-gray surface. Poor Tom slept on and on until the wind began to die away and come in flaws, when the ladies, not feeling competent to manage the boat, woke him, after considerable ineffectual shaking, and were horrified at his sitting up, addressing Annie familiarly as Bridget, and asking her to bring him some hot water, and to tell the cook to send him up a cup of *café noir*. This evidence of mental aberration was, however, nothing alarming in reality, for it often follows such a sleep as Tom had been indulging in; and after sitting up a few moments, he collected his errant senses, and laughing at his blunder, proceeded to give himself a salt-water shower-bath, as far as was possible under the circumstances, advising his companions to do the same. For some inscrutable reason—clear, doubtless, to the feminine mind—they refused to put their heads under water as Tom had done, but all were greatly refreshed by their ablutions, and partook of their slender breakfast with something like satisfaction.

"It now became a question what to do with the sword-fish. He retarded their rate of speed, but, considering the scarcity of provisions, Tom deemed it inexpedient to cut loose from him, and so set about contriving a way to hoist him on board; which end was effected after considerable trouble and hard work, and the boat was again headed to the north-west; that is, Tom thought it was the north-west, for he had nothing but the wind to judge by, as the sun was now well up, and most of the time obscured by an almost unbroken gray

cloud, which covered the entire sky. Of course the horizon was scanned incessantly, and toward noon, Tom, after a long look to the eastward, announced that he could see the smoke of a steamer. Making a shrewd guess at her course, the Eagle-wing was headed so as to intercept her, and our voyagers were soon rewarded by the sight of a black speck, which steadily grew until it resolved itself into the smoke-stack, rigging and hull of a Cunarder.

"So ended the adventurous part of the voyage. The steamer proved to be westward bound, and in a few hours our party was safely landed in Boston, and the telegraph carried relief to the anxious company at Barley Beach, where there was a quiet but very happy reunion the next day. Somehow, Annie seemed to seek my company rather than Tom's for a while after their adventure, and I was really beginning to

feel rather sorry for him, and to felicitate myself upon my prospects, when suddenly the ground was cut from under my feet by the announcement of their engagement, followed this spring by a wedding and a departure for Europe. I bore up bravely through the ceremony and leavetakings, and then settled into the state of hopeless misery in which you see me.

"I only wish to add that the Eagle-wing survived her voyage uninjured, although I venture to affirm that during that memorable night she sailed farther and carried more canvas than ever a boat of her size did before; and now, if any or all of you ladies are disposed to test her sea-going qualities, there is a capital breeze, and I will promise neither to hunt sword-fish nor to let any of you steer if you will honor me with your company." CHARLES L. NORTON.

INSECT LOCOMOTION.

MOTION constitutes one of the principal elements of beauty, and furnishes a source of universal gratification. Is this only because motion in organized beings is associated with the mystery of life—rest, with death? Does not the little child, incapable of such association, watch with earnest eyes the movements of the insects that intrude as unwelcome guests into our homes, or strive to grasp for closer examination the delicate creatures that walk, or run, or climb, or leap, or fly, or swim, or spin, or gyrate in the giddy dance about him in his first out-of-door excursions?

Years of observation only increase our wonder and admiration at the various and graceful motions of the tiny ones that make way for our approach as we walk through garden, orchard,

grove and meadow, or as we linger along the brook of the valley.

Alas! the admiration is not mutual—instinct teaches fear. There is too often danger of impalement. So the swift of flight, more rapid than the fleetest birds, spread defiantly beautiful wings; the leapers spring from our pathway; the slower ones quietly withdraw from observation to sheltered homes, burrow in the earth or in caverns, or conceal themselves under some hospitable leaf, or, despairing to reach the timely covert, they simulate that death they fear at the hands of tyrant man.

Wearied with vain efforts for a closer examination, and humiliated at the universal verdict of "Disturber of the Peace of the Innocents," I have learned from them to suspend motion and to simulate death. Prone upon some sandy river-

bank, I have watched the larva of the cunning ant-lion whilst with extended jaws he seizes his watched-for prey, just precipitated down the sloping sides of his skillfully-made coniform den. The country child still living a life of undoubting faith has the faculty of charming this larva from his concealment at the bottom of his den. The child carefully stoops over the funnel and calls repeatedly, "Oodle! oodle! oodle!" or, "Booby! booby! booby!" till the ant-lion appears obedient to the call. The child secures the prize, carries off his prisoner, and, satisfied with his success, cares not how wiser heads may explain the mystery.

In the sultry noontide, seated under the shadowing grapevine, I often admire the busy black ants marching up and down, or pausing to milk their aphide cows that feast sumptuously on the delicate, juicy young tendrils of the vine. Then, as the day declines, I love to rest upon the hillside and gaze on the myriads of insects floating in cloud-like masses over the valley, and reflecting the light of the sun now fast sinking in the west. Almost simultaneously with their swarming, the evening birds dart suddenly from secret recesses, and devour with wide-extended jaws and in unsuspended flight their bountiful evening meal. Why can I never see these birds in the act of coming? Verily, the work of the fifth day of creation seems daily repeated, and "fowl fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven."

The groups of gay insects that sported in the sunshine, their heads turned windward as though enjoying the draught of the warm summer breeze or the aerial food thus wafted to them unsought, disappear with the setting of the sun. Then the sphinxes and the night-beetles turn out in force, and the large hawk-moths hover round the phlox of the garden, and silently exercise that "right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" which the cricket, the katydid and their fellow-musicians noisily assert.

The men of this generation rejoice in their conquests over time and space, in

their iron horses and palatial cars. "The horrid things that crawl" and fly have no voice intelligible to man, or they might advance just claims to the possession and practice of every known variety of locomotion in a degree of perfection that proud man, with all the aid of mechanism, can only rudely imitate. As larva, pupa or imago, the insect moves under the earth, upon the earth, above the earth—under the water, through the water, on the surface of the water—on tree and herb and grass—on insect, bird and beast—in living tissues and in the dead—perhaps even in the else all-consuming fire.

Many larvæ without legs move singly, by the alternate contraction and extension of the segments of the body: others (as the *Sciara*) adhere in large masses to each other by means of a slimy secretion, thus assuming a serpent-like form, and slowly migrating from place to place. The *Syrphus* moves by means of teeth—the *Tipula replicata* by protruded spines of the tail and hooks of the mouth. Other larvæ are furnished with fleshy prominences resembling the spurious legs of lepidopterous caterpillars. The *Tipula stercocaria* is a monopod, his one fleshy leg being affixed to the under side of the first segment. The gymnast Ravel, who, mounted on a long and slender pole, walked across the platform of the Academy of Music, always secured a round of applause from the wondering spectators.

Reaumur figures an aquatic larva with two legs; and De Geer, a tripod, the *Tipula maculata*, having one leg under the first segment and two posterior legs. The gall-larva (*Cynips quercus-inferus*) presents the curious anomaly of having its legs on its back—a most convenient arrangement for the inhabitant of a spherical cavity. Rolled into a ring, he lives an endless round of pleasure. The *Tephritis putris*, whose imago enlivens the richest cheese, is very sprightly in its larva state. Bending itself into a circle, it seizes the tip of its tail with its mouth, and then lets go with a sudden jerk. Though only a quarter of an inch in length, it can by this contrivance

spring from the floor of a box six inches deep—a leap relatively as great as though a man six feet in height should make a vertical leap of one hundred and forty-four feet. The apodous larva of our common mosquito (*Culex pipiens*) descends through the water by gravity, but ascends by a series of alternate contortions of its body.

The speed of the pedate larvæ varies greatly. The caterpillar of the hawk-moth (*Zygana filipendula*) corresponds to the tortoise, that of *Bombyx leporina* to the hare, of the fable. A capricorn beetle (the *Cicindela campestris*) lives in a vertical hole, and rises to the surface of the earth by pushing in zigzags with feet and humped back against the sides of its narrow dwelling, after the fashion of a chimney-sweeper. The ant-lion (*Myrmilio formicarius*), always sure he is right, has a peculiar way of going ahead by a retrograde walk, and describes a backward spiral even when most diligently at work in excavating his funnel.

A few larvæ are known as leapers. The *Noctua quadra* often effects a sudden leap by bending its body together, making a move backward, and then descending through the air, always alighting on its feet. But the leapers are few, the climbers are legion. To climb vertically upon rough surfaces whose frequent protuberances furnish secure footing seems easy of accomplishment, but to climb against gravity upon perpendicular planes of plate glass and polished walls and smooth ceilings seems well-nigh miraculous. Careful observers tell us that these adventurous ones carry delicate little silk rope-ladders in their vest pockets, and affix them by means of mouth-glue to the smooth surface over which they have a fancy to travel. This mouth-glue hardens almost immediately on exposure to the air.

The geometers, so well and so unfavorably known in Philadelphia, carry coils of rope by means of which they descend and ascend at pleasure from the suffering trees of parks and side-walks. These inveterate measurers are so extravagant in the consumption of

cord as to throw it aside after using it but once. They spin it out with rapid dexterity, like the Japanese juggler who draws numberless yards of ribbon from his all-containing jaws. Their glossy silver lines, glittering in the sunshine, waft in the soft spring air or hang in graceful drapery from tree to tree.

Dismissing these rope-dancers and looking down into the waters, we find the aquatic larvæ swimming in various manners—some mainly by anal appendages; some, by serpent-like motions of the body; some (especially the *Libellula*), in jerks, creating a propelling current by a continuous pumping in and out of the water.

Passing on to the next stage of insect-life, we should *a priori* consider the pupa as almost necessarily quiescent. In vulgar apprehension it is the emblem of death, as the imago is of the resurrection. But as the closely-swathed human baby, with pinioned arms and legs, makes many movements apparent only to the watchful mother, so the little pupæ pent within narrow limits exercise their motive-powers, doing perforce all their dancing within-doors, and eluding common observation save when their superabundant spirits are imparted to the very walls that shut them in, and set the whole house whirling in the giddy waltz. Touch the beautiful gauze-like cocoon of the weevil (*Curculio arator*) as it hangs from the stalk of the spurry, and it whirls with astounding rapidity. The chrysalis of *Bombax dispar* gyrates alternately from left to right and from right to left, as though conscious of the danger of breaking the delicate thread that suspends it to the friendly twig if that thread be twisted continually in one direction. Reaumur was much surprised to find some hitherto very quiet, well-behaved cocoons that he had collected suddenly engage in a leaping-match, some bounding only ten lines, others a distance of three to four inches.

Larva and pupa, however, furnish feeble types of the powers of the perfect insect with its wondrous display of muscular force. Like the hexapod larva,

the imago walks by moving the anterior and posterior leg of one side, and the intermediate leg of the other side, alternately. This is the normal gait: pacing, cantering and galloping are unknown, though the rate of progress varies much. Slowness characterizes the walk of the field cricket (*A. campestris*)—rapidity that of the wasp. The snake-fly (*Raphidia mantispæ*) walks upon its knees; the crane-fly, with legs three times as long as its body, goes over the high grass on stilts, as the shepherds of the *landes* step high-stilted over their marshy sand-plains. The tiny midge (*Psychoda*) describes a worm-fence in its zigzag course. The roach, the ant and the carabid beetles are born racers, but Delisle reports a fly which ran nearly three inches and made four hundred and forty steps in half a second of time—about equal to a man running twenty miles in a minute. The strawberry mite (*Gamasus baccarum*) seems to fly or glide over the surface, so rapid is its course.

One class of leapers depend mainly upon the strength of their hind legs; another upon a pectoral process; still another upon elastic appendages in the abdomen. To the first class belong the *Gryllidæ* and *Locustidæ*, our familiar grasshoppers and katydids, which by means of strong and long hind legs and a little aid of wings make remarkable leaps, though excelled by the smaller tree-hopper, whose leap is two hundred and fifty times its own length. The tree-hopper, in turn, yields precedence to the nimble flea, whose muscular force, unaided by wings, enables it to leap two hundred times its own length—a leap relatively as great as that of a man six feet high bounding at one effort a distance of twelve hundred feet. Who may not long for such muscular force as he stands aghast at the slimy mud or treacherous slush of a mild winter day, and gazes wistfully at his desired haven, the sidewalk on the opposite corner of the street? Or, when suddenly hemmed in by a noisy and confused crowd of boys and men, horses and cars, horse-carriages and steam-engines at some

not unfrequent alarm of fire, who would not find it convenient to describe a graceful curve over the conglomerate obstructions and pass cheerily on his way?

A leaper of the second class displays his peculiar acrobatic feat (excuse the seeming paradox) only when he is taken off his feet and placed upon his handsome velvety back. Owing to the shortness and weakness of his legs, he is quite unable to right himself by their means; but as "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," and enables a man to overcome all difficulties, so the perfect spring in the breast with which this insect is endowed enables him to rise vertically in the air. Instinct teaches him to give just the Grecian Bend requisite to make the desired curve and bring him to the earth on all sixes. A short snapping noise resembling a cry of exultation accompanies the spring, and hence the *Elatæ* has acquired the popular name of snapping-bug, and been made a plaything for children, pleased alike with its noise and its motion.

The *Poduridæ*, examples of the third class, have a forked spring in the tail, which they push against the plane of position and thereby leap a long distance. The minute *Podura aquatica* enlivens the brook with his agile springs upon the surface of the water.

The climbers, including many *Coleoptera*, have feet furnished with claws, or hooks, or hairy cushions (pulvilli), so that they can easily cling to trailing plants and progress with back downward; or they have suckers to produce a partial vacuum and a support by atmospheric pressure, or they have glutinous secretions on the fine hairs of the tarsi.

On wings delicate and graceful beyond the power of description myriads of fliers are borne upon the air. Not wings alone are needed for their flight. Time fails us to dwell upon even a few of these flight-aiders—upon

Elytra et Alula,
Halteres et Candula,
Hamuli et Segula,

besides tails, legs and antennæ. In flight the wings move vertically, though, excepting a few beetles, insects fly with their bodies in a horizontal position. The crickets (*Acheta domestica*, *A. campestris* and *A. gryllotalpa*) fly with an undulating motion, like the woodpecker, alternately ascending with expanded and descending with folded wings. Some butterflies keep on the wing for a time and distance almost incredible to our heavy senses, but even they tire before the common dragon-fly. He seems incapable of muscular fatigue after hours of active exercise, and still, even when alighting, keeps his light, transparent, glossy wings ever expanded and ready for action. The *Agrion*, without the necessity of turning his body, moves at choice forward or backward, to the right or to the left, upward or downward.

The small *Sipulida* fear not the sudden summer shower, whose pelting drops falling upon them would surely mangle their delicate forms, for they are well able to protect themselves from threatened danger by skillful and rapid flight as they pass with mathematical precision between the falling rain-drops. Even the comparatively heavy humble-bee traverses the air with a rapidity far greater than that of the swallow or the swift, all the time describing segments of a circle whose arc is alternately to right and left. The common house-fly (*Musca domestica*) when alarmed flies nearly thirty-five feet in a second of time. Give him the size of the race-horse and his present muscular power in the ratio of magnitude, and he could travel literally with the speed of lightning.

Leaving the attractive race whose home is in mid-air, we note a few typical imagos which dwell in the waters. The *Gerris lacustris*, the *Hydrometra stagnorum* and the *Velia rivulorum* walk, run and leap unwet upon the surface. The *Notonecta* swims lying on his back, using his long hind legs as propellers: the body is the boat, the legs the oars. The merriest, most agile and most hungry of the aquatic beetles is the *Gyrinus*

nator. With one pair of brilliant eyes looking upward and another pair looking downward, nothing escapes his observation. This whirligig-beetle, a born Whirling Dervish, spends, like some humans, his yearly visit to watering-places in spinning giddy circles, varying his rapid evolutions by a sudden dart to avoid an approaching enemy or to seize with alert voracity his destined prey. Four wide paddles on his hind legs explain the mystery of his natatory exploits, and the numerous muscles of his fore legs are specially adapted to seize and grasp his food.

Myriads of organisms unstudied and unseen of man live beneath the crust on which we tread. Who may reveal the secrets of the subterranean world, that teems with crowded homes of these burrowers? For we walk not upon dead or inert matter alone. Who that has once witnessed the outpouring, or rather the uprising, of the seventeen-year locust can help reflecting on the strangeness of its fate? Why should this insect spend seventeen years in the dark and dreary tomb, and enjoy its developed and perfect life for six short weeks? How he fills the air with drum-beating, as though to compensate for his long-enforced silence or to make men puzzle over the solution of his life-problem! Men have not learned the meaning of his music: to them the drums are beat in vain. In a few days the locust army disappears from sight and hearing, and the land has rest for seven years and ten. In all those years the great Creator watches over and preserves these denizens of the underworld, and teaches through their resurrection a lesson of faith and hope.

Thus far had I proceeded in my jottings when sleep overcame me, and the good spirits who break down the confines of waking possibilities introduced me into a new field of enjoyment. Suddenly diminished in size and endowed with microscopic power of vision, I was admitted to hold nearer communion with the insect world. Surrounded by a thousand similarly favored Lillipu-

tians, I enjoyed the evening performance as set forth in the programme :

For the First time in this City !

AN EXHIBITION

OF

AMERICAN ENTOMO-ACROBATS,

FOOT AND CHARIOT RACES,

PUGILISTIC DISPLAYS,

AND

UNPARALLELED FEATS OF SKILL AND STRENGTH!

Patronized abroad by Reaumur, De Geer, Baumeister, Schwammerdam and the Distinguished Patrons of Humbugs generally.

The foot-race was designed to illustrate the different modes and rates of progression by land and water. How charming the variety ! At a given signal a simultaneous movement began. The rapid ones soon failed to be in view, and my attention was fixed upon the more deliberate and the more curious. One crawled rapidly ; one went to work tooth and nail ; one took tail in mouth and leaped up to the lofty ceiling ; the one-legged Ravel did his best ; the two-legged elicited much fellow feeling ; tripod was indeed a curiosity ; whilst in the gall-sphere, made transparent, we could clearly see the *Cynips* with his legs on his back.

Two individuals of *Reduvius personatus* were conducted in by the little showman, not quite "knee-high to a grasshopper." One *Reduvius* wore his

every-day, working suit, which consists of dust and débris, held together by shoddy wool or silk gathered from the sweepings of carpets or old-clothes men. This grotesque and bulky dress, with its numerous trimmings, doubles his apparent size and quite disguises his person. He walked with slow and deliberate measure : one careful and noiseless step, then a pause, a cautious look of observation, then another guarded step—a second pause, and so proceeding, in alternate jerks and intervals of repose, with most laughable effect, though his object is not to excite merriment, but to secure the little flies and bugs on which he loves to feed.

His mate had been carefully curry-combed, was about three-quarters of an inch in length, and presented a neat and natural appearance. Thus disencumbered, he was capable of very rapid locomotion. So, in the rigors of a winter day in St. Petersburg, the Russian lady, active and graceful within her stove-warmed house, can scarce be recognized when prepared to venture out with movements hampered and her slender figure transformed into a monster by the many thick wraps in which she is enveloped.

The *Reduvius* was so much enjoyed and so loudly encored that the noise roused me from my sleep, and I found myself nodding over my manuscript, alas ! before I had seen the Grand Pugilistic Display, wherein I had expected to witness a contest quite equal to that of the Kilkenny cats.

CAROLINE A. BURGIN.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THE question, how far the course of history is influenced by individual action, how far by general laws and tendencies, might be studied perhaps with peculiar advantage in the present condition of European politics. Never have particular statesmen played more conspicuous parts or wielded a more autocratic power. Bismarck, Thiers and Gladstone are not merely managing the affairs, but shaping the destinies, of their respective nations. The first is giving to Germany that unity which seemed so long an illusory dream, and which in his mind first became a definite and feasible plan; the second is holding France balanced upon the crest of the wave which has swept over the despotisms and anarchies of the past, and which may bear her, if skillfully steered, into some secure haven; the third, with a bold, undoubting mien, is urging England forward in the irrevocable march toward democracy. Yet each of these men would be swept aside, or would be forced to recognize the fact that he was twisting a rope of sand, if he were not meeting the demands or wants of his country and his time. Gladstone is the leader and organ of a party. Thiers represents the uncertainty and solicitude with which a people, filled with mistrust but longing for repose, shrinks from any steps which may either plunge it into new struggles or lead it back into old trammels. Bismarck, as an original and self-sustained genius, seems at the first glance wholly independent, turning the nation into a different course from that which it would fain have taken, and compelling it to ratify acts which it would never have initiated. But these acts were only the unrevealed and misunderstood means to an end which was the object of general aspiration, and the accomplishment of which has brought the nation and the minister into sympathy and accord.

TWO VENETIAN PICTURES.

I.

WE four friends who enjoyed so much together were sojourning a while in the "silent city in the sea," were exploring her churches, palaces and museums, had wandered in gondolas through all the canals and walked through all the narrow streets, ever thronged with innumerable pedestrians, ebbing and flowing like the tide in the canals.

One day—a very hot one, with a fierce July sun pouring down its rays and heating the very waters—we had spent in our cool rooms in the hotel, once a palace, with thick, fortress-like walls and lofty ceilings capable of defying even hotter days than this. At sunset we went out in our gondola, meaning to catch the refreshing breezes on the Lido shore. We had lifted off the black, hearse-like top, and were gliding along with that perfect ease of motion, that luxurious change of place without the sensation of moving, which belongs essentially to a gondola, when we came upon a scene which startled us at once out of our *dolce far niente*. We were just at the entrance of the Grand Canal, opposite the Piazzetta, between the two columns supporting one the Lion of St. Mark and the other St. Theodore, the ex-patron saint of the republic, when the golden rays of the setting sun fell upon what looked like Cleopatra's barge. Gliding swiftly toward us came a raised gondola filled with a gayly-dressed company. From a huge gilt crown depended a canopy and curtains of sky-blue velvet, beneath which, upon a raised cushion, sat a fair young girl in full dress, a bright-colored, animated, joyous creature, talking and laughing melodiously. By her side was her husband, tall and commanding in person, dressed in uniform and decorated with orders and insignia. He was leaning over her, listening with an expression of pleased, grave earnestness. Ladies and

gentlemen, arrayed in full dress or in military uniforms, and sparkling with ornaments and orders, were seated at a respectful distance, while servants in gorgeous livery stood behind the blue drapery, their arms folded across their breasts, immovable as if carved upon the stern, and the graceful gondoliers rowed their valuable freight smoothly along. It was a lovely picture, a bit out of Fairyland: here at last was the ideal princess of our childish imaginings—this was realizing our dreams of regal state.

The two principal personages were the Archduke Maximilian and his bride, the Princess Charlotte. He was at that time viceroy of the Quadrilateral, and held his court at Venice in the Procuratie Vecchio. We followed them through the Grand Canal, gazing with intense pleasure and admiration, wondering if they enjoyed more or were happier than we were, if rank and state had not its drawbacks, if the crown-wearing heads were more uneasy than our own; and so, talking and questioning, wondering and admiring, we lost our picture and were left far behind.

God's mercy is great that the future is not open to our view. For years I looked back at that gorgeous pageant as the brightest, fairest I had ever beheld: seen now, in the light of added years and through the glass of accomplished events, it seems like a mirage of the desert, which shows to the weary, thirsty traveler green palm trees in what is really but an arid waste, and sparkling water where there is but dry sand. Maximilian, the tool and puppet of selfish unscrupulousness, the emperor of a day, fills a bloody and untimely grave—the princess, "poor painted queen," the victim of disappointed ambition, has paid dearly for her empty title of empress: the subject, in God's most mysterious providence, of the direst woe of poor humanity, lives a dying life. "Poor Carlotta!" Of the four friends so long united in so many pleasures, two, the best and brightest, have put on immortality and passed beyond the sunset; one, wandering, seeks the boon of

health; one lies "a prisoner of the Lord."

Rank, youth, health, friendship and love! empty, valueless names! sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, unless—immortal.

II.

Who can define that inexplicable thing called "attraction"? We know full well what it is when we fall under the spell, but we comprehend the fact without being able to define the process or the reason why. It is not mere beauty, or even talent and beauty combined, for it may exist without either: there must be a strong-marked, peculiar individuality in the possessor which fascinates: possessed in the highest degree, it leads the world captive. Strange to say, inanimate things may possess this faculty equally with living beings: we know how some horrible things appear to attract all our senses irresistibly to them, and pictures sometimes have it in a marvelous degree.

There is in Venice a small church, by name Santa Maria Formosa, situated on a side canal, which we could never pass without stopping, drawn in by the magnetic influence of a portrait. Our gondolier drew up unbid, and the custode smiled a welcome, extending one hand for the expected fee while with the other he raised the curtain which covered the face of our patroness, as I am sure he thought her. She is called Santa Barbara, and is the masterpiece of Palma Vecchio. She stands in a noble attitude, with an inspired look in her lovely eyes, wears a rich brown dress with a crimson mantle, on her fine head a diadem, with a white veil shading her exquisite pale-gold hair: the whole picture is a rich, warm glow of color. Cannon are at her feet, and her tower (in reference to her legend) behind her. She is Violante Palma, Titian's first love and Palma Vecchio's daughter: father and husband have both immortalized her lovely features. She died young, lovely and beloved, ere time had impaired her beauty or too much sorrow dimmed her life, and this

beauty she has left an imperishable legacy to the world. Truly, she lived to some purpose! Here she represents Saint Barbara, an equally lovely woman, martyred by her father for professing Christianity. I stood gazing at this beautiful face one day, thinking of Violante Palma—how she lived and loved, suffered and died. No beauty, even so great as hers, could have kept her happy—no love or admiration, even such as she had, could suffice. After all, dust and ashes! And so, half heartsick, I mused while an old woman knelt at the foot of the altar repeating with great fervor, "Sancta Barbara, ora pro nobis:" in her humility and ignorance she feared to approach the Most High, and was entreating one of His saints to intercede in her favor. I gazed and wondered, but turned away feeling, "Who shall judge another man's servant?" To me the holy saint was *Violante*. I was entranced by the painter's art, attracted by the color: I had not reached beyond earth; I saw but beautiful humanity; I saw that life a failure; I grieved for the woman's woes; but the poor old woman saw Santa Barbara: she knew no admiration for the painter's art; she was wafted in spirit above the earth; she caught a glimpse of the divine and heavenly; she saw the success of living to die; she rejoiced in the martyr's triumph. To which of us was the picture saying most? Nature was above Art, truly: the old woman felt the truth, saw the Real beyond the Ideal.

Ah, my lovely Santa Barbara! my beautiful Violante! each immortalized by your earthly fathers—loving, suffering, dying to leave names to "point a moral or adorn a tale!" you are still here as ever—you have not really passed away.

"My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live for evermore,
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is."

O struggling sinners and triumphing saints! earth and heaven! Violante Palmas and Saint Barbaras! orate pro nobis!

P. E. H.

COSAS DE ESPAÑA.

MANY disturbing elements were introduced into the political and social circles of the Spanish capital by the arrival of King Amadeo I. at Madrid. Acting on the advice of the king-maker, Prim, and his colleague, Ruy Zorrilla, the efforts of the king's adherents—most of whom belonged to the landless, untitled Madrid bureaucracy—were exerted to smooth the way for the new ruler. But this attempt to manufacture a fictitious popularity for the son of Victor Emmanuel was resented by the lower classes in scurrilous songs and ridicule, while the nobility omitted nothing to render his sojourn on the banks of the Manzanares as unpleasant and distasteful as possible. For months a regular war stirred the usually stagnant life of the cafés, streets, salons, casinos and theatres of Madrid, and some of its episodes faithfully mirrored the present state of Spanish society. In the shop-windows the photographs of the new king and queen replaced those of Leopold of Hohenzollern and his wife, now no longer salable; but neither these, nor the glowing accounts of the reception extended to the delegates of the Cortes at the Pitti Palace, appeared to take with the public. The people preserved a negative attitude, even after it had been proved that Amadeo was a descendant of James I., king of Aragon, with whom nearly every European dynasty claims kindred; nor could the information that the queen had asked a Spanish priest to be present at the birth of her youngest child, and bestow on it the rites of baptism in the language of Cervantes, make the least impression on the nation.

The disappointed royalists thereupon deemed it expedient to resort to stronger means to compel the people to love the elect of the Cortes. They organized the "partida de la porra," a society resembling that of the "gourdins réunis" of infamous memory in the annals of France. The duty of its members consisted in visiting the public promenades, theatres and newspapers, and beating or shooting those who expressed with

tongue, pen or gesture their indifference or dislike for the scion of the Savoy dynasty. During many weeks Madrid was under the terrorism of the cudgel and the revolver: none dared to attend the theatre or the Prado without being heavily armed. At last, a resolute man, one Paul y Angulo, took pity on his fellow-citizens and got up a "contra porra," which patrolled the streets on the approach of night and challenged the "Porrists" to battle. This war of the streets ended in a duel in broad daylight in the Calle de Alcalá, where the leader of the "porra," a certain Ducascal, received several shots from Paul y Angulo's revolver. The conclusion of the "porra," which had furnished the political opponents of Prim with abundant material for attack in the Cortes, was, however, signalized by a still more tragic event. One evening the patrol noticed in the Calle del Turco a number of disguised men, armed with trabucos, who seemed to lie in ambush for some one: believing them to be members of the "porra" watching for some republican or Carlist, the patrol cautiously withdrew. The victim was Prim.

Certain radical journals, club orators and demagogues had long declared that it required but one Brutus and four resolute men in Spain to establish the Republic. The four men were found, but their act had no other result than to make Prim a martyr even in the eyes of many who had never loved him when alive, and to strengthen the monarchical sentiment. Prim was buried with royal honors, and all the well-disposed contributed to a mausoleum for him. The Progresistas, who had lost by his death that military head which no political party in Spain can well do without, made capital out of the event.

The courage of the young king, who ventured to ascend a strange throne under such ominous auspices, disarmed to a certain extent the prejudices of the masses, whose chivalrous instincts are rarely appealed to in vain. The nobility alone continued to take pleasure in puerile demonstrations of their antipathy. On meeting the monarch they settled

their hats more firmly on their heads, and when he entered the theatre they left their seats in a noisy manner. The unostentatious way in which the new ruler had installed himself in the Palacio Real gave additional offence to the nobles, though it inspired the people with an involuntary respect. The ultramontane Catholics, determined to see in Amadeo only the son of an excommunicated man, were enraged at his frequent attendance at church. The nocturnal raids of Francisco de Assisi on the nunneries had not been half so offensive in their sight.

In the mean time, the young king proceeded quietly to develop those domestic virtues which the democratic constitution permits the head of the state to practice, and thus gave new cause of offence to the haughty nobles, who took special pains to manifest their displeasure. Their wives, sisters and daughters performed regular pilgrimages to the prison in which some Bourbonistic officers were confined for having refused to take the oath of allegiance. The ball- and reception-rooms of the palaces were decorated with the emblematical Bourbon lilies, while their owners pledged themselves solemnly never to present themselves at court. The Junta de Grandeza was formally dissolved, so that none of its members might be obliged to accept office in the royal household. Among the speeches to which this occasion gave rise that of the Marquis de Molina, himself a new grandee, is characteristic. "Your ancestors," said he, "came in with the Spanish nationality. Some of you are descended *Gothorum ex sanguine regum*: others, and these are not few, who claim still more ancient descent, have as a device, *No de Reyes descendemos, sino los Reyes de nos*; nor are there wanting some who claim the divine right, and sign themselves, like the ancient monarchs, Don N—, by the grace of God count of N—. But those days, which we call the mythical, were followed by still more glorious ones, in which the dynasties of Castile, Aragon and Navarre appear, and I see

here the descendants of those kings and the heirs to their names. After that came the famous Austrian dynasty, which counted Orange, Brandenburg and Savoy, who now are kings, among its vassals. Your fathers, who carried the banners of Castile over Europe and governed the great modern nations as vice-regents, were the associates of these, and, like them, the subjects of Spain. With the advent of the Bourbons the fallen monarchy was revived, and many of us were, like myself, made grandees under the last queen as a just reward for faithful services and true and conscientious counsel."

The grandees who stood by Isabella II. in the day of her adversity can easily be counted on one's fingers. For many decades not a single ancient name has appeared among the advisers of the Spanish Crown. For the most part morally and intellectually degenerate, the old nobility has almost wholly ceased in modern times to influence the government, and it ill becomes it to intrigue against the new order of things. The assumptions of the Grandeza elicited therefore a bitter retort. "This reactionary nobility," replies the manifesto of the enraged Progresistas, "which abetted Count Julian and Bishop Opas in opening our doors to the Saracens; which assisted the son of Henry of Bourbon to tear a piece out of the heart of Castile; which joined the Infante Don Juan in bringing the Moors into the country; which besieged Tarifa, and, unable to take the place, murdered the son of Guzman the Faithful; which refused, though in vain, to acknowledge Ferdinand I. when elected by the Parliament of Gaspe king of Aragon; which made common cause with Villena and the archbishop of Toledo in opposing the just rights of Isabella the Catholic; and which, with the Condestable Velasco and Admiral Enriquez, made Villalar the grave of our liberties and groveled slavishly at the feet of despots,—this nobility dares now to set up pretensions to patriotism and public spirit!"

It would perhaps have been in better

taste if both parties had spoken a little more of the present and less of the past. This constant reference to what happened centuries ago has, however, become chronic with a people that would fain live for ever on its glorious traditions. Not even Castelar, the republican, can refrain from constantly menacing us with the names of the heroes of Saguntum and Numantia, the Gothic kings, the Cid, the Catholic sovereigns, etc., though they have so little to do with the constitutional rule of a modern era.

The sullen hostility of the nobility deepened on the arrival of Queen Doña Maria Victoria at Madrid. While even the rabble remembered the respect it owed to the woman, if not to the queen, and saluted her kindly, though without enthusiasm, the nobles fairly exhausted their ingenuity in devising modes of manifesting their spite and ill-breeding. When the queen drove past the Veloz Club, its members stepped on the balcony and pressed their hats over their heads as low as the chin. The principal palaces, the Medina Celi, the Vista Hermosa, the Sexto, the Xipre, the Retortillo, and others of mediæval fame, were not only undecorated, but locked up, when she entered the capital. Open warfare was inaugurated by the female wing of the Grandeza against this foreigner, this upstart. The most bitter and unrelenting among the queen's persecutors were the duchess of Medina Celi and the duchess of Sexto, the latter a Russian by birth, who had become a French patriot as Duchesse de Morny, and had subsequently blossomed out into a full-blooded Spaniard. To exhibit their hatred of the *Extrangerismo* in the most public and offensive manner became the whole study of these women. On the Fuente Castellana, the fashionable drive, they appeared dressed in the Bourbon fashion—white mantillas, lilies and gigantic combs à la Isabel. When the royal pair for the first time visited the Fuente Castellana, the governor of Madrid wished the nobility to comply with an old custom by lining the drive with their carriages on both sides, so that the carriage of their

majesties might pass up and down alone in the centre. But no sooner had the royal equipage reached the centre of the drive than all the carriages of the nobility left the place. The next day this insult was repeated, and with the aggravation that the servants were clad in deep mourning. But the rage and indignation of the nobles culminated when the queen, in defiance of the traditional etiquette of the Spanish court, ventured to show herself on the Prado unattended even by a single maid of honor. Since that fatal hour they have brooded over a dark scheme to emigrate in a body to Seville, and shake the dust of a desecrated capital entirely from their aristocratic feet. Such, at least, is the threat gravely held out by the organ of the nobility, the "Lily Flower," and the Carlist "Margarita."

The adherents of Amadeo are not wanting in laudable exertions to console the royal couple for their isolation in the Palacio Real. They strongly urge the young king to create a new Grandeza, and to form a court from its ranks. The whole *Tertulia progresista* already dreams of its new honors and dignities. It is regarded as a favorable omen that the widow of Prim has been made the *camarera mayor* of the queen. Amadeo I. seems, however, to hesitate. As a democratic ruler he may prefer entirely to dispense with a costly court. Meanwhile, the formation of a ministry composed wholly of liberal elements may lead to further complications—perhaps also to satisfactory solutions.

W. P. M.

THE BÉGUINAGE OF GHENT.

A GENERAL and increasing interest has been expressed for a number of years on the subject of religious retreats for women; not convents, but places where the rule of life is more in harmony with the practical spirit of the age—where women lacking the usual ties, claims or interests of the sex may find a home apart from the world, and a life of devotion to God and their fellow-beings. Feeling this interest very deeply, and having the common desire

to see for one's self, I have visited the principal sisterhoods of various denominations in Europe, taking less note of their religious aspect than of their constitution and working.

The most venerable of these institutions is that of the *Béguines* of Belgium, whose most considerable establishment is at Ghent. It lies in the heart of the old Flemish city, amid glassy canals which reflect the greenery of branching lindens, the fantastic gables of red-tiled houses and the rich tracery of Gothic spires. It lies in the shadow of old towers round which cling memories of all that is most romantic and picturesque in history: the famous field of the "Battle of the Spurs," where the doughty weavers beat the French chivalry under the walls of Courtrai; the birth of John of Gaunt (*Gand*, Ghent); the captivity of the beautiful Jacqueline of Holland, and her flight from her usurping guardian, Philip of Burgundy, and ride across the country in men's clothes to her faithful city of The Hague; the rallyings of the resolute, rebellious tradesfolk, whose free spirit became incarnate in Van Artevelde, the brewer of Ghent; the meetings of the order of the Golden Fleece, the names and armorial bearings of whose knights still adorn the church where their last chapter was held; the acting of many a bloody tragedy during the reign of the Inquisition and Spanish ferocity in the Netherlands; while the great bell Roland still swings in the belfry as in the days when by different tones it proclaimed fire, war, victory or peace to the listening townspeople.

All these recollections swarm out from church, citadel, market-place, town-hall and guild-house, and beset us on the way to the Béguinage. But its own origin is older than any of them. The foundress of the order is said to have been Saint Béga, or Begghe, the daughter of Pepin of Landen and mother of Pepin d'Héristal, who was the father of Charles Martel, who was the father of Pepin le Bref, who was the father of Charlemagne. The great-great-grandmother of Charlemagne sounds like a

personage of mythology, nevertheless the date of her death is given in history as A. D. 696. There are two other derivations of the word Béguine: one from Lambert le Bégue, a priest of Liège, who lived in the latter part of the twelfth century, and divides the honor of having founded the order with the great-great-grandmother of Charlemagne; and one simply from *beggyn*, to beg. Whatever the origin of the name or society, it may suffice for us that in A. D. 1227 it was a flourishing order, and in that year was endowed by Joan of Constantinople, countess of Flanders. St. Elizabeth of Hungary was subsequently chosen as its patroness, and the three names—of Begghe the foundress, Joan the donatrix, and Elizabeth the tutelary saint—are revered among them to this day.

There is not a town of importance in Belgium which has not its Béguinage, and Ghent has two, the large and the small. The former is a little town in itself. Until within a few years it was surrounded by a moat and reached only by bridges, but this has been filled up and paved in the course of municipal improvements: it is still enclosed by a high brick wall, and is entered through a massive gateway of feudal aspect. The gate of exit is less imposing, but both are furnished with iron gratings, which are shut at night. Straight from one gate to the other runs the principal street of the Béguinage, while smaller ones branch off at right angles from it on either hand. High, solid wooden fences enclose them on both sides, for the houses all open into a little court, through which the street is reached by a door fastened on the inside, giving greater seclusion to the inmates. On each is the name of the patron saint or symbol of the house within: *Het huis van dē h. Catharine* (The house of St. Catherine), *Convent ter Leiden* (Convent of Sorrow), etc. There are about a hundred and twenty quaint little brick houses, with the peculiar notched gable which gives so much character to buildings in the Low Countries. In these separate dwellings lies the great dis-

tinction between Béguinages and ordinary convents, where all live beneath one roof, eat and mostly herd together. The system, however, is not so simple. The supreme authority within the Béguinage resides with the Superior, *Groote Jufrow* (Great Maiden), who is the acknowledged head of the community: it contains, however, eighteen convents, each of which has its own Superior, to whom the inmates are subject. All the members, from the Superior-in-chief to the last novice, belong to the order of St. Dominic, and are therefore to a certain degree responsible to the general of the Dominicans: they are likewise parishioners of the bishop of Ghent, being within his diocese. The *curé* who officiates at their church—for they have their own church in the midst of their little town—and their confessors have some nominal influence, though unconnected with the establishment except as their special duties demand; so that in theory, at least, there are "many masters." In practice, however, the Superior-in-chief appears to be autocrat.

The order receives rich and poor. Originally no dowry was required, as is usual at convents: nothing was necessary for becoming a member beyond certificates of respectability and good conduct. At the time of the French Revolution the Béguinage, which had escaped the secularization of religious houses by the Emperor Joseph II., was again respected in the general disfranchisement of all conventual establishments, but was in some measure made over to the city of Ghent and connected with its hospital. This caused no change in their customs, except that the direction of the hospital demands that every Sister shall have an annual income of a hundred francs, to supply her needs in illness: this fund is placed for her use in the hands of the Superior. Few are so unfortunate as not to be able to command this sum (about twenty dollars), either through their relatives or charity. The Sisters who have no resource but this, work for their own support, chiefly at lace-making: what

is made by each is sold for her particular benefit by the portress: every one is entitled to her own earnings. The richer members are exempt from these tasks, and spend their time wholly in devotion or the usual labors of Sisters of Charity. Many of them have a *bonne*, or maid-servant, to do the work of the little house, and are thus entirely at leisure. It is understood that the fortunes of the Sisters return to their heirs-at-law on their death, it not being customary to make bequests to the Béguinage.

The order of their religious profession is as follows: there is a novitiate of two years, and at the end of the first twelvemonth the regular dress is assumed; at the expiration of the second the novice is free to return to the world, her vows having been taken for but two years; if she still has the "vocation," she takes the usual monastic vows of poverty, obedience and chastity, with some minor ones, for seven years; at the end of these she renews them for any period she likes to name—two, three, five years—to be renewed again at the end of the designated term; for although it is one of the boasts of the order that there are no perpetual vows, they admit that it is looked upon with a very ill grace if a Sister leaves them after having once taken the full vows. The novices are all members of one or other of the convents, to which also belong the poorer Sisters who are unable to afford a separate house. On finishing her novitiate, a Sister who takes the full vows must remain in her convent, unless she is thirty years of age: then the well-to-do may have a house of their own. Some of the houses have two or three tenants, who have made this arrangement among themselves; but every member still, and always, remains subject to the particular rules of the convent in which she passed her novitiate. The rules of the Béguinage are few, and relate chiefly to the hours and public devotions of the community: the special rules of each convent relate to its own discipline. The internal arrangement of all the houses is the same:

there is a room which serves as oratory, parlor and dining-room, a little bed-chamber, and a still smaller kitchen, in which the *béguine* or her *bonne* prepares the food which she has bought with her own means or earnings. All, of course, wear the same dress, the distinctive feature of which is a long, wide black scarf, called a *faïlle*, thrown over the head and falling below the knees—a vestige of the Spanish mantilla. At all hours of the day a stranger may wander through the narrow streets of this strange little city, clean as Philadelphia door-steps of a Saturday morning, meeting the *béguines* in their black gowns and head-gear, but no man or woman can gain admission to one of the houses or convents except on a well-attested plea of kinship to an inmate. The lace, pin-cushions, needle-books and other articles of their handiwork are for sale in a separate building near the gate of exit: here, too, are on exhibition some pictures relating to the history of the order and Begghe of sainted memory: these are old, earlier than the dawn of art, one might suppose. But there is also a much-vaunted Raphael, a head of our Saviour, bequeathed to the institution by a Belgian lady of noble family, one of the sisterhood: its pedigree is traced with her own from Italy to France, and from France to the Netherlands, until it ends in the Grand Béguinage.

The best hour for seeing the sisterhood is at the *Salut*, or evening prayer, when they all assemble in the church. It is twilight, and at the sound of the bell black-robed figures begin to glide into the large, white-washed building and scatter among its pillars. As each enters she twitches off her black *faïlle*, and flings over her head and shoulders a square of white linen, which nearly covers her face. At first, but two or three are to be seen: in a moment more one might count twenty of them moving noiselessly to their places: an instant later, there must be fifty, and so from minute to minute the number increases, until the church is filled by kneeling forms with shrouded features, the strong

contrast of whose black and white garments defines their outlines even in the dim and dying light. Nothing is heard but a faint rustle and the clink of their rosaries. At last all movement ceases: all are assembled—six or seven hundred. The organ and choir begin the chant, the kneeling figures lift up their voices. The service does not last above half an hour, and then they all rise and glide out, whisking off their white coifs and putting on the *faillies* again. In the crowd we saw several not dressed quite like the rest, and wearing a gold crown: these were preceded by children carrying large bouquets of gold and silver flowers, and baskets from which as they went they scattered little parti-colored paper rosettes in lieu of flowers. These were novices, who enjoy these honors for a week on entering the sisterhood, and again at the end of their first year. Some of them were very pretty. The beauty of the community, however, was a full *béguine*, though not more than three-and-twenty years old. She had a fair, fresh, moon face, regular features, a rosebud mouth, and large, innocent round blue eyes: she looked at us foreigners and heretics with childish curiosity, and seeing the admiration which the male portion of the party could not conceal, this unworthy bride of Heaven turned her pretty head for a parting glance as she went down the aisle.

The impression made by the *Béguine* was pleasant enough, and yet to all intents and purposes it is a nunnery. There is more privacy for those who can afford it, more freedom within given limits, and rather more personal independence, but the vows are considered as binding as those of a nun, religious exercises are made of more importance than works of charity, and there is the same irresistible moral pressure upon the members of the community, the same insuperable barrier between them and the world, as in a convent. In short, it still remains an institution of the Middle Ages, and, though not out of place where it exists, did not strike us as answering the needs of an active Protestant country.

S. B. W.

ST. PETERSBURG AND MOSCOW.

THOSE two antagonistic political influences or parties which struggle for ascendancy all the world over may also be found in Russia, though Russia is not a constitutionally governed state. One of them has its seat at St. Petersburg, the other at Moscow. In the modern capital, where the traditions and views of its founder, Peter the Great, are still faithfully adhered to, the mainspring of all political action is the domestication of a West European culture. In the ancient capital, where this culture only inspires disdain and aversion, the theory of the superiority of the Slavic race over all others is haughtily asserted. At St. Petersburg, things are viewed from a common-sense, practical stand-point: at Moscow, they are seen through the rose-colored spectacles of illusion. The one, fully aware that progress cannot be improvised, seeks to overcome obstacles gradually: the other expects at once to realize Utopia. The former duly appreciates the dangers of a too rapid geographical expansion: the latter thinks world-rule already within its grasp, and is troubled how to organize the "United Slavic States." In a word, at St. Petersburg men reason, at Moscow they dream: in the former intelligence and moderation dominate, in the latter, visionary dreams and precipitation.

In this glaring contradiction we discover the key to most of the phenomena witnessed within the last decade in Russia's social and political life. St. Petersburg and Moscow respectively represent the political action and reaction of the empire. They constitute two opposite camps, two intellectual centres whence radiate the ideas which agitate the whole nation, even the hostile camps themselves; for while the wild dreams popular at Moscow have supporters on the banks of the Neva, the policy dominant at St. Petersburg is not without its advocates in the Kremlin. The great bulk of the people, the millions, being unable to read, are inaccessible to propaganda, and receive therefore their political inspirations from St. Petersburg.

Yet the influence of Moscow is so potent that it often preponderates—an anomaly which is due to the different moral motors that impel the two parties to action. The St. Petersburg party possesses only one system, with a single *modus agendi* to carry it into effect. This system is entirely within the bounds of intelligent and independent inquiry, and may therefore become, with those who recognize it as a truth, a settled conviction, but never a blind fanaticism. Moscow has no supporters—only adepts, or rather disciples, who accept the superiority of the Slavic race as their gospel, and to whom a ritual is prescribed which enjoins the hatred of all neighboring races. It is a faith which, like every other, rejects all criticism—a dogma which exalts self-adulation over humility, egotism over self-denial—a doctrine that may possibly be discarded as absurd, but which infuses into all who believe in it an extraordinary strength—the strength of fanaticism and intolerance.

This is the reason why, in the hitherto bloodless struggle for party supremacy, the influence of Moscow has frequently proved stronger than the firmness of St. Petersburg. In a partisan sense, Moscow possesses all the peculiar advantages of a combatant determined to conquer at any price, who neglects nothing to attain his end, and lacks neither energy nor material resources. Moscow has its representatives in the councils of state where the measures of the government are discussed, and devoted disciples among a considerable fraction of the subalterns who are charged with their execution; so that it is not difficult for a shrewd observer to distinguish between the legislation which emanates directly from the St. Petersburg initiative and that which Moscow influence has manipulated.

St. Petersburg ever aims at some attainable, practicable result, and is conspicuous for moderation and liberalism. Moscow loves the chimerical, and its measures and views bear the stamp of rashness and violence. The former understands how to make allowances

for the actual state of affairs: the latter sees nothing but the phantoms of its own creation. The one inclines to compromise and conciliation, and is at times so yielding that the desired goal is missed: the other frequently goes farther than it originally designed, and resorts to expedients which betray undue haste and a silly faith in its own infallibility. The one wants to rebuild and add to what already exists: the other would rather pull down. St. Petersburg has Russia alone in view, and is content to let the rest of the world take care of itself. Moscow is ready to sacrifice everything, even Russia, for its visions of the great Slavic empire of the future.

A St. Petersburg letter on the educational progress of Russia, recently published in the *Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung*, shows that these charges against Moscow, the head-quarters of the Slavophiles, are fully sustained by the facts. The writer, speaking of the encouragement which the public schools receive from the two centres of the empire, makes the following statements. We give the substance of them:

Through the instrumentality of St. Petersburg, two new universities—Warsaw and Odessa—not to mention a large number of higher provincial and district schools, have been founded since the accession of Alexander II. The example set in official quarters has reacted most beneficially on the intelligent portion of Russian society. It is now a general practice to close all large assemblies, especially festivities in honor of some national holiday, with private collections for the endowment of seminaries and schools. This truly patriotic spirit has led to an emulation between localities and individuals. Thus, for instance, the district of Nowo Ouseusk, with a town of about seven thousand souls, has recently voted the sum of thirty-nine thousand rubles for the support of its schools. Again, three private individuals, Narishkin, Galagan and Pulliakoff, have presented the government with eight hundred thousand rubles to establish high schools in the empire.

While the government, and with it that part of the Russian public which shares the views of the St. Petersburg party, progresses in this direction, the other party, which arrogates to itself the predicate "national," and which receives its inspirations from Moscow, pursues its characteristic course. From the dizzy heights to which the ballast of common sense forbids others to soar, Moscow surveys at a glance the whole globe: surprised at the number of so-called "Slavic brethren" it sees strutting on the earth's surface, Moscow jumps at the conclusion that its sphere of usefulness is cosmopolitan. Moscow therefore takes the whole Slavic family to its heart, undertakes to civilize the entire Slavic world, and to extend the blessings of Muscovite civilization beyond the western limits of the empire. For this purpose a "Slavic committee" was formed, with a view to the education of the rising generation, which is rather neglected in the non-Russian Slavic countries. To this committee was afterward added a ladies' section, to look after the Slavic sisters, which has gone very methodically to work by sending its secretary to Bulgaria to survey the field of operations. From his report it appeared that the art of reading was little known on the right bank of the classic Danube: in fact, the people, and particularly the gentler sex, were shockingly ignorant. The ladies' section thereupon rushed to the rescue. They established a number of normal schools, in which Bulgarian girls are not only educated, but supported free of expense until they graduate. After that they are to be put at the head of the schools in their respective neighborhoods. Even later, when married, it is expected that they will constitute a nucleus of matrons whence intelligence will be spread throughout the country.

Now, nothing could be more praiseworthy than the idea *per se*. It shows both generosity and good sense. But while making such exertions for the benefit of these Slavic brethren and sisters, we should naturally expect that this same "national party," these Mos-

cow patriots who pride themselves on being specifically "Russian," would do even more for those that stand nearest to them—for instance, the people of the province of Moscow. Let us see.

The province of Moscow, which contains an area of six thousand square miles and a population of one million six hundred thousand souls, is divided into thirteen districts. For all the schools in these thirteen districts the sum of thirty-seven thousand six hundred and ten rubles has been appropriated, which is seven per cent. less than we have seen the district of Nowo Ouseusk of seven thousand souls votes for the support of its schools. The consequence is, that in the district of Mashaïsk, one of the thirteen districts in the province of Moscow—the district that is under the very noses of the ladies' section, which sends its agent to the other side of the Turkish frontier to teach Bulgarian girls to read—there is only one female child in every twenty-seven thousand five hundred and nineteen souls that attends school!

Could volumes speak louder than this single fact? *Ex uno disce omnes!*

W. P. M.

LETTER FROM LONG BRANCH.

DEAR GOSSIP: Among the many delusions fostered amongst us by those deceptive creatures, landscape-painters and poets, I count the worst to be the very unfounded reputation for beauty and sweetness which this overpraised season of Summer enjoys. She is represented to us as a soft-eyed, balmy-breathed, beneficent sovereign, under whose gentle rule we are to gain health and strength through long, lovely days and peaceful nights, to fit us for the toils and cares which less favored seasons impose upon us. Alack! she is rather a baleful enchantress, with poison breath and burning eyes, a sort of Medea, the fires of whose flaming chariot scorch all strength from our limbs, all energy from our minds, all thought from our brains; who makes our homes uninhabitable, our food savorless, our beds suffocating couches where heat and mosquitoes abide, and from whence Sleep flies in terror, not to be lured back on any terms. Beelzebub, the Father of Flies, holds high carnival then, the atmo-

sphere of this upper world recalling that of his own native clime, and his wretched progeny take morning promenades over us, making parks of our faces and Prospect Points of the ends of our noses. Everything under the sun that has a power of smelling ill under any circumstances, proceeds under the touch of the enchantress's fiery wand to do so as fully as possible. There is malaria in the air, there is poison on the breeze. At her bidding, such fell demons as ague, typhoid fever and other terrible disorders rise from the mossy banks, bright-green meadows and picturesque rivers of which poets tell us and which painters love to depict. She scorches us out of our homes, she poisons us in our haunts of refuge.

To change the metaphor, Summer is really a great and inevitable dose, a nauseous pill which we must get down somehow, and which we envelop in all sorts of dainty condiments in the way of sea-shore and mountain attractions, in order to further the process. Happy are they who can smother their pill in so big a spoonful of honey as a voyage to Europe, but to those who must perform be content with palliatives of less luscious sweetness, I would recommend the time-honored charms of Long Branch.

The "Branch," as New Jersey people call it, does not indeed possess the picturesque rocky shores of Newport, the marble-firm beach of Cape May, the dry, healthful atmosphere of Atlantic City, but it combines in a singular degree the loveliness both of an inland and a seaside summer resort. Before its long line of hotels lies the changing, sparkling azure ocean: behind them, fair fields and shady roads stretch away into the dim distance. Trees are not an impossibility, and green grass refreshes the eyes with its verdant beauty. The hotels are not oases of life in the midst of a sandy desert. The sea has blessed the spot, and has forborne to ban. Its summer breathings come to cool, to calm and to caress: the blasts of winter do not mar the place that summer loves so well to decorate.

The life, too, that the heat-worn visitor may lead here is far more rational in its quiet, its simplicity and its freedom from city forms and fashionable duties than that which is possible at either Newport or Saratoga. One lives in a whirl of Valenciennes lace and kid-gloves at Newport. Fashion has claimed that lovely spot for her own, and

has decreed that balls and receptions, formal visits and stately drives, should fill up the measure of its golden hours. But the fashionable belle at Long Branch arrays herself in simple attire, ties a broad-brimmed hat over her wavy hair, and strolls away along the beach, or is to be seen in the morning hours, clad in loose array and chignonless, panierless, breathless, blooming and beautiful, just emerging, a new Venus, from the foaming waves. Fast life has indeed its representatives at Long Branch: there are gambling-houses, English blondes, "shoddy" belles with dyed hair and painted faces, fast horses, fast women, faster men and—Colonel Fisk. But in the midst of all, like some quiet Quaker matron who might chance to be a looker-on in some gay ball-room, Howland's hotel keeps its simplicity, its quietness and its own pleasant ways, as it did of old when Stetson's (now the West End) and the Continental were as yet things of the future, and before six-in-hands or artificial blondes had ever exhibited on these quiet Jersey sands.

It is very much the fashion among journalists to abuse Howland's hotel. Why, I cannot guess, unless they have never stopped here, and so do not know of the excellence of the table and the unexceptionable character of the attendance. Perhaps, too, they owe it a grudge, because in its quietude and modesty it has never yet furnished them with matter for piquant paragraphs. The lovely Mrs. Ragg, whose husband was a whisky distiller or an army contractor, and who has come to Long Branch to display the newest thing in chignons or the latest style of costumes, and to air her just-purchased diamonds, never takes up her quarters at Howland's. The lovely Miss Tagg, fresh from the Bowery, finds no room there for the proper exhibition of her rouge and her ringlets. The celebrated Mr. Bobtail never thinks of putting up his celebrated racers, Pickpocket and Fly-the-Track, in the Howland stables, nor of making it his headquarters when he meditates an attack upon the "tiger." But the pleasantest elements of Philadelphia society are to be found in its shabby parlor or on its unpretending porch. Year after year the habitués of the hotel here meet together—old friends most of them, acquaintances nearly all—and the days pass by, not less agreeably because quietly; and though there is not much dancing, and still

less dressing, there is no lack of social enjoyment and of familiar, pleasant friendly intercourse.

Cottage life has not yet assumed the proportions here which it has attained at other seaside resorts, and does not as yet threaten to extinguish the existence of the hotels. But very pretty and quite numerous are the graceful structures, half villa and half cottage, which are springing up on all sides—some perched on the very edge of the bluff, as though courting the stormiest of old Neptune's rough caresses, others nestling modestly among hiding trees and surrounded by verdant lawns and bright-hued flowers. The President's summer home is a very handsome Swiss-looking cottage, and is among those which have been erected closest to the verge of the treacherous blue waves. Some winter's day the sea may turn Democrat and amuse itself by knocking to pieces and bearing away the dainty mansion that now shelters our honored chief magistrate. The beautiful grounds of Mrs. Hoey's elegant residence have been this year closed against intruders, the guests from the hotels having, it is said, sadly abused the privilege the mistress of the estate so generously accorded to them in past years of driving at will through the shady roads of her domain. The eldest daughter of Mrs. Hoey celebrated her seventeenth birth-day on the last of July by a *fête champêtre*, which was numerous and brilliantly attended. On Park Avenue

stands the summer residence of Edwin Booth, a substantial-looking yet picturesque edifice, half hidden in trees and almost surrounded by a luxuriant grove. It is built of red brick, and the simple expedient of coloring the mortar-lines black has produced a richness of hue which harmonizes marvelously well with the surrounding foliage. Here one may sometimes catch a glimpse of Hamlet swinging in a hammock suspended between the pillars of the porch, with a cigar between those eloquent lips more accustomed to breathe forth Shakespearian verse than smoke-wreaths, gaining health and strength from the fresh sea-breezes and unbroken quiet for the toils and excitements of the winter's campaign. I hear that the next Shakespearian revival at his magnificent theatre is to be *Julius Caesar*, produced with that splendor of effect and accuracy of detail which have always characterized the plays produced on that unrivaled stage. One scene is to be a reproduction of Gérôme's celebrated picture of "The Death of Cæsar."

Ah me! I half forgot that it was summer. What have we to do with Art and Literature, Shakespeare and the Drama, with the thermometer at ninety in the shade? I rise and ring the bell: "A pitcher of ice-water, please, and just hand me that palm-leaf fan before you go. Throw open that window too, and let in the first sigh of the sea-breeze." The pen drops from my languid hand. Gossip, good-bye! L. H. H.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Frederick the Great and the United States. (Friedrich der Grosse und die Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika. Mit einem Anhang: Die Vereinigten Staaten und das Seekriegsrecht.) By Frederick Kapp. Leipzig.

Within the last few years Germany has been unusually prolific in producing works on the life and times of the prince who, as Heine says, "happened to invent the Prussian monarchy." With the assistance of additional documents discovered among the archives of Berlin, Paris, Dresden, Vienna and St. Petersburg, Shaefer has given us a

new history of the Seven Years' War, which sheds, in many respects, a fresh and startling light on that memorable epoch. Ranke's history of the German powers from 1780 to 1790 contains many remarkable disclosures bearing on the last years of the king's life. Reimann's history of the war of the Bavarian succession, if it presents little new material, puts that little to excellent use. For a small but interesting treatise on Frederick as crown-prince, the facts for which have been carefully collected from a variety of recently-discovered sources, we are indebted to Max

Dunkers. Beaulieu Marconney's history of the Peace of Hubertsburg is a conscientious and valuable work. And the next few years promise to be equally prolific in contributions on the same subject. Droysen's comprehensive series on the history of Prussian diplomacy, which has now reached the opening of Frederick's reign, will no doubt startle us with as strange revelations as the reign of Frederick William I. Ranke announces a publication on the origin of the Seven Years' War. Last, though not least, we may soon look for the appearance of the political correspondence of the king, which has hitherto been strangely omitted in the editions of his collected works. As this correspondence comprises the most interesting and curious portions of his writings, it can hardly be much longer withheld from the public.

Among such a number of valuable works it is natural that Kapp's should occupy only a secondary rank; and this seems due no less to the nature of the subject itself than to the fact that the relations between Frederick the Great and the United States never led to any substantial results, for they hardly passed on either side beyond the sphere of good intentions. Still, we were none the less prepared to extend a cordial welcome to the book, for its author appeared to us admirably fitted for the task which he had undertaken. As the biographer of Generals Steuben and De Kalb, the historian of slavery in the United States, and the author of other works of recognized merit, he possessed an intimate acquaintance with America, and he brought to his present subject the study of the papers in the Berlin archives, supplemented by numerous extracts from the London archives placed at his disposal by Mr. Bancroft. With such resources at command, Mr. Kapp should have been able clearly and fully to explain the negotiations carried on between Frederick the Great and the United States, as well as to trace step by step the origin of the Prusso-American treaty of commerce concluded in 1785, which is generally considered to have marked a new era in the history of international law. Especially the Appendix, in which the author claims to sketch the attitude of this country in reference to the maritime law of nations, might have been expected to be of the greatest value and interest to Americans.

These expectations, we regret to say, have been in a measure disappointed. Mr. Kapp

seems to us bent upon destroying the faith of his countrymen in the friendly disposition and the general tendencies of the policy pursued by America toward Germany. The picture which he draws of our present and future condition is the very reverse of flattering, and can hardly be explained when we consider that it is the work of a man whose thorough familiarity with our people and institutions none will gainsay. The Americans, says Mr. Kapp, regard the state chiefly as a means of promoting local interests, either of a personal or political character. They hold every political problem to be a business which should be made to yield the greatest possible profit—as a game which must be won at all hazards. The means employed are entirely immaterial so long as they suffice to ensure success. In most of the public measures proposed at the Federal and State capitals the first question asked is, whether any money can be made out of them. The American representative considers the public welfare only when he finds that it will not interfere with any of his own private schemes. The soil which produces him is not the soil of the whole country, but the soil of a narrow circle, and his mental vision is consequently sectional, instead of being national or cosmopolitan. To escape all possible contradictions, to ally himself with the most powerful influences, to follow his party wherever it may lead, to gain votes and to lose none,—these purely selfish aims are the mainsprings of all political action in America. The partisan machinery, the platforms, etc., are managed by mediocre and often the most corrupt elements in the nation, which have a direct interest in elevating the greatest number of inferior men to the highest public stations, because muddy waters are thought best to fish in. For this reason, self-contained and great characters are so rare in political life: they are either killed off by silence or completely isolated. The intelligence of the country, its spiritual life, is thus driven to seek an outlet for its energies in other spheres of action. That which is, or tends to be, most elevating, great and noble in the United States, generally keeps aloof from all active participation in politics.

From such a stand-point of the pettiest and narrowest interests, alleges Mr. Kapp, all questions relating to the maritime law of nations are and will be judged in America.

It is these interests which demand the continuance of privateering with a directness impossible to misconstrue, and from it the author arrives at the conclusion that the United States will persist in clinging to the mediæval principles of the *Consulato del Mare* just so long as their policy moves in its present grooves and is controlled by the same influences. There is, he thinks, not the slightest reason to expect any concessions from America on this point until England takes the initiative in the desired reform. In his concluding pages, Mr. Kapp takes special pains to demolish the idea that the friendship of the United States government for Germany may yet lead it to rise superior to popular prejudice and the real or imaginary notions as to what is really for the interest of the nation, and consent to a change of the maritime code.

The picture which German idealism is accustomed to draw for itself of Frederick the Great popularly represents him as attracted toward the young Transatlantic republic by the same feelings of sentimental sympathy which many Germans seem always to have experienced, and still experience, for America. This charming illusion Kapp ruthlessly dispels. We learn from his work that the royal philosopher was an utter stranger to all such sentimentalities—that he conducted his negotiations with a single eye to the carefully-calculated interests of his state. If his private feelings ever came into play, they amounted at the utmost to a hatred of England—a nation which he had taught himself to regard, except for a few years, as the main obstacle to his success. But not even this hatred could tempt him to deviate an inch from his wary and cautious policy. As in the eighth decade of the eighteenth century toward Russia and Austria, so again in the ninth decade we find the king conducting himself toward England with a prudence and moderation which forms a striking contrast to the generally-accepted view of his recklessness. For the sake of the East Frisian trade and to punish the English he would perhaps gladly have encouraged the advances of the American agents, but a keen sense of his impotence at sea and a dislike for all commercial risks always restrained him from an open rupture. So far as he could assist our infant colonies in their struggle with the mother-country with his moral authority—of whose remarkable influence

Kapp's work affords us new proofs—he readily exerted it for a time: once, in the winter of 1777, he even rendered us a material service by refusing to grant the soldiers whom England had enlisted in Germany for the American war leave to pass through his territory. But this favor, as the author hastens to assure us, was not dictated by any special considerations of friendship or humanity, but by political motives. No sooner had the Bavarian question turned up than Frederick ceased to give a thought to America and its people. Later, when Russia became so friendly with Austria, he forgot his hostility toward England so far as not only to court her good-will, but even to express his hope for the reduction of the revolted colonists.

W. P. M.

Askaros Kassis, the Copt: A Romance of Modern Egypt. By Edward de Leon, late United States Consul-general for Egypt. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

If every agent of our government in foreign parts had turned his mission to such good account as the author of this volume, American literature would be richer in interesting records, and American diplomacy deserve a higher repute than it now enjoys. *Askaros Kassis* is a book which can be read with great pleasure either as a novel or a book of travel. The story is well concocted, the characters are fairly conceived and developed, whilst the pictures of Eastern life are full of vividness and reality, showing a keen eye for the prose and a sympathetic one for the poetry of Oriental regions. A page of history, too, is revealed, as full of treasons, stratagems and spoils as any ever told in prose or rhyme.

An American family, in which the peculiarities of a Down-east spinster are perhaps somewhat exaggerated; an English baronet, neatly hit off and uttering some capital phrases; an Egyptian Copt, the hero, who is vigorously drawn and passes through many thrilling adventures; a replenished villain of a Syrian, whose fate, if a little melodramatic, is yet described in a scene of graphic and exciting power; an Egyptian viceroy, whose historic monstrosity is faithfully depicted; and an Egyptian princess, a worthy colleague of her illustrious relatives,—are the chief *dramatis personæ*, and enable the author to communicate his impressions and

recollections in a way that will secure him, we hope, both readers and admirers in sufficient number to animate him to further efforts.

Photographs of Egyptian life and manners are doubly desirable, from the probability that these will soon undergo a sort of sea change under the influences generated by the Suez Canal. The perpetual transit of Christian civilization cannot fail to work marvels of transformation which will occidentalize the inhabitants of the invaded land, so as to damage romance as well as to benefit habits and ideas. If the mind's eye will be gratified by the change, that of the body and of the fancy will be tempted to deplore the inevitable march of the schoolmaster behind the clouds and shrieks of the locomotive. The forty-one centuries that are now looking down from the mausoleum of Cheops upon the progress of manifest destiny will doubtless see strange sights before they have added another to their ghostly array, and will hear another cry than that which has so long proclaimed, "There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet." R. M. W.

Books Received.

The Trade Circular Annual for 1871, including the American Catalogue of Books Published in the United States during the year 1870, with their Sizes, Prices and Publishers' Names; also a List of the Principal Books Published in England; a Publishers', Manufacturers' and Importers' Directory, etc. Illustrated with Portraits. New York: Office of the "Trade Circular and Literary Bulletin" (Leypoldt & Holt). 8vo.

Dress and Care of the Feet: Showing their natural perfect shape and construction; and how flat feet, distorted toes and other defects are to be prevented or corrected; their present deformed condition; with directions for dressing them elegantly yet comfortably, etc. With Illustrations. New York: Samuel R. Wells. 12mo, pp. 302.

Science, Philosophy and Religion: Lectures Delivered before the Lowell Institute, Boston. By John Bascom, Professor in Williams College, author of the "Principles of Psychology," etc. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. 12mo, pp. 311.

The Causation, Course and Treatment of Reflex Insanity in Women. By H. R. Storer, M. D., LL.B., etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo, pp. 236.

The Unity of Italy: The American Celebration of the Unity of Italy at the Academy of Music, New York, January 12, 1871. With Addresses, Letters and Comments of the Press: New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. 8vo, pp. 197.

The Gas-consumer's Guide: A Hand-book of Instruction on the Proper Management and Economical Use of Gas. With a Full Description of Gas-meters, etc. Boston: Alexander Moore. 16mo, pp. 148.

Thoughts on Female Suffrage, and in Vindication of Woman's True Rights. By Mrs. Madeline Vinton Dahlgren. Washington: Blanchard & Mohun. Pamphlet. 8vo, pp. 22.

Guilt and Innocence. By Marie Sophie Schwartz. Translated from the Swedish by Selma Borg and Marie Brown. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Pamphlet. 8vo, pp. 294.

M. or N. "Similia similibus curantur." By J. G. Whyte-Melville, author of "The White Rose," etc. New York: Leypoldt, Holt & Williams. Pamphlet. 8vo, pp. 159.

The Duel between France and Germany, with its Lesson to Civilization: Lecture by Charles Sumner. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Pamphlet. Crown 8vo, pp. 74.

Gutenberg and the Art of Printing. Illustrated. By Emily C. Pearson, author of "Ruth's Sacrifice," etc. Boston: Noyes, Holmes & Co. 12mo, pp. vi., 292.

Ad Fidem; or, Parish Evidences of the Bible. By E. F. Burr, D. D., author of "Ecce Coelum," etc. Boston: Noyes, Holmes & Co. 12mo, pp. 253.

Report of the Commissioners of Fisheries of the State of New York. Albany: The Argus Company. Pamphlet. 8vo, pp. 32.

The Three Guardsmen. By Alexander Dumas. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Pamphlet. 8vo, pp. 239.

Jack Hinton, the Guardsman. By Charles Lever. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Pamphlet. 8vo, pp. 400.

Cruel as the Grave. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 372.

Harry Lorrequer. By Charles Lever. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Pamphlet. 8vo, pp. 402.

Sights Afoot. By Wilkie Collins. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Pamphlet. 8vo, pp. 135.

Faithful in Least. By Mrs. C. E. K. Davis. Boston: Henry Hoyt. 16mo, pp. 360.

